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Duanaire Finn

THE BOOK OF THE LAYS OF FIONN

Duanaire Finn

THE BOOK OF THE LAYS OF FIONN

PART I

IRISH TEXT, WITH TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH

BY

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AND ARGUMENT OF THE POEMS.

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Ronan and the Grey Man of Luachair had been slain by Fionn. Their sons, Aodh Rinn and Conan, had made peace with Fionn and joined his Fiana. [Fionn distrusted such reconciliations; and in this story he appears to contrive the death of Aodh and Conan.] Aodh had retired to live in his stronghold. His daughter Eargna alone bore him company. He loved her dearly; and lest he should have to part with her, he proclaimed his resolve to kill any hero who should ask her of him to wife. His special vanity was to pride himself on fidelity to his vows. The wife of Conan died, and Fionn took the opportunity of advising Conan to marry Eargna [expecting his death or Aodh's to be the result of the suit]. Conan went wooing, and brought with him a strong armed force supplied by Fionn. It happened that Aodh just then was away from home. Conan carried off the girl and made her his wife. Aodh, returning, declared himself satisfied with the match. There had been no suit. His vow therefore remained intact, and Fionn's design was frustrated. Aodh returned to the Fiana, and took occasion in Fionn's presence to boast of his unbroken vows. Fionn understood the cause of the boast, and turned it to advantage. He replied by taunting Aodh with having allowed the abduction of his daughter, and having neglected to punish the offender. The truth of the taunt was undeniable. Aodh in his anger could only say that he would kill Conan. Fionn desired no mere feud, but an instant duel. He therefore besought Aodh to be satisfied with lawful compensation for the wrong. Meanwhile Conan had lost his bride. She was taken from him by Oisin son of Fionn. Mad with jealousy, he was not likely to pay compensation for a stolen wife. He refused to pay; and Aodh's only alternative was a challenge to combat. The duel resulted in the death of both heroes. Those who allowed the quarrel to take place are denounced by the poet, who has in mind no doubt the part played by Fionn. It is a story devoted to the dark side of Fionn's character.

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At a feast which Fionn and his friends attended in Tara, Cormac the king, having drunk deep, challenged Fionn to a duel. Fionn put aside the challenge, reminding the king of his ill success in former quarrels. Cormac retorted with the victory of his father over Fionn's father. This opening of the old wound provoked a bitter discussion, which would have ended in blows, had not Ciothruaidh the musician interposed with his chant. Fionn and Cormac parted to prepare for war. Fionn made an alliance with Aonghus the god of Brugh. He then raided the lands of Tara and carried off Cormac's cattle—the usual form of a challenge to war. Cormac came in pursuit. Aonghus alone tended the prey, leaving the Fiana free to face the king. They defeated Cormac, and captured his son Cairbre, refusing to release Cairbre until the king should "go under the fork of the caldron." But lest the story should represent the king of Ireland as subject to Fionn, it makes Fionn magnanimous enough to go himself under the fork at the same time.

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IV. The Battle of Cronnmhóin, ... 10 106

The story of the previous lay retold. This is a later version. Fionn has to arm Goll for the combat, Goll being evidently seen as a mail-clad knight of the Norman period. Except for the sleeping episode, which takes a new form, the tale consists mainly of a list of the divisions of the Fiana and their fortunes in the battle. Goll inflicts

IV.—(*continued*). Text page Trans. page

terrible loss on them all and suffers none, but is nevertheless driven from the field. The topography is no less lacking in verisimilitude. Fionn attacks Goll from the *south*, and drives him across the Shannon, apparently as far as "Dovea," now a village in Tipperary.

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Fiacha, king of Munster, holds assembly at Loch Goir. In the horse-racing, the druid Dil Mac Da Chreg wins the three chief prizes with his black horse. Fiacha buys the horse and presents it to Fionn. Three days later, Fionn takes leave of Fiacha. Caoilte and Oisin go with him; and he tries the speed of his new horse against their horses. After a long ride through the mountains of West Munster, they reach a lonely valley in the evening. Here they find a house where no house stood before. Upon their approach, the householder, a grisly Churl, welcomes them. They enter. The Churl calls on his household to sing for the guests. Nine

XIII.—(*continued*). Text page Trans. page

heads on one side, nine headless bodies on the other, start up and begin a hideous chorus. Meanwhile the Churl, taking his hatchet, kills the horses on which his guests had come, cuts them up and sets the joints to roast at the fire. By-and-by, he offers a piece of the horseflesh, still on the spit, to Fionn to eat. Fionn declines. The Churl takes the refusal as an insult and a challenge. He puts out every light, even the glow of the embers: and in the darkness the crew of monsters fall upon the three heroes. The fight lasts all through the night; and at the first ray of sunlight, the combatants on both sides sink to the ground in a trance. When Fionn and his comrades recover, they find themselves and their horses whole and sound, but the house and its inhabitants have vanished. These were malignant phantoms whose sister had been slain by the Fiana in the Cave of Ceis Corann. [Their inability to do physical mischief is noteworthy.]

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XVIII. The Daughter of Diarmaid, ... 45 149

This lay is a sequel to the story of Diarmaid. His daughter, accompanied by her three brothers, made furious war on Fionn to avenge their father. The girl challenged Fionn to single combat, and got the better of him. Daolgus, unfairly trying to save Fionn, was cut down by her sword. Then Oisin and Caoilte intervene to protect their chief, and finally Lodhorn, a fifth adversary, kills the young heroine.

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	Fionn invited the high king Cormac to a feast. During the feast, a "Gruagach" (a long-haired hero of uncertain attributes, nowadays a sort of genial wizard or warlock) entered, followed by a slave, who carried a caldron. The stranger demanded the full of the caldron		

XXIII.—(*continued*). Text page Trans. page

of gold "to see who of the men of Ireland was best at bestowing." Fionn granted the demand, and then asked the visitors who they were. The slave answered that he was Fear Dochair, from Sorcha in the east, and that the Gruagach was his son, whom he extolled above all men. Between them and the Fiana a contest in boasting arose, and presently they came to threats. Fionn checked the quarrel, and sent eight heroes to escort the strangers all the way to their own country. Here the escort was feasted bravely; and at this feast another word-war began, and ended in blows. The Irish heroes slew many of their assailants, and escaped to their ship. When they returned to Ireland, Oscar fitted out an expedition against the men of Sorcha; but before going thither he invaded and conquered all the great kingdoms of the world. The Fiana then attacked and overcame the people of Sorcha, and killed their king (the slave) and his son, the Gruagach. Concluding, Oisin laments the disappearance of the Fiana, and is adjured by Patrick to practise piety and reason.

XXIV. The Chase of Sliabh Truim, . . . 75 187

Fionn held a chase on Sliabh Truim. The names of the principal heroes and their hounds are told. An immense slaughter of game was made. Goll divided the game, and forgot to set apart a portion for Oisin and himself. Oisin reproached him angrily. Fionn made peace between them. The Fiana then journeyed to Loch Cuan, where they encountered a terrible sea-monster with human voice. The monster killed many of the Fiana, and swallowed alive others, including Fionn. Fionn cut his way out through the side of the beast, attacked it again and killed it. A list follows of the monsters killed at various times by Fionn, and the poem breaks off incomplete.

XXV. Once I was Yellow-haired, ... 80 194

Oisin grieves over the lost beauty of his flowing hair.

XXVI. Woe for them that wait on Churchmen, . 81 194

Oisin deplores the exchange of his spear for a monk's staff.

XXVII. Oisin's Sorrow, ... 81 194

Oisin addresses Caoilte, bewailing the loss of the Fiana.

XXVIII. Three Heroes went we to the Chase, . 81 195

One of the heroes briefly recalls the story of a stag-hunt.

XXIX. Erect your Hunting Spears, . . . 82 195

Oisin in his old age excites his countrymen to attack the Lochlann enemy.

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XXX. The Hunger of Crionloch's Church, . . .	82	195
Oisin complains of hunger in the church of Crionloch.		
XXXI. The Wry Rowan, ...	82	196
Oisin, old and blind, and compelled to fast, asks a swineherd to guide him to a certain rowan tree, that he may feast on its berries.		
XXXII. The Beagle's Cry, ...	83	196
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XXXIII. The Sleep-Song for Diarmaid, . . .	84	197
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XXXV. The War-Vaunt of Goll, ...	86	200
Goll, hemmed in on a sea-crag by Fionn, recalls his own exploits. He begins by telling his triumphs over the House of Baoisgne. Then he takes up the story of his life. He was head of the Fians of Ireland, under Conn the ard-ri. Cumhall's sister was fostermother to Conn. Cathair Mór, king of Leinster, was Cumhall's nephew, and was killed in battle by Goll. Conn appointed Cumhall to the command of the Galians. Having thus acquired great power, Cumhall placed Goll under a ban, and forced him to become a refugee. Goll sought protection from one king after another, but all denied him. He then left Ireland, bringing the warriors of his kindred with him. Through his prowess and theirs, he secured a foothold successively in Wales, in Norway, in Scotland, in England, and in France; but Cumhall followed him, and caused him to be banished from each of these countries in turn. Goll went back again to Norway, and found peace there. At length, Cumhall rebelled against the ard-ri, Conn, who summoned the House of Morna to his aid. The Battle of Cnucha followed, in which Cumhall was slain. The headship of the Fians was then restored to Goll, who for ten years freed Ireland from fierce reptiles, enchanted monsters, and foreign enemies. Thereafter Conn gave the headship of the Fians to Fionn son of Cumhall, but left one third of them under Goll's command. Goll tells how he saved Fionn from the three witches in the Cave of Ceis Corainn. Goll remained in friendship with Fionn until Fionn killed Goll's son Feadha, whose mother was Cainche daughter of Fionn.		

INTRODUCTION.

1. The Manuscript.

The manuscript containing "Duanaire Finn" is now in the Franciscan Library in Dublin. When I began to transcribe the poems in 1897, the original binding was almost worn away, and the leaves, which are paper folio, were loose. The margins of the first few pages were frayed away; and all the paper was in a state of incipient decay. Since then the present custodians have had the volume carefully rebound in vellum, bearing on the back the title

SGEULTA.

DUANAIRE FINN.

The few frayed portions have been mounted in transparent paper, and the whole ms. has been interleaved.

The writing is everywhere distinct. Some of the pages have suffered from what looks like oil-staining, but are none the less legible.

The contents of the ms. are as follows :—

I. A fine copy of "Agallamh na Senórach," which, however, breaks off incomplete on the 257th page. It should be observed that the pagination is by folios, or rather leaves. The page-numbers are written only on the right-hand page of each folio. There are, therefore, two pages for each number. In referring to the pagination, I indicate the page which bears the number by the letter *a* (thus 1*a*); and the reverse of the leaf (or the first page

of the succeeding folio) by the letter β (thus 1β). Accordingly the page on which the Agallamh breaks off is 129a.

II. Fragment of a story, bearing a very long title, about Fionn, Oscar, and Maghnus son of the king of Lochlainn, commencing on 129β, and breaking off on its third page, 130b. From this to 239 $\beta$the pages are blank.

III. Duanaire Finn. An unnumbered page bears the heading, evidently added by a later hand, "Clar Dúnaire Finn anso sior" —"The following is the Poem-book of Fionn." The same page contains the index, referring to the poems, sixty-eight in number, by the initial line of each poem, and the page on which the poem begins. The index is in the handwriting of the scribe of the Duanaire.

IV. On the last two pages is a poem written by a poor friar, "Bráthair bocht," complaining that, having journeyed from London to Cnoc Samhraidh (= Summer Hill) on a visit to the master of the place, the writer was inhospitably received. Though he had sent tidings of his coming, the expected host was not there to welcome him.

The history of the MS. will be understood from the following notes by its principal scribes:—

Page 1a, at top. "Tionnsgnadar an leabhar so sgriobhadh re Niall Gruamdha do Somhairle Mac Domhnaill anoirdin 7 augusd 1626." "This book is begun to be written by Niall Gruamdha (i.e. the morose) for Somhairle Mac Donnell, now the 7th of August 1626."

Page 50a, at foot. "Guidh ar Niall O Cath[áin] so sgríobh so." "Pray for Niall O'Cathain, who wrote this."

Page 56a, at foot. "Anoirdin in deidheadh la xx. septemdir 1626. Crich in leabhar conuici seo 7 go ndena Dia trocaire ar in bfer so sgrib .i. Niall Gruamdha O Cath[áin] cédna, agus ar fir in liubhair mar an cedna .i. Somhairle Mac Domhnaill 7rl." "It is now the 30th day of September, 1626. The end of the book thus far; and may God have mercy on the man who has written it, i.e. the same Niall Gruamdha O'Cathain and on the owner of the book likewise, i.e. Somhairle Mac Donnell, etc."

On page 64*β*. "Aniuġ crorġaḋ la S. Froindrior mo patrún bennaiġ aġur co nġuiḋiḋ ré ar ar fon ċum Dé nime. Amen." "This is the fast (vigil) of the day of St. Francis, my blessed patron, and may he pray to the God of Heaven for us. Amen."

On page 97*a*. "2 Deremper 1626 a Loḃán don leaḃarra da rgribhaḋ re Niall O Cath[áin]. Ilim crocaire." "On December 2nd, 1626, at Louvain, is this book a-writing by Niall O'Cathain. I beseech mercy."

The writing of this scribe ceases with 109*β*. It is in a clear but somewhat peculiar hand.

A new scribe takes up the Agallamh where Niall Gruamdha has left off. He is the scribe of the Duanaire. He continues the Agallamh to the point where it breaks off unfinished.

A third and inferior hand, for which there is no signature, writes the fragment of the story of Maghnus Mór.

On page 39*β* of the Duanaire, the scribe writes: "Aġ rin duit a ċaiptín Samairle aġur ni feḋuim niora mo do rgriobaḋ anuairri ó buaiḋreḋ in ċreċa." "There you have it, Captain Somhairle; and I am unable to write any more at present from the trouble of the ague" (or perhaps "writer's cramp"). The note, however, is written in a firm, clear hand.

On page 74*a* he writes: "Aġ rin duit a ċaiptín Samairle aġur da rraġuinn ni baḋ mo ina rin do Ḋuanaire Finn ré na rgriobaḋ do ḋenamn ḋaoiḃri é. Miri Aoḋ Ó Ḋoċartaiġ do rgriob. Anoirdin in 12 Februari 1627." "There you have it, Captain Somhairle; and if I got more of the Poem-book of Fionn to write, I would do it for *you* [he emphasizes the pronoun]. I am Aodh O'Dochartaigh who wrote it. It is now the 12th of February, 1627."

On page 93*a* he writes: "Da rraġainn ní baḋ mó ina arruarur do rgriḃeḃuinn iaḋ. Anoirdin in 6 Augurcur 1627." "If I got more than I have got, I would write them. This is the 6th August, 1627." He added only one more poem occupying two pages.

The first scribe does not sign his surname in full, but writes it thrice O Cath—. It might be O Cathail (O'Cahill), but is more probably O'Cathain. The whole MS. was transcribed for Captain

Somhairle Mac Donnell. The Mac Donnell country was the Route and the Glens, making together the ancient territory of Dál Riada, the northern half of County Antrim. The country of O'Cathain (O'Kane) was separated from the Route by the River Bann. The country of O'Dochartaigh (O'Doherty) was Inishowen, quite near to both. Captain Mac Donnell was probably serving at the time, 1626–1627, in the Netherlands. He was evidently a lover of Irish literature; and the copying of these two great bodies of Fenian epic, the Colloquy and the Poem-book, was undertaken for him by two Irish scribes then living in Louvain. One of them was certainly a Franciscan; the other was probably a Franciscan also. The Franciscans at this time, fleeing from persecution in Ireland, brought many Irish MSS. to Louvain. The two scribes who wrote the MS. for Captain Mac Donnell are likely to have been on specially friendly terms with him. If the friendship arose from home connexions, then O'Cathain was probably the surname of Niall Gruamdha. The comradeship of the MacDonnells and O'Kanes was signalised a few years later, on the outbreak of the Civil War in Scotland, when the heroic Alasdair Mac Donnell and Colonel Maghnus O'Kane, at the head of their Irish regiments, were the principal factors in the victories of Montrose's campaign against the Covenanters and Argyll.

Somhairle, englished Sorley, was a favourite name of the Mac Donnells. Somhairle Buidhe, chieftain of the Antrim Mac Donnells, was a strong antagonist of the early encroachments of Elizabeth, to whose representatives he declared "plainly that the English had no right to be in Ireland." He was dead many years before the date of this MS. Another Somhairle Mac Donnell fell on the Irish side in the fatal Battle of Aughrim. His fame has come down to us in the dirge written for him by Seamas Mac Cuarta, "I nGaeḋṗuim an áir aṫáiṁ na gcoṁnaiḋe." He is of too late a date to be identical with Captain Somhairle to whose passion for Irish hero-lore we owe the preservation of Duanaire Finn.

From the statements of the scribe Aodh O Dochartaigh quoted above, it is clear that the sources from which he copied the poems came to him in instalments. Indeed, this scribe may have been the first who embodied the sixty-eight poems in one collection. At all

events, they cannot have been brought together very long before his time, for one of the poems is found in the Book of Leinster, others seem of nearly equal age, while still others are fairly modern. So far as I have been able to observe, the poems towards the end of the collection are, in general, more modern than those towards the beginning. There is no other sequence observable. However, until the entire collection is dealt with, it is better not to attempt to draw definite conclusions.

The history of the Duanaire is remarkable. The materials first existed in MS. in Ireland. Thence they were carried by refugees to Louvain. A transcript was made of them in Louvain for an Irish soldier. The originals are now lost. This transcript, if it came into possession of Captain Mac Donnell, found its way back to the Franciscans of Louvain. In 1718, one Labhrás O Cathaláin, whose name would be englished Laurence Callan, wrote his name on a fly-leaf. In 1792, the use of the volume was given by the Franciscan Superiors to a friar named Domhnall Maglábhuin (in English form Daniel Maglone), as a note on the fly-leaf states: "Do bí urad an leabair ro ag an bráthair bocht Domnaill Ilaglábuin or Maglone re toil na nuachtran an bliadan daoir an Tigirna 1792." "The poor friar D. M. had the use of this book by permission of the Superiors, the year of the age of the Lord 1792." Soon afterwards, fearing the dangers of the French Revolution, the MS., with others in the Franciscan library at Louvain, was removed to St. Isidore's at Rome. Before the Italians entered Rome, the remnants of the Irish collection were sent to the Franciscan Convent, Merchants' Quay, Dublin, where they remain.

On the last page of the MS. there is a note in English and Flemish: "To Sister Sumusset att the English geresan in Lier." "Voor Suster Sumuset in de English gresan tot Lier." It is not likely that this note has any reference to the destination of the MS. Such a direction would not be written inside the volume on the final page. The note is probably a memorandum of address to be used in sending messages.

The fortunes of war have driven these poems from their native land to Belgium, from Belgium to Italy, from Italy back to

their native land. The clash of arms sounds within and around them, from the dedication to the Irish captain on their first page to the mention of the English garrison of Lier on their last. It is time to place them beyond the risks of battle. In the task of bringing them at length to the security of the printing press, my satisfaction has not been diminished by the reflection that their first rescue from destruction seems due to the patriotism and literary taste of an Irish soldier from my native glens of Dál Riada.

2. The Present Text.

In 1897, I began to transcribe Duanaire Finn, in order that, like Captain Somhairle, I might have the pleasure of reading it and keeping it. The Fenian lays appealed strongly to me before this time; and I was delighted to come upon a hoard of them containing many nowhere else to be found. I kept copying them in odd snatches of time extending over a year or two. When I told Miss Eleanor Hull of the treasure, she induced me to undertake to edit the poems for the Irish Texts Society. It was a task that I ought not to have assumed, for I had but little time to carry it out. In copying the poems for my own use, I had not troubled to follow all the orthographical vagaries of the scribe; for, as will be seen, he has written these Middle-Irish compositions in a spelling that is sometimes ancient, sometimes modern, nowise consistent. I was satisfied to copy them with sufficient fidelity to be able to read them as I found them.

The late Professor York Powell expressed a very strong opinion, which was recognized as quite just by the Irish Texts Society and by myself, that in publishing the poems, the MS. should be reproduced as closely as possible. Accordingly, I have now aimed at setting the text out as it appears in the MS., at least as faithfully as the type will allow. This necessitated a fresh word-for-word comparison and correction of the first transcript, and doubled the work of transcribing. Less robust health and many urgent duties interfered with this task, and with the subsequent work of translation into English. These statements, though personal, are due from me to the members of the Irish Texts Society as an apology for the protracted delay that has occurred between the announcement

of this volume and its publication. The work has been entirely congenial to me; and in begging some indulgence, I add the plea that I have felt perhaps as keenly as any the pains of postponement.

The present volume contains about a measured half of the total matter of the Duanaire. In translating, I have endeavoured to keep very close to the original, yet to embody the sense in English idiom, since neither the original nor the translation can be benefited by the forcing of Irish idioms on English versions. Nevertheless, I am conscious that my translation falls very far short of giving a fair idea of the Irish text. There are mannerisms, repetitions, chevilles, and the like, peculiar to Middle-Irish poetry, and quite natural to it, which cannot possibly be translated without disfigurement, and yet which cannot be omitted from the translation. The ancient quatrain of seven-syllabled lines was not an ideal form for heroic narrative. The Irish metres required each line to give nearly complete sense. In the couplet, the approach to completion of sense had to be still nearer. In the quatrain it had to be perfect. The poet knew this instinctively, and shaped his diction accordingly. The hearer or reader also felt the necessity from the purely technical standpoint, and was therefore the less displeased at the stress of metrical obligations on the narrative. There was at least the great satisfaction of perfection in the verse-form. In a translation, all the advantages of the metre and its familiar concomitants are lost; all the disadvantages are accentuated. Then, English as known to me is often quite at a loss to provide equivalents for the original diction.

The notes to this volume are confined to the minimum necessary to justify the translation. They contain chiefly emendations, mostly obvious, of the text where it appears to have been injured by the scribe or his predecessors. Want of time constrains me to this minimum; but I regret the limitation the less since, until the whole of the Duanaire is ready for publication, I feel that it would be rash to attempt a fuller annotation of the half.

The text departs from exact reproduction of the MS. chiefly in mere typographical details, such as the use of capitals and punctuation. It is not possible, without disfiguring the pages, to

indicate the Editor's part in expanding contractions. Wherever a reasonable doubt existed as to the meaning, I have sought to indicate it in the translation by a mark of query—perhaps not sufficiently often.

Students of modern Irish will bear in mind that the poems are in Middle Irish, with the spelling somewhat modernised. Very often the older spelling is retained; for the scribe Aodh O'Dochartaigh was a pretty good scholar, and fairly familiar with late Middle Irish. Thus he often writes such forms as co, now go, following his original. He often writes e for ea, and sometimes for ei. For ia he sometimes writes ie—e.g., ieppoiḋ = iappaiḋ. This corresponds to a pronunciation which I have noted in Tyrone, iappaiḋ sounding like 'ee-yerry' rapidly pronounced. His form ꝼgnḃeḃuinn, for ꝼgníoḃꝼainn, in a sentence of his own quoted above, is, I fear, a pseudo-archaism invented for the occasion to make an impression on his honest patron, the Captain. A close linguistic study of the poems will hardly repay any but students of Middle Irish; and these will have little difficulty in correcting at sight most of the various minor defections from grammatical form that have been left unnoted. On the other hand, the text, like almost all the literature of the Fenian epic, is so free from extreme archaisms that a proficient student of modern Irish will be able to follow the sense of it nearly everywhere. This modernism of the Fenian sagas is one of their leading characteristics. They were written for the people, not for the learned few. Hence they embody for the most part the usage of the times to which they belong. I have found whole pieces of the text retained almost verbatim in present-day folklore. This fact, with others that I have observed, convinces me that much of what passes for simple folklore has come to the people from literary sources. Judging from Campbell's *Leabhar na Féinne*, I should say that the bulk of the Fenian sagas reached Scotland in this way.

Origin of the Fenian Epic Cycle.

In seeking to trace the Fenian cycle to its source, we cannot expect much guidance from its later developments. The history of this body of literature is altogether in contrast to the history of the

Ulidian sagas. Táin Bó Cualnge was "recovered," we are told, by the literati of Ireland in the reign of Guaire, king of Connacht, about the middle of the seventh century. There can be no doubt that the Táin Bó Cualnge was the work of Ulidian authors, and was preserved by the literary caste attached to the Ulidian dynasty. In the seventh century, the once powerful Ulidian aristocracy was represented by a single great sept, the Dál Fiatach, then settled in the Pictish territory of Dál Araide. By the time when the political order set forth in the Book of Rights had come about—that is, in the tenth century—the Dál Fiatach was no longer a ruling race, and the Ulidians had become completely fused with the Picts. The decline of the Dál Fiatach probably dates from the Battle of Ard Corann, A.D. 627, in which Fiachna (son of Deman), king of Dál Fiatach, was overthrown and slain by the Dál Riatai, an Ivernian or Pictish race occupying the northern half of the present county of Antrim. It was just about this time that the poets of the dominant Milesian race,[1] who had "forgotten" the Ulidian epic, discovered it anew by the aid of the hero Fergus, whose spirit arose from the tomb and dictated to the poets the words of the lost saga. The legend indicates that about this time the literati of the northern Milesians learned the Ulidian sagas from the surviving literati of the well-nigh extinct Ulidian dynasty. As they got it, so they kept it. The Ulidian tales are the product of the Old-Irish period, and underwent little development at the hands of their new possessors. Their tradition reproduces consistently a racial and political order, dating from not later than the third century, and prior to the occupation of Meath by the race which, in the fourth and later centuries, made a gradual conquest of the northern half of Ireland, except the region now included in the counties of Down and Antrim.

[1] In the Christian and Pre-Norman Period, Ireland was dominated by two great dynastic families, one having Tara, the other Cashel, as chief centre. In a series of papers in the *New Ireland Review* during 1906, I have shown that these two dynastic races appear to be of comparatively recent pre-Christian origin, the story of the "Milesian invasion" being devised to credit them with a spurious antiquity. As the doctrine of descent from Mile or "Milesius" of Spain seems in its earliest form peculiar to these races, I have called them Milesians for want of any better term that would describe them in common.

On the other hand, the greater part of the Fenian cycle, as we have it, was composed from the ninth century onward. Only a few scraps of it belong to the Old-Irish period. It underwent continuous literary development down even to the nineteenth century. Most of it, as we know it, dates from the eleventh century onwards, its language being chiefly late Middle Irish, shading off into modern Irish. As in Duanaire Finn, we constantly find this Middle Irish in a modernised guise. But we do not find in the Fenian cycle those constant evidences of Old-Irish originals written up into Middle-Irish form which are characteristic of the Ulidian cycle. The inference is that the Middle-Irish specimens of the Fenian cycle are true contemporary products, the work of Middle-Irish authors, just as *Laoidh Oisín i dTír na nOg* is a product of the eighteenth century. In the Middle-Irish period the story of Fionn was known all over Ireland. It was growing into literature in places far apart. The under-story of Diarmaid was developing in West Munster, the under-story of Goll in Connacht. A clear light on the origin of the epic is little more to be expected from these Middle-Irish developments than from the eighteenth-century poem by Micheál Coimín.

Where, then, are we to look for the evidences of the rise of the epic? Obviously in the oldest extant specimens. The short poems published by Windisch in his "Irische Texte" help us little. However, they are not without historical value. It is at once clear to anyone examining them that they are not the beginnings of a new literature, but rather overgrowths of a body of literature already in existence and considerably developed. Similar short poems in late Middle Irish will be found in the Duanaire. In both cases these compositions owe their existence and their contemporary interest to the co-existence of an extensive tradition with which the reader is presumed to be familiar. Hence the presence of a single such piece in Old Irish seems to dispose once and for all of the notion that the Fenian epic owes its origin to the Norse invasions.

Next, or beside these poems, the most ancient specimen of the Fenian cycle that has reached us is apparently the tale called "Macgnímartha Find," "The Boy-deeds of Fionn." The evidence

borne by this tale is very striking and, in my opinion, quite decisive. The tale is preserved in a Bodleian MS. which professes to be an excerpt from the Psalter of Cashel.

The date of the Psalter of Cashel is traditionally the time of the king-bishop of Cashel, Cormac son of Cuilennán, by whom the Psalter is said to have been compiled, that is to say, about A.D. 900. This famous compilation has long since disappeared; but many extracts from it, some of them of considerable extent, have been preserved by transcription into later MSS. Of these extracts, one of the most notable is the Book of Rights, which affords, I think, decisive evidence of the date of the Psalter.[1]

The Book of Rights contains three poems written, as O'Donovan recognized, in support of the claim of a king of Cashel to the suzerainty of all Ireland. These poems commence respectively on pages 32, 52, and 124 of O'Donovan's printed edition. O'Donovan, in his Introduction (p. xv), points out that this claim can only be ascribed to one of three kings of Cashel—Cathal, who died in 742; Feidlimid, who died in 847; and Brian Bórama, who made good the claim. O'Donovan does not decide between them, but there can be no doubt upon the matter. The second of the three poems in question appeals to *Selbach in sai*, Selbach, the man of letters, who, as the note on p. 60 says, was contemporary with Cormac, the bishop-king. As Cormac reigned half a century after Feidlimid, the mention of Selbach shuts out both Cathal and Feidlimid, and makes it certain that the three poems were composed in the interest of Brian, and during the period when he was aiming at the high-kingship, which he secured in 1002.

The third poem enables us to date still more closely these political manifestoes. It is written in hostility to the dynasty of Tara, the Uí Néill, and in friendship to the Norse of Dublin, in whose favour it commits a flagrant and daring falsification of history. The Norse of Dublin at this period were in alliance with the king of Leinster; and Brian was at war with both as late as 999, when he defeated the allies at Glenn Mama. After this victory

[1] The title of psalter, Irish *saltair*, appears applicable in Early Irish to any considerable compilation in verse. But the Psalter of Cashel seems to have contained also prose tales and pedigrees.

he adopted a new policy, securing an alliance with the Dublin Norse against the high-king Mael Sechnaill. In furtherance of this policy he gave his daughter in marriage to Sitric, king of Dublin, and himself married the mother of Sitric. In the year 1000, in conjunction with the Norsemen and the Leinstermen, Brian invaded Meath. We cannot be far wrong in setting down 1000 as the date of this third poem and the approximate date of the other two. These portions of the Book of Rights have their date thus ascertained.

The first and second of the three poems are found in the section of the Book of Rights devoted to the political order of Munster. But it can be shown that they were interpolated in this section. Each of the overkingdoms of Ireland has a separate section in the work, containing in each case two poems,[1] one of which recites the tributes due from the subject states to the overking, the other the "stipends" or suzerain gifts accepted by the petty kings from the overking in token of allegiance. In addition to the two poems composed in furtherance of Brian's policy, the Munster section contains a poem of tributes and a poem of stipends, neither of which makes any allusion to such a policy. These poems were therefore the original Munster section, and were of older date than the poems written in Brian's interest. Indeed, one of the latter is a new edition of the poem of tributes. Cutting out the two poems of policy and another poem reciting the strongholds of the king of Cashel, the Munster section becomes exactly analogous to the sections for the remaining overkingdoms; and this was obviously the original form of the book. The poem of the strongholds may have been part of the original book, which, being compiled in Cashel, may well have devoted more attention to the king of Cashel than to the other overkings; or, what is more likely, it may also have been added through policy, claiming not only overlordship, but the control of fortresses in every part of Munster—a claim for which there was no precedent elsewhere in Ireland, and which seems to bear the mark of the strong hand of Brian.

[1] Except in the case of the overkingdom of Oriel, which has no poem of tributes. This may be explained by the fact that Oriel had long ceased to enjoy suzerain powers, having become a dependency of Cineal Eoghain.

Thus it is seen that there was a Book of Rights older than Brian's policy, and in which the poems in favour of that policy are evidently interpolated. What was the date of the older Book of Rights? Here, again, there is little room for doubt. One of Brian's poems professes to be dictated to Selbach, the poet of Cormac. This allusion, like the fabricated history of the Dublin Norsemen, is due to the daring invention of Brian's poet. It proves that he believed the original Book of Rights, or the original Munster section thereof, to have been written by Selbach. As less than a century separated the two writers, and as moreover the later writer had the evidence of the Psalter of Cashel before him, we may take it as proved that the original Book of Rights dated from the time of Cormac, and therefore that the tradition which ascribes the Psalter of Cashel, containing the original work, to Cormac is quite accurate—at least, as concerns the date of compilation.

Cormac fell in the Battle of Belach Mughna in 908. The Psalter of Cashel may be dated somewhere about 900. From it the tale *Macgnímartha Find*, it is claimed, was transcribed. The language of the piece, if I am not mistaken, in point of its antiquity, justifies the claim. At all events, the tale is the oldest piece of prose, and the oldest extensive piece in any form that we possess of the Fenian story.

The most remarkable trait of the *Macgnímartha* is that, like the whole Ulidian epic, it deals with an Ireland in which the dominant "Milesian" race of history does not exist. We cannot suppose this trait to have been accidental. In the later developments of the legend, the Milesian dynasties of Tara and Cashel are prominent in the action. In this tale, they are not even the subject of the remotest allusion. And yet there is abundant opportunity for introducing them. We find Fionn going northwards to Slane on the Boyne. He must have passed near Tara. Slane itself was in the home territory of the high-king, the magnificent Conn of the Hundred Battles. Mere dramatic instinct, one imagines, would have compelled some mention of so distinguished a neighbour; but there is no such mention. Fionn journeys southwards from Slieve Bloom. He must have traversed the particular domain of the king of Cashel, yet there is no word of Mugh Nuadhat or his famous son and successor Ailill Olom.

The negative evidence is still more complete. The story of Fionn begins with the Battle of Cnucha, in which his father Cumhall is slain. In later versions,[1] the chief enemy of Cumhall, the antagonist at whose instance this battle is fought, is the monarch Conn. In the *Macgnímartha*, there is no mention of Conn or of his party in connexion with the battle, and no room left for them. The battle is fought between Cumhall's people on the one side, and the Luagni of Tara and the Clanna Morna on the other. The subject of dispute is in no way connected with monarchical policy. It is a contention for the fianship (*fianus*, *fianaidecht*) of Ireland, between chieftains fighting for their own hand.

The same thoroughly negative evidence is borne by the incident in which the boy Fionn, like the boy Cú Chulainn, vanquishes singlehanded a whole team of lads at the game of *iomáin* or "hurley." In the later versions, this incident takes place in the presence of the monarch Conn at the great national games of Tailtiu. In the *Macgnímartha*, it takes place on the green of "a certain fort" in Leinster, neither Conn nor any other king being present. In short the *Macgnímartha*, like the Ulidian epic, supposes a period when the Milesian sovereignty of Tara and of Ireland was still unknown, when the Boyne was the boundary between the Ulidians and the Leinstermen. This tradition demands for the Fenian story an antiquity dating at all events farther back than the legend of the pagan high-kings. I have shown elsewhere that the Milesian regime in Tara has for its anterior limit the so-called "restoration" under Tuathal Techtmar, and that the high-kingship cannot reasonably be supposed to have existed before Niall of the Nine Hostages. The modernity of this dynasty was well known to the author of the *Macgnímartha*, as it was to the authors of the Ulidian sagas; and to have introduced the Milesian line or the hegemony of Tara into either story would have seemed to these writers almost as much out of place as the introduction of the Lord Lieutenant would have seemed to Micheál Coimín.

[1] L.U. Fotha Catha Cnucha, &c.

The positive evidence of the *Macgnimartha* is no less striking. The chief contending parties in the story are the Luagni, the Clanna Morna, and the people of Cumhall. The Luagni have often been confounded by modern annotators with the Luigne of Meath. They were distinct races. Luigne means the descendants of Lugh, the Celtic god. Luagni means the descendants of Lóch. The Luigne and the Luagni both existed in Meath in historic time. The Luigne occupied a definite small territory near Navan. The Luagni were a vassal race (aithechtuath) scattered over the region of Meath (including Westmeath) from the Shannon to the sea. They were, in fact, the servile remnant of an ancient Leinster race. Even in the period presumed by the Ulidian epic, the Luagni were a subject people. Their king was Coirbre Nia Fer, king of Tara; but he was not of their race, being of the Lagin or dominant race of Leinster. The Luagni were his vassals. In the story of the Battle of Rosnaree, Conchobar taunts his Ulstermen with being inferior in valour to these vassals. The Ulstermen were getting worsted. "Truly, Ulstermen," said the king, "I was not aware till to-day that the Galians of Leinster or the Luagni of Tara were braver than ye." As to the status of the Galians, here linked with the Luagni, there is no doubt. Like the Luagni, they were subjects of a Lagenian king, Find, king of Ailiu, brother of Coirbre Nia Fer; but he was not of their race. They were vassals. Hence, when they join Medb in the expedition of the Táin Bó Cualnge, she first proposes to destroy them, fearing their power, but afterwards breaks them up into small bands, and distributes them among the other forces. This she could not have done if they had been led by their own king. In fact, they had no king or chieftain on the occasion, being merely the vassal levies of her ally, the king of Ailiu. Like the Luagni, the Galians still existed in historical time as vassal tribes, *aithechtuatha*, being distributed over the northern parts of Leinster east of Ossory. The distribution of the Luagni and Galeoin is given in the tract on the *aithechtuatha* in the "Book of Ballymote."

Regarding the Clanna Morna, there is but one tradition, that they belonged to the Fir Bolg of eastern Connacht, who were also a vassal people.

We now come to the third section of these early *fiana*, the race to which Cumhall and Fionn belonged. The *Macgnimartha* tells us that Cumhall was a member of the sept Ui Tarsig, a branch of a people called the Corco Oche of Cúil Chontuinn. The annotator of the Ossianic Society's text, whose authority was probably O'Donovan, places this people in the north of Meath. I have not found this location confirmed by any other evidence; nor have I found any tradition connecting Fionn with northern Meath. On the other hand, Mac Firbis, in his tract on the Fir Bolg (Genealogies, R.I.A. copy), and Keating, in his History (chap. ix), agree in saying that the Uí Tarsig were located in Uí Fáilge (Offaly, Co. Kildare), and also that they belonged to the race of the Fir Bolg. Fir Bolg here is a general name for the early races reduced to vassaldom, and includes the Fir Domnann and the Galeoin. But what is more definite, Mac Firbis (p. 55) quotes an older writer to the effect that the Uí Tarsig were a sept of the Galeoin, and that Fionn, chief of the Fenians, was of that race. Again, the tract on the *Aithechtuatha*, or vassal peoples, in the "Book of Ballymote" states that one of the three later divisions of the Galeóin, the Tuath Fochmuinn, was located in Uí Failgi, in Fotharta Airbrech, and *upon Almu and all that are proper to Almu of septs* (anas dir di [d]i finib). Almu, according to all tradition, was the chief seat of Fionn. It is shown as the Hill of Allen on modern maps, about a mile east of the borders of the modern barony of West Offaly. It seems certain, then, that Cumhall and Fionn were leaders and heroes of the Galeoin, and that these two races, the Galeoin and the Luagni, linked together in the story of Rosnaree, were the chief antagonist parties in the original version of the Battle of Cnucha, with the Clanna Morna of Connacht as interlopers on the side of the Luagni. It is perhaps no mere coincidence that the king over the Galeoin, though not of them, in the Ulster epic, is also named Fionn.

There need be no hesitation, therefore, in drawing the conclusion that the Fenian epic originated among the Galeoin who dwelt in the neighbourhood of Almu. What chiefly distinguishes it from, I think, almost every other primitive epic is that it is the hero-lore of a subject, not of a ruling, race. In view of the origin here traced

for it, this peculiar character is quite natural. For centuries before the Irish Christian period, the Galeoin were a subject race, compelled to do battle for their rulers. There are, of course, in the Fenian story certain features common to early epopee, such as the conflicts of the heroes with fierce monsters, their close relationship to the gods, &c. But the distinctive features of the Fenian legend, and, I think, the fortunes of the legend itself, are traceable to its origin among a vassal race and its early shaping at their hands.

The status of subject races receives little light from the Ulster epic, which is our chief source of pre-Milesian tradition. The rise of the Milesian power, and the fuller history connected therewith, bring into the clearest contrast the comparative rights and powers of the dominant and subordinate races. The Book of Rights shows the chief Milesian dynasties exacting heavy annual tributes from the subject peoples, but holding their own minor branch dynasties exempt from all tribute. Going farther back, we find Dúi Tenguma, king of Connacht at the close of the fifth century, expatriating a whole petty kingdom of Fir Bolg race, and planting in its stead the Milesian colony of Ui Maine. The power which could thus exterminate a race, could also subject it to unlimited exactions. Among the things it could exact were armed levies. The freemen of the dominant race could not be compelled to serve in the field for more than a few weeks every year. "If the hosting of Connacht should remain [in the field] longer than a fortnight and a month, the Ui Maine have liberty to return home" (Hy Many, p. 67). "These septs are freed from the hostings of spring and summer, and there is no power to ask them against their will" (*ib.*). Such exemptions of the dominant race by name imply that there were other races not so exempt. The subject races, therefore, were liable to longer military service than six weeks; and their levies could be called out even during seed-time and harvest. The subject peoples might thus be required to furnish forces at any time, even when the free population was engaged on the most urgent works of agriculture. This demand could only be met by the creation among them of a warrior caste, living by the chase and by the plunder of their enemies in war. Bands of such professional soldiery were called *fiana*. The professional soldier

was called *fénnid*, *féindid*. We can thus understand how, as the Book of Rights makes clear, the powerful kings of Tara and Cashel kept the territories around those strongholds in the occupation of subject states, instead of colonizing them with branches of their own race. By this means they held at their disposal, at all seasons and for indefinite periods, the forces of the subject peoples almost in the condition of a standing army.

That *fiana* meant levies of inferior political status is, I think, apparent in the verse from a poem on the death of Brian Caṭha an Dúin (A.D. 1260)—do ghoin a bfian ar mbranán—which has reference to the game of *brandub*, resembling chess, and is translated by O'Donovan "their *pawns* (*fian*) have checkmated our king." Here *fian* denotes the pieces of inferior status in the game. The epithet *ri for fianaib*, which occurs several times in Gilla Coemáin's poem on the high-kings, is seen to have a special significance. It means an *over-king*, for such alone had power to call out the *fiana* of the subject states. The *fiana* were not mercenary troops. A mercenary was called *amus*; mercenary service, *amsaine*.

We do not hear of contemporary *fiana* in the Annals. They probably belonged to no later period than the completion of the Milesian conquests, which virtually came about in the fifth century, before our contemporary political records begin. By that time the subject states had probably attained the fixity of conditions indicated in the Book of Rights. When the stress of conquest had passed away, the existence of professional armed bands on an extensive scale must have been felt to be a burden and a danger. The *fiana*, therefore, are prehistoric; but that such a class could have been invented for literary purposes is inconceivable. Their existence is a fact preserved by a genuine and vivid, if somewhat idealised, tradition.

How and by whom was the literary tradition of the *fiana* maintained? We can answer with certainty that it was not maintained by the literati of the dominant race. The great list of 187 tales in the Book of Leinster contains only four or five titles that can be taken to refer to the Fenian cycle. The almost complete absence of pieces in Old Irish, or bearing linguistic evidence of an earlier than

Middle-Irish casting, confirms the testimony of the list. The Fenian literature, as a body, came into the great literary schools no earlier than the Middle-Irish period.

Does not this prove too much? If hardly any traces of Old Irish are found in the earlier Fenian literature, must we not conclude that the Fenian story itself is a Middle-Irish development? I do not think so. We have to consider the different circumstances in which the dominant Milesians,[1] or Scots, adopted the two heroic cycles. This race appears to have had no body of ancient hero-lore peculiar to themselves. The romance of their past grew up around a skeleton of artificial history, pieced together by the schools. Upon this structure were overlaid various patches of the traditions of the older races.

It was apparently during the seventh century that the Milesian poets adopted the Ulidian hero-lore.[2] We find them about the same period adopting the Ulidian scheme of history. Dr. MacCarthy (Todd Lectures, vol. iii) finds the oldest traceable effort to devise a history of pre-Christian Ireland in one of the "Synchronisms" preserved in the Book of Ballymote. Applying chronographical tests, he says that this document "may date from the end of the sixth century." The only detailed piece of Irish "history" in the document is a list of the Ulidian kings from the foundation of Emain to the period of the Ulidian epic. In it, and not in Tigernach, occurs originally the statement that nothing of Irish history is known or credible prior to the foundation of the Ulidian capital. Clearly this earliest history is of Ulidian origin, and is copied into a document embodying in a crude form the Milesian theory of ancient Ireland. It would appear from all this that the Ulidian remnant was the first section of the Irish to cultivate a written literature dealing with matters Irish and secular. For this purpose they were specially advantaged. They had a rich hero-lore, a proud tradition, and their country was the scene of

[1] I use this term to designate the dynastic races of Tara and Cashel in the historical period. They cannot have risen into prominence long before St. Patrick's time.

[2] The occurrence is symbolised in the story of the "recovery" of Táin Bó Cualnge.

St. Patrick's earliest and most thorough labours, which brought the new stimulus of Christian and Roman literary culture, of thorough familiarity with the arts of writing and reading. Between their conversion to Christianity and the seventh century, the Ulidians appear to have secured for themselves a literary primacy, amounting nearly to a monopoly of Irish secular literature.

Hence the Milesian writers, when they adopted the Ulidian hero-lore, adopted it as a classic, with all the extreme reverence shown by people new to any form of culture towards those from whom that culture is received, and by whom it has been developed. The Ulidian sagas, having once passed into the hands of the dominant race, became rigidly crystallized, and ceased to evolve. Most of the changes they afterwards suffered were due, not to invention, but to the limitations of the scribes.

The early history of the Fenian hero-lore was quite different. This cycle remained in the possession of the subject races apparently until about the tenth century. As the Milesians, though masters of nearly all Ireland, never colonized more than about one-third of the country, the remaining two-thirds continuing in the occupation of the older races and under the rule of their native kings, it is evident that this epic of a subject race had an extensive public to whose sympathies it could present a strong appeal. Thus it must have spread from North Leinster, where it first took shape, through a large part of Ireland, ultimately reaching the furthest bounds of Gaelic speech. The period I postulate for this extension is the early centuries of Milesian domination, mainly between the years 400 and 700. During this time the Fenian tradition must have been purely oral, and therefore susceptible of local development to any extent. It seems to have taken a particularly strong grip of the Ivernian population of West Munster, the region around Loch Léin becoming a second home, not only for the cultivation of the epic, but for the life and actions of the heroes. The story of Diarmaid must have been developed among the Corcu Duibne, whose territory embraced the modern baronies of Corcaguiny and Iveragh, and extended eastward to Loch Léin.

In the published portions of the cycle previous to this present volume, the part of Goll and his kindred has not been relatively prominent. But one has only to go upon the track of Fenian folklore among the Connacht peasantry of to-day, to find that in that region Goll is the foremost hero of nearly every tale. The race of Goll, the Clanna Morna, as already stated, were believed to have been a sept of the Connacht Fir Bolg.[1] Naturally this branch of the Fiana was not made much of either in North Leinster or West Munster. These regions adopted Fionn as their chief hero; and the Clanna Morna were his hereditary foes. It was the descendants of the Fir Bolg, who then and since then were numerous in the western province, that magnified the part of Goll. In Donegal, as in Connacht, Goll is the chief popular hero of the Fiana, the paragon of valour. Donegal also was Fir Bolg territory until its conquest by the sons of Niall, and after conquest was largely peopled by vassals of the Fir Bolg race. The Duanaire shows that the western and north-western sub-cycle of Goll and his kindred found full expression at an early date in written literature. As in the western folk-tales, so in a number of these poems, Goll is made superior to Fionn in valour and truth.

It may be asked why, if the Fenian cycle was thus spread over Ireland, and accessible to the Milesian writers at all points, it was not taken up by them in preference to the Ulidian cycle, which, until the seventh century, was confined to one remote district. The question has already been partly answered. The Ulidian cycle came armed with the great prestige of letters. But a still more potent reason must have operated. In the seventh century the Ulidians were a free race. There is no sufficient proof that, at this period, they accepted even the suzerainty of the Uí Néill. Their hero-lore invariably represents them as something more than free, holding their own against "the four great fifths of Ireland." In order to bring the scene of action within their own familiar bounds, the author of Táin Bó Cualnge had to adopt the dramatic device of casting on his heroes a spell of sickness,[2] during which the otherwise

[1] Magh Maen, in south Connacht, was their home.

[2] The episode of the sickness, as Mr. Nutt urges upon me, can hardly have been a mere literary device. The device lay in the use made of the episode.

impossible is accomplished—the Ulidian territory is overrun by enemies. A conquering and dominant aristocracy could appreciate such a story of freemen coming from freemen. On the other hand, the Fenian epic was in form and essence the story of a vassal race. We have seen that it was distinctive of freemen that they could not be kept in military service beyond a stated short period in each year, and could not be called out during seed-time or harvest to go upon expeditions. To belong to a permanent military service was the part of vassaldom; and vassaldom therefore was the most prominent character of the Fenian story. The whole Fenian tradition must thus have been repugnant to the sympathies of the free Milesians. Again, the Fenian hero-lore was kept up and cultivated by the conquered races, whom, even in the tenth century, the conquerors still called *doer-thuatha*, unfree peoples, reserving the title of *soer-chlanda*, free races, for themselves. When we see the deep repugnance with which a modern few, identifying themselves with a bygone era of conquest, regard the native language and literature of the Irish people, we can understand how the Milesian conquerors, while the memory of conquest was still green, must have looked upon a literary tradition, not only peculiar to the subject peoples, but itself redolent of their subject status.

The inclusion of a Fenian tale in the Psalter of Cashel (about A.D. 900) is the first evidence we have of the adoption of the cycle by the ruling race; and the context of this tale proves that it came fresh and unchanged from non-Milesian hands. By this time a new school of Irish learning had come into being, presided over by the chief *filidh* of the Milesian courts. The main work of this school was to reconstruct the early history of Ireland, and the central theory of its Irish history was that Ireland had been subject to the Milesian race for ages before the Christian era. The method of work was to make a study of the whole mass of popular mythological and heroic tradition, assigning to it a chronology which did not exist within it, and arranging all the events of tradition in a definite order of succession. It was for this reason that a knowledge of tales by the hundred became such an extraordinary feature of Irish secular learning. The note appended to the list of tales in the Book of Leinster is fairly decisive on the point. The *fili*, or man of letters, took rank according to the number of traditional stories

at his command. But, says the note, "he is no *fili* who does not *harmonize* and *synchronize* all the stories." [O'Curry is responsible for this rendering of the technical verbs employed. Whether or not he has given their exact meaning, there can be no doubt that they refer to some sort of correlating process, and, as a matter of fact, the schools did endeavour to harmonize and synchronize the stories, and presented them as a continuous history with dates.]

The prejudices of conquest had by this time grown feeble. Christianity, apart from its principle of universal brotherhood, had contributed in two ways to elevate the conquered. The territorial organization of the Church was based on the political order of the fifth century. It was contrary to the Church's interest that this order should be disturbed. Hence we find that, in the tenth century, the petty states were, in most cases, ruled by the same dynasties as in the fifth. Two-thirds of these dynasties were of the older races. They remained tributary to the conquerors, but otherwise were apparently equal in franchise. Five centuries of dynastic permanence were in themselves a patent of high nobility. In the second place, a great number of the famous churchmen and religious men of letters were, from the first, drawn from the subject peoples. This fact alone must have tended strongly to equalize the status of conquering and conquered.

Intermarriage with the older dynastic families must have done much to abate racial prejudice. In course of time, the distinction between free and unfree necessarily lost its racial significance, for even an unpaid debt might suffice to disenfranchise the debtor, though of free race.

But the new theory of history made it absolutely necessary to associate the conquering people with the traditions of the conquered. It was from these traditions that the early history was manufactured. It was not possible to set up a Milesian dynasty in remote antiquity, and yet to hold it detached from all antiquity. Thus at first the Ulidians, though their own story tells nothing of it, and all the other ancient dynasties in turn, were woven into the kindred of Milesius of Spain. The whole Irish aristocracy was grafted on a single genealogical tree. Having transcribed all that I could find of the pre-Christian genealogies,

having analysed them, and compared them name by name, pedigree by pedigree, I state here the conclusion—it would be too long to state the argument leading to the conclusion—which, in my opinion, is established beyond a shadow of doubt. The authentic genealogies reach back in no instance beyond the year 300 A.D. All the material referring to any earlier date, and therefore the whole genealogical scheme uniting the earlier lines to the Milesian main stem, is the work of the synchronizing and harmonizing school.

It is rather remarkable that the oldest and chief authority which I have found cited for early composite genealogies is the Psalter of Cashel. This compilation, therefore, particularly belongs to the harmonizing school of history. Thus already in the tenth century, the new theory of racial unity, of a common descent for all the free Irish, had found acceptance in the Milesian courts. The establishment of this theory must have marked the final disappearance of race prejudices. The only races excluded from the genealogical unity were the Galeóin, the Fir Domnann, and the Fir Bolg, for these races had sunk into complete vassaldom, and their dynastic lines had disappeared. If any petty kingdoms of these races had survived, they would almost certainly have been included in the Milesian comity.

It is, therefore, not merely a coincidence that, in the Psalter of Cashel, the hero-lore of the subject peoples makes its earliest appearance known to us in the hands of the dominant race. The time had arrived when the racial and political import of the Fenian sagas could be ignored, and their wider appeal could be accepted without prejudice. Nevertheless, even in the further developments of the cycle, there is a clear note of sometimes covert, sometimes unconcealed, hostility to the masters of Ireland.

It only remains to point out the traces of the later manipulation of the story from the specially Milesian standpoint. We have already seen that there is the Battle of Cnucha without Conn and the Battle of Cnucha with Conn ; the hurling match on the green of a certain fort and the same hurling match in the presence of Conn at Tailtiu. On the other hand, we find events peculiar to the Milesian story ; and in one version the Fiana are absent from mention, in another

version they take a leading part. The Battle of Mucrama is one of these. The death of Coirbre Lifechar is another. It is usually told that Coirbre fell by the hand of Oscar, and Oscar by the hand of Coirbre, in the Battle of Gabair. I once imagined that this event was almost certainly historical, as the tradition of the death of a high-king and the manner of his death about A.D. 300 was likely to have been faithfully preserved. My faith in traditions dating from A.D. 300 was shaken by the discovery that the three joint kings who succeeded him, the Fothads, were a triad of divinities whose father was Lugh Lámfada; it was further shaken on learning that Coirbre, according to another story, was slain by a Munster prince. Wherever we find the Milesian kings of Meath or Cashel in the Fenian tales, or the Fiana in tales of the Milesian rulers, we find a story shaped or revised in the tenth century or later.

Unlike the Ulidian epic, the Fenian cycle thus became the property of the whole nation without any burden of learned prestige. Its credentials were solely popular. Its general character and scheme were, indeed, too firmly fixed in the popular mind to admit of change. Otherwise it was open to every kind of development, as the taste of the author and the public might dictate. Even a writer schooled in the Ulidian tradition might endeavour to archaize the story. One at least of the poems edited by Windisch is, I feel sure, a *tour de force* produced in this way.[1] But in general the Fenian tales and poems were composed in the current language of prose and poetry, requiring no gloss. This fact, combined with the circumstances of their earlier history, enabled the Fenian sagas to oust completely from popularity the far grander and more impressive epic of the race of Rudraige.

The history of the Fenian epic, as I have essayed to reconstruct it, offers an easy solution of several problems. It explains the form of the heroic narrative, and the peculiar rôle of the heroes. It explains the long-deferred appearance of the epic in written literature, and its forward state of development when at length it does appear. It explains also the almost exclusive popularity of the epic—its position for many centuries as the chief hero-lore of the Gaelic-speaking races of Ireland and Scotland.

[1] "Irische Texte," p. 162.

The legend of the Fiana, as it spread from race to race, from the Galeoin to the Erneans and the Fir Bolg, from these to the ascendant Scottic aristocracy, was constantly undergoing reformation, and at no time acquired, like the Ulidian story, a classic and final form. It remained always modern, not only in its language, but in the sense of being entirely the property of each succeeding generation of story-tellers and ballad-makers. In this way, it retained the power of constantly and freely assimilating new elements. A bold device—the addition of more than a century to the lives of two of the heroes—enabled the epic to secure for itself the most commanding figure in Irish history, St. Patrick, and to develop a humorous side in the contrast between pagan and Christian ideals. The hitherto published examples of this development belong to the modern period; but a number of much earlier specimens will be found in this volume. It is somewhat amusing to find some present-day writers themselves so deficient in humour as to imagine that, in the debates between Patrick and Oisín, the laugh is turned against Christianity. In the older examples, as is usual in the older literature, the humorous aspect is never stripped to the skin.

The survival of Oisín and Caoilte until St. Patrick's mission probably did not originate in the conscious purpose of introducing the Christian element. Its motive was similar to that which endowed Findtan and Tuan with a still more marvellous longevity. The early native writers were well aware that the art of writing, to whatever extent it may have been practised in pre-Christian Ireland, was not commonly applied to general literary purposes before the time of the Christian scribes. St. Patrick himself taught the alphabet. Oisín and Caoilte lived on, so that they might meet those who were able to *write* the story of the Fiana. Thus we find that two of the poems in the Duanaire commence with the injunction addressed to a Christian scribe, "Set this down, O Brogan, in writing."

The same power of assimilation enabled the story to attach to itself the legends of the mighty ancestor-kings of the Milesian race, Conn and his successors in Tara, Cathair Mór in Ailiu, and Ailill Olom in Cashel. So thoroughly popular, too, was the development of the epic that it found no difficulty in admitting the Norsemen into

the narrative—a glaring anachronism which must always have been patent to the learned. The history of Alexander the Great compelled the admirers of the Fiana to make them also the conquerors of distant Oriental regions. Thus arose the *echtra* or oversea expedition, of which the Duanaire contains two elaborate specimens—the least interesting of all its contents, their virtue seemingly comprised in exciting popular wonder about distant and unknown lands. (At present the term *eachtra* seems to denote any prose tale of a heroic nature or connected with heroic legend, a tale in verse being called *laoidh*.)

The Norman invaders were too modern and familiar to find a place in the action of the epic, which nevertheless has ingeniously contrived to work them in by way of prophecy. Two of the poems in the Duanaire are devoted to prophetic accounts of the Normans in Ireland.

To sum up, the story of Fionn appears to have arisen, like most primitive hero-lore, in the region of mythology. It obtained a peculiar development among the ancient vassal race of North Leinster, the Galeoin, who impressed on the life of the heroes the character of professional warriorship, permanent military service being a special obligation of unfree races only. Ignored by the dominant peoples, the story in this form spread widely among the subject states, and received various local developments. By the ninth century, it had begun to be written down. The old ideas of racial inequality had then lost most of their force; the status of permanent military service had long ceased to be prevalent; and so the stories of the Fiana came gradually to be accepted even by the dominant race on their merits as literature. Unfettered by prestige, the sagas were susceptible of unlimited development, and were free to adapt themselves to popular taste. In time they ousted all their rivals.

4. The Character of the Fenian Epic.

Primitive epopee appears to be the product of a kind of rationalizing or humanizing process. The oldest forms of folklore were doubtless the nature-myth and the anecdote. In the myth, the mysterious forces of nature are deified, and the phenomena they

produce appear as the wars and quarrels, the loves and procreations, the incarnations and metamorphoses of the gods. In course of time, as mythology develops, the original meaning of the events becomes obscured, until at length the whole story becomes cloudy, mystical, and irrational.

Side by side with such a mythological tradition, we must be convinced that every fairly intelligent race possessed a body of purely human anecdotes, dealing with the traditional history of the race itself, and the deeds and sayings of its most memorable men and women. The primitive epic seems to be a sort of rationalizing and humanizing conquest of the myth by the race-tradition. The hero—originally a mere warrior or prince of the race—assumes the rôle of the nature-god; and the superhuman material of mythology is subjected to a human form. The myth, however, is not wholly discarded; for the worship of the gods assures its preservation. Thus primitive hero-lore is always on the borderland of natural religion; the heroes are of the kindred of the gods; the gods share in their fortunes; but many of the deeds ascribed to the heroes are almost transparently duplicates of the deeds achieved by the deified forces of nature, life and death, light and darkness, summer and winter, fair weather and storm, sun, moon, and stars, earth, wind, water, fire.

Miss Eleanor Hull has given us a very interesting account of the mythological elements of the Ulidian epic. In investigating the early genealogies, I have seen enough to indicate that a much fuller connexion between the Ulidian story and the older mythology remains still to be traced. In the Fenian epic the mythological element is less prominent, chiefly because the Fenian epic, as we know it, is the product of a comparatively modern period when Christianity had largely destroyed the vitality of mythological tradition, reducing it from a living growth to the condition, as it were, of dry timber.[1]

Nevertheless, the Fenian epic retains clear traces of its mythological beginnings. These traces are most visible, if not exclusively

[1] I refer here to the mythological features of the narrative. As a matter of fact, the direct link with mythological story is, if anything, stronger in the Fenian than in the Ulidian legend.

visible, in connexion with the principal hero, Fionn, proving apparently that this central figure, at all events, has persisted from the earliest phase of epic literature, and that the later and special features of the story are accretions due to the historical causes already indicated. Fionn is a demigod. On his father's side, he is a hero of the ancient Galians. His mother is the daughter and granddaughter of the gods. She was Muirenn, daughter of Tadhg son of Nuadhu. It is commonly related that this Tadhg and his father were druids. But in the *Agallamh* (see "Silva Gadelica," translation, p. 225), among the various rulers of the Tuatha Dé Danann is mentioned Tadhg son of Nuadhu *out of the beautiful* sídh *of Almu*. Tadhg, therefore, was one of the immortals who dwelt in underground mansions of great beauty; and more than that, Almu or Almhain, Fionn's own habitation, was itself one of those dwellings of the gods. Fionn was great-grandson of the deity, Nuadhu, whose name has been found in several pagan Celtic inscriptions in Britain.

Like Hercules, Fionn was a mighty slayer of fierce and destructive monsters; and one of the poems in the Duanaire is mainly devoted to this part of his character or story. In modern times, this function of the hero and demigod has been transferred to St. Patrick.

Fionn, the great hunter, may also belong to the mythological period. Apollo was a god of the chase. One of the synonyms by which Lugh, the favourite deity of the Celts, was known in ancient Ireland was Conmac, 'hound-lad,' or Mac Con, 'lad of hounds.' On the other hand, in its historical aspect, the Fenian epic embodies the tradition of a professional warrior-caste, to whom the chase, in a country abounding with wild animals, must have been a customary recreation. Thus the characteristic prominence of hunting in the epic is capable of a less remote explanation than the mythological one.

The enormous numbers of wild animals killed in the Fenian hunts might be taken by many as an instance of that weakness of Irish literature for exaggeration which is often and justly contrasted with the reserve and sense of proportion characteristic of Greek literature and of the modern literatures under Greek influence.

But in a country abounding with game, the battue might well exceed anything in contemporary experience. I find it related, in what purports to be a sober statement of fact, that in a single day's chase, held by Prince Esterhazy, there were killed 80 foxes, 100 wild boars, 160 deer, and 300 hares; and that in the course of a more prolonged hunting expedition by a king of Naples in Austria, the game taken included 5 bears, 13 wolves, 17 badgers, 354 foxes, 1,145 does, 1,625 roebucks, 1,820 boars, 1,950 deer, 11,121 rabbits, 12,335 partridges, 15,350 pheasants, and 16,354 hares.

For many other intimate relations between Fionn and the immortals, the reader may consult *Agallamh na Seanorach*. Though not itself ancient, this tract appears to contain much matter of great antiquity, such as the mythological traditions of Almu mentioned above. Many of the anecdotes are inconsistent with each other; and the whole seems to have been a rambling compilation of traditions of the Fiana from all sources. It has occasional quotations from poems to be found in the Duanaire.

Leaving to experts the further investigation of the Fenian epic as related to mythology, I now turn to the story as we find it. It seems to have first taken the shape of a distinct epic as the narrative of a blood-feud or private war, *fich bunaid*, as it is called in the *Macgnimartha*—an hereditary vendetta. A similar foundation belongs to many of the Greek tragic tales. The duty of avenging a kinsman's blood, even though shed in open battle or for a just cause, was a prime element, one might say, of the religion of primitive races. Every homicide started a new and apparently interminable movement of fate. Even a compact of peace or the formal acceptance of the *eric* or compensation allowed by law was often of no avail to still the voice of blood. Thus the hero-tale that commences with a slaying, contains from the first all the elements of a dark impending tragedy. Such a tragedy is the story of the Fiana.

In the *Macgnimartha* the inexpiable feud arises out of the killing of Cumhall in battle by the Luagni and the House of Morna. Whence it was the destiny of Cumhall's unborn son to follow the game of vengeance to the end. We may, I think, assume that a

simple version of the story was at one time current, in which Fionn avenged his father by slaying the chiefs of the Luagni and the Clanna Morna, and in turn perishing at the hands of their kindred. But in the later versions of the story, developed probably far away from the southern bounds of Meath, the Luagni, an obscure vassal race in historic times, are no longer thought worthy of prominence ; and their place is taken by the Milesian kings of Tara. Conn of the Hundred Battles becomes the chief enemy of Cumhall. Goll mac Morna held the post of commander of the fians or professional fighting bands under the high-king Conn. The command is taken away from Goll by Conn, and given to Cumhall of the Galian race, who banishes Goll from Ireland. This Goll episode is absent from the *Macgnimartha*, and, no doubt, originated in Connacht.

Later on, Conn quarrelled with Cumhall, and deprived him of the command, recalled Goll to Tara, and with his aid made war on Cumhall and the Leinster fians. The issue was tried in the battle of Cnucha, supposed to be Castleknock, near Dublin. Cumhall was slain by the hands of Goll and his brothers. Thus the blood-feud began, the parties to it being on the one side the kindred of Cumhall, the House of Baoisgne, and on the other side the House of Morna and the high-kings, viz., Conn, his son Art, Cormac son of Art, and Cairbre son of Cormac.

Fionn, a new-born infant, was carried off into hiding from his father's enemies. His youthful exploits are related in the *Macgnimartha*. When he came to man's estate, a reconciliation came about between him and Conn. This feature of temporary pacification serves to heighten the tragedy, and is found not only in the main story, but in several episodes. Thus, Fionn becomes temporarily reconciled also to Goll, to Diarmaid, and in the very striking first poem of the Duanaire to the hero Aedh Rinn. The reconciliation in the main story also serves to provide a period of peace in which tales may be told of the great hunting exploits of the Fiana, the destruction of monsters, the holding of feasts, the defence of Ireland against foreign invaders, many supernatural encounters and adventures, expeditions over-sea, and a rich and unlimited variety of other episodes, which could not take place in the midst of an implacable vendetta. Of all the episodes, the most striking

and elaborate is the well-known story of Diarmaid, evidently of West Munster origin.

Then comes the inevitable rupture of the peace. No writer attempted to compile the whole Fenian story in one consecutive narrative. It was always dealt with piecemeal, and the sequence of events thus escapes being indicated. But it is almost necessary to suppose that the rupture between Fionn and Goll took place while Fionn was still on fairly peaceful terms with the other section of his enemies, the kings of Tara. The story of the final war between Fionn and Goll was no doubt chiefly elaborated in Connacht. Several of the poems in the Duanaire deal with it; and in them, while Fionn is always the more powerful, Goll is the greater and the nobler hero. The end of it was that Goll was cut off from escape on a rocky promontory, reduced to the last extremities by hunger and thirst, and at length slain.

Thus the issue is left between Fionn and the royal house. The making of this portion of the story appears to have been done mainly in southern Ireland. Even while the peace remains, Fionn is usually exalted in numerous suggestions above the high-king Cormac. During the Christian period the dominant dynasties of Meath, Connacht, and Ulster all regarded themselves as descended from Cormac, who is depicted as the most majestic of all kings of Ireland, and is himself the foremost hero of a considerable cycle of tales. Throughout the same period, the line of high-kings claiming Cormac as their ancestor was incessantly engaged in efforts to maintain its suzerain claims over southern Ireland; and its efforts were incessantly and vigorously resisted. Hence we may safely infer that the glorification of Fionn above Cormac, a Leinster warrior chief above the forefather of the chief dynasties of "Conn's Half," was not likely work for northern poets, and was a congenial task for the poets of the south. Fionn is represented sometimes at peace with Cormac, sometimes at war with him and victorious over him. When Cairbre son of Cormac becomes king, it is war to the end. In the Battle of Gabhair, Cairbre and Oscar, grandsons of Fionn, fall by each other's hands; but the Fiana are hopelessly overthrown. The remnant of the House of Morna take vengeance for Goll by assisting the king to crush the Fiana of Fionn. Fionn

himself is slain in a separate engagement, his slayers being three sons and a grandson of Uirgrenn. Uirgrenn was chief of the Luagni, and took part in the killing of Cumhall which caused the feud. He was afterwards slain by Fionn in vengeance. The tragic story of the Fiana thus ends as it begins among the ancient races of northern Leinster.

The characters of the principal heroes of the epic are for the most part of a single type, embodying three fixed traits—courage, generosity, and courtesy. Such are Oisín, Oscar, Diarmaid, Mac Lugach, Faelán, and many others. Goll varies a little from the type, in that his frequent plight of adversity enables the poet or narrator to endow him with a peculiar fortitude and endurance. Caoilte also diverges a little from this common mould. He is usually represented as pre-eminently a gentle-hearted and love-worthy hero. A few of the heroes have their individual traits more strongly and consistently worked out.

The character of Fionn appears nearly always to have been clearly recognized by the narrators. It is a peculiar character. Officially—if one may so speak—he is posed as the embodiment of greatness: he is valorous, of boundless generosity, of high courtesy. But the burden of vengeance and of fate casts a dark shadow on the more intimate folds of his mind and heart. He is cautious, subtle, and deliberate, darkly vindictive, never wholly placable, sometimes well-nigh treacherous. One might almost imagine him to be a prophetic symbol of the modern great state, magnificent in its undertakings, lavish in hospitality and in giving and spending, dignified in every peaceful relation, commanding constant tributes of admiration; and yet behind all this—suspicion, craft, selfishness, great depths of meanness, no true and full acceptance of the dictates of honour, compassion, and generosity, no weakness for the moral law in the exercise of sovereign opportunity. This hard and selfish character must have manifested itself to our forefathers in certain strong figures among the warlike kings of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries; of whom the annals now and then relate the most ruthless and unconscionable deeds, and other deeds of fearless valour and noble generosity, ending all with an obit of superlative glorification.

Conán mac Morna is another clearly individualized personage. In the later developments, apparently of southern origin, Conán becomes a laughing-stock. There is nothing humorous in his earlier portrait. He has all the courage of the hero-type, but entirely lacks its courtesy and generosity. Hence he is called ꝑeaꝑ mıllꝺe aguꝛ móꝛ-ḃuaḋaꝛċa na ꝑéıne, 'the wrecker and great disturber of the Fian,' not the terms to describe a comic character. The early epic is a tragedy, not admitting laughter even into its peaceful interludes. The sole humorous element is late and external to the story—Oisín's difficulty in embracing Christian ideals of life. This feature already appears in the Duanaire, but is treated with great reserve. In later poems, it becomes a subject of free facetiousness.

Not least remarkable among the contents of the Duanaire is the group of short poems of three stanzas and upwards. They relate no incident of the epic, and describe no portion of its apparatus. The narrative and descriptive poems of greater length appeal to the ordinary audience that loves a traditional tale; and, as I have already said, there is proof that these poems reached the people, and became incorporated in their folklore. The shorter poems make no such appeal, nor are they of the character of the metrical insets that are so often found in the Middle-Irish prose tales. They are therefore independent compositions, presenting to us a thought or group of thoughts which the narrative created in the mind of the poet. They seem as spontaneous and irresponsible as the song of a bird when the rain-clouds have gone by; there is no attempt to give them an outer framework. The passing notion is committed to its wording, and no more said. They are something like sonnets, but free from the heavy pretentiousness of the claim that the sonnet always makes, and does not always make good. It is fortunate that we have them; for they reveal to us a great deal of the mind and poetic ideal of the makers of the Fenian poetry. They show that these were writers, students of their art, and not merely versifiers ot tales for popular consumption; that they were poets who could compose to please their own taste, for the little pieces aim at no public reward. In no case is the name of the poet

attached to them. His recompense is neither fee nor fame. Yet, though writers and students of their art, these poets belong not to the closet, but to the open air. The beautiful sleep-song of Grainne to Diarmaid begins as tenderly as though it were sung in a luxurious mansion, but quickly reminds us of wooded glens and heathery mountain slopes. In truth, nearly all our ancient literature was written within twelve paces of nature's own domain, wherein the writer was a constant dweller, not a visitor. So, too, when these poems tell us of the deeds of men, the poet is intimate with the whole reality that is the basis of what he describes—perhaps, indeed, was a sharer in the battle or the chase. Cormacán the Poet wrote the noted historical poem on the Circuit of Ireland by Muirchertach of the Leathern Cloaks in 941. Cormacán himself put on his leathern cloak, and stepped forth from Ailech with the thousand veterans, entered with them the royal fortresses, heard his master dictate submission, saw the golden fetters placed on the limbs of princes, slept out in the snow, listened to the music he describes, of the hail-stones at night rattling on the leathern mantles, marched over the mountains and the plains, forded the rivers, faced the hostile provincials, carried his life in his hand from Ailech to Ulidia, from Ulidia to Leinster, from Leinster to Cashel, and thence through Thomond and Connacht, and back again to the ramparts of Ailech. So when we read these ancient poems of battle and feast and chase, we know that much of their content has at least a true and close relation to the experiences of living men, and is not filtered down through a long succession of theatrical conventionalities from book to book, as is so much of the imaginative literature of modern times.

All the poems in this instalment of the Duanaire are written in the ancient syllabic non-accented metres. Various metres are employed, most of them arranged in quatrains of four verses, with seven syllables to the verse. The quatrains are printed as distichs, two verses to the line, which is the arrangement of the MS. and of nearly all ancient MSS. The reader of modern Irish should bear in mind, in reading Old or Middle Irish poetry, that the modern accentuation of one syllable in each word must be carefully avoided if it is desired to appreciate the metrical value and rhythm of the poems. All syllables, in whatsoever position, and however lightly

accented in modern pronunciation, must be regarded as equally accented in the olden poetry. Thus in the first stanza of the Duanaire, Finn and Caílgind should be read so as to rhyme fully. The second syllable in Caílgind should be accented as strongly as the first, not lightly passed over, as in the modern pronunciation. The same applies to all syllables in every verse, no less than to the rhyming syllables. Again, there are no slurred consonants making one syllable of two, as at present pronounced. The word uball has to be read u-ball, not úll. Except the mute ṗ, every consonant requires its natural sound as if at the beginning of a word.

The Race and Home of Fionn.

The genealogical accounts of Fionn are widely various, and form a striking example of the freedom taken by the genealogists in their dealings with the prehistoric period. In his great "Book of Genealogies" (R. I. A. copy, p. 435), Dubhaltach Mac Fir Bhisigh quotes six different pedigrees for Fionn, the sole point of agreement in the six being that Fionn's father was Cumhall.

Two of the pedigrees trace his descent to Nuadu Necht, thus:

1. Nuadu Necht.
2. Baoisgne.
3. Subhalt.
4. Trenmor.
5. Cumhall.
6. Fionn.

1. Nuadu Necht.
2. Fergus Fairrge.
3. Soalt.
4. Alt.
5. Cairbre Garbhron.
6. Baoisgne.
7. Mudh (Mugh).
8. Buan.
9. Fergus.
10. Trendorn.
11. Trenmor.
12. Cumhall.
13. Fionn.

Nuadu Necht is the god Nuadu, regarded as ancestor of the royal line of Leinster, Dal Niadh Corb. He figures in the list of prehistoric high-kings of all Ireland. In these pedigrees, therefore,

the genealogists claim Fionn as a Leinsterman, and ennoble him by attaching him to the ruling race.

A third pedigree runs as follows:—

1. Sen.
2. Deadhadh (Dedu).
3. Daire.
4. Forgoll.
5. Goll.
6. Fer da roth.
7. Baoisgne.
8. Cumhall.
9. Fionn.

Dedu son of Sen is a mythological ancestor of all the branches of the Ivernian or Ernean race. The Erainn of Munster are called Clanna Dedad, descendants of Dedu, in the Ulidian sagas. This pedigree deals with Fionn as an adopted hero of the Erainn, the ancient Iverni.

Two other pedigrees claim him for other Munster races. "Fionn son of Cumhall, son of Baoisgne of the Orbhraighe of Druim Imnocht." "Fionn son of Cumhall, son of Baoisgne, son of Oiche, of the Corca Oiche of the Fidhghenti." The Orbhraighe of Druim Imnocht are apparently a sept of the race whose name is retained by the barony of Orrery, County Cork. The Ui Fidhghente were their neighbours. The Orbhraighe were tributaries of Cashel; the Ui Fidhghente, comprising the petty kingdoms of Ui Chairbre Aebhdha and Ui Chonaill Ghabhra, both within the present County of Limerick, were free States of Munster, claiming common descent with the dynasty of Cashel. These two pedigrees further exemplify the cultivation of the Fenian epic transferred to Munster.

The sixth account of Fionn's descent given by Dubhaltach—fifth in his order of statement—is endorsed by him, doubtless because alone it agreed with general tradition, "Others say—and it is true—that he was of the Ui Tairrsigh of Ui Failghi. The Ui Tairrsigh were a vassal-people. They were specifically of the Luaighni of Tara, and of the Fir Cul of Bregia; and this is one

of the three houses from which the fian-kingship of Ireland was wont to be filled, for the king of the fians of Ireland was king of the Buaighni or of the Luaigni."[1]

Dubhaltach had a good warrant for preferring this account. It was not only that intrinsically it appeared more genuine than the others; for when we find conflicting pedigrees of a national hero, or even of a modern plutocrat, one giving him a plebeian, others a regal descent; one assigning him to a submerged race, the others attaching him to still extant dynastic families, we have little doubt as to which version is the more likely to have been meddled with. But that Fionn belonged to the sept Ui Tairrsigh happens also to be the oldest doctrine of his origin known to us. It is the doctrine of the oldest of the Fionn-sagas, the *Macgnímartha*.

"The Ui Tairrsigh of Ui Failghi" means that they were located in the territory of the Ui Failghi, one of the chief free dynastic races of Leinster, whose name is perpetuated in the modern baronies of East and West Offaly, County Kildare. The name Ui Failghi, descendants of Failghe, is traced by the genealogists to the prehistoric Ros Failghe, son of Cathair Mor, but is more probably derived from the noted Failge Berraide, a king of North Leinster in the early Christian period. It was in his time that the plain of Meath, west of Bregia, was wrested by the race of Niall from the Leinstermen (see "Annals of Ulster," A.D. 515). Fionn's home at Almha is on the border of the modern Offaly.

The Ui Tairrsigh are stated in the *Macgnímartha* to have been a sept of the Corcu Oiche of Cuil Chontuinn, which must have been somewhere in North Leinster. This partly explains why he is claimed for another Corcu Oiche located in Munster.

Dubhaltach is apparently in error where he says that the Ui Tairrsigh were a branch of the Luaighni of Tara. In the *Macgnímartha*, the Luaighni appear as rivals or enemies of Fionn's race. Moreover, on page 55 of his "Book of Genealogies," Dubhaltach quotes an older writer, who says of the Gaileoin

[1] Asberaid araile 7 is fior sin gurab do Uibh Tairrsigh do Uibh Failge dho. Aithechtuath na hUi Tairrsigh; do Luaighnibh Temhrach 7 dferaib Cul Bregh do sunnradh iad; 7 ase sin an treas teallach o ngabhthaoi ri-fendecht Erenn, ar ba ri ar Buaighnibh no ar Luaighnibh ri fhian Erenn.

that they comprised the Tairrsigh, and "of these was Fionn the fian-chief." The Luaighni and the Gaileoin were distinct peoples.

Keating, in his "History of Ireland" (Irish Texts Society, vol. iv., p. 201), writing of the Fir Bolg, says: "Some antiquaries say that to them belong these three races which are in Ireland and not of the Gaedhil, namely, the Gabhraighe of the Suca in Connacht, the Ui Tairsigh in the territory of Ui Failghe, and the Gaileoin of Leinster." Fir Bolg here, as usually in the histories, means all the ancient race-elements which, having lost their dynastic autonomy through conquest, were excluded from the genealogical roll of freedom. The passage indicates that the Ui Tairsigh still survived as a sept within the period of Irish MS. literature. It appears to suggest that the Ui Tairsigh were distinct from the Gaileoin; but on closer examination it will be found that this view is not urgent. In the oldest historical period, gentilic names in 'Ui' are distinctive, not of a whole tribal or racial organization, but of a sept or subdivision. Thus, in the Trinity College MS., H. 3. 17, p. 761: "Hui Fidcuire 7 Hui Saine 7 Hui Cairpri 7 Hui Taisce 7 Hui Cail 7 Hui Naisi 7 Hui Mail hec sund (haec sunt) septem genera Gailinga." Hence the Ui Tairsigh in the writers cited by Keating may have been named only as the most noted sept of the Gaileoin.

The Book of Ballymote (p. 140) gives an account of the vassal-peoples of Ireland. In the account is embodied an abridged version of the story of the Hostel of Mac Dareo, telling how the vassals under Cairbre Cat-head overthrew the free races of Ireland. A fuller version of the story is given in the Book of Fermoy. In the latter version we read regarding Cairbre: "He was of the Luaighni, and was king over them, for from among these the headship of the vassals used to be taken."[1]

This statement supplies a remarkable parallel to the passage already cited from the Book of Genealogies. In both, a king who is not the ordinary territorial king of a free race, but the king of a scattered and landless people, is selected from among the

[1] Ba do Luaghnibh do ocus ise ba rí f[oraib] air ba huaidhibh sen no gebthe cennus ai[thech.]

Luaighni. In the one case, he is king of the vassal-peoples of Ireland; in the other, he is king of the fiana of Ireland. But I have already shown that the status of fian-service was not compatible with the rights of freemen. The fiana and the vassals in the two passages are identical, or rather the fiana are the armed forces of the vassals, their forced levies fighting under the free kings.

The story of Mac Dareo's Hostel is followed in the Book of Ballymote by an account of the distribution of the vassal-peoples in the various free territories. The tract appears originally to have consisted of three sections: (*a*) a double list of the vassal-peoples, arranged according to *aicmi* or septs, and again according to *tuatha* or political groups;[1] (*b*) the story of the vassal insurrection; (*c*) an account of the territorial distribution of the vassals. All three sections are given in the Book of Ballymote; but the story is cut down to what was regarded as historically essential. In the Book of Fermoy, the second section alone is given, the story being told at full length, and with many embellishments. In H. 3. 17 (p. 740), the first and third sections are given, the story being omitted. The third section alone is given in the Book of Genealogies, p. 50. We have thus three versions of that part of the tract that deals with the distribution of the vassals. The three versions come from a common source, but none of them is derived from the other. It is evident from their variations that each of them comes independently from a very ancient MS., perhaps through a number of intervening copies. It is also evident that the original MS. was partly illegible to its copiers. Thus the three versions assist in the restoration of the genuine text, which may have been that of the Book of Glendaloch, cited at the outset by the Book of Ballymote. It is to be hoped that this important text may soon be published. Meanwhile, I have felt it necessary to prefix so much to the following passages from it, dealing with the distribution of the Gaileoin and the Luaighni, the chief rival races in the oldest extant story of the Fiana.

[1] In the Book of Ballymote, between the two lists, come these words: *Aicmeda na nathach insin. A tuatha inso.* "The foregoing are the septs of the vassals. The following are their *tuaths*."

Attiadso na tuatha asa fail an[1] Gaileoin hi cuigiud Lagen Tuath-Gabair. Teora fodla foraib .i. Tuath Fidga[2] ocus Tuath Fochmaind[3] ocus Tuath Aithechda.[4] Tuatha Fochmuinn[5] for Aíb Failgi ocus for Fothartaib Airbrech ocus for Almain ocus anas dir di di finib.[6]

Tuath Aithechda[7] batar for airthiur Life co muir.

Tuath Fidga[8] for Fortuathaib Lagen ocus for Uib Cennselaig[9]

. . . . . .

Tuath Luaigne[10] i mBregaib ocus i lLaegaire ocus in Ardgal ocus isna Delbnaib[11] ocus i nUib Maic hUais[12] ocus co Temraig ocus[13] o Inbiur Colptha co comar Cluana hIraird.

"The following are the tuatha—states, politically composed groups—of which the Gaileoin in the Fifth or 'province' of Leinster north of Gabair consist: there are three divisions of them, namely, Tuath Fidga, 'forest tuath,' and Tuath Fochmainn, and Tuath Aithechda, 'vassal tuath.'

"Tuath Fochmainn are located in Offaly and in Fotharta Airbrech (in the north of King's County) and upon Almha and whatever septs are proper to Almha.

"Tuath Aithechda were in the east of the Liffey valley as far as the sea.

"Tuath Fidga in the Fortuatha of Leinster (in the Wicklow Mountains) and in Ui Cennselaigh (Co. Wexford largely) . . . . . .

"Tuath Luaighne were in Bregia (to the north and south of Tara), and in Laegaire and Ardgal (two petty kingdoms of Meath), and in the Delvins and in Moygoish (both in Westmeath), and up to Tara, and from the mouth of the Boyne to the confluence of Clonard."

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[1] In the notes on this passage, B = Book of Ballymote, H = H. 3. 17, M = Mac Fir Bhisigh, Book of Genealogies. B and M commence at Gaileoin. Unimportant variants are not noted. [2] Egdha H. [3] Ochmain H. Fochmhuind M. [4] Athachda H, M. [5] Fochmaine H. Fochmhuinn M. [6] 'Anas dir di di finib' must have been hard to decipher in the original. B has 'anas dir di i finib.' H has 'isasdadmaib.' M has 'mairtinibh no maidirdinibh.' [7] Athachda H. Achda no athachda M. [8] Figda H. [9] Uib Failghe M. [10] Luigne H. Luighne M. [11] isne da Delba B. [12] Cuais H. [13] ocus omitted B.

In the territories occupied by the vassal-races of the Luaighne and the Gaileoin here indicated, we have the original theatre of the Fian-sagas, and the original home of the chief personages in the sagas, excepting the Clanna Morna from across the Shannon. The intimate and close-woven connexion between the Fian-legends,—the family of Fionn, the status of the Fiana, the great house of Almha, the central blood-feud—between all these and the vassal-races of North Leinster and Meath—stands out as plain as day.

In the *Colloquy with the Ancients* (Silva Gadelica, vol. ii., p. 245) we read:—

"The king further questioned Caeilte: 'Whence was Finn mac Cumhall's origin?' and he replied: 'Of Leinster, being of the Ui Thairrsigh, that is from Glaise Bolcain; or he was Finn son of Cumhall, son of Tredhorn, son of Cairbre, called Garbhshron or 'rough-nose,' son of Fiacha Fobhreac or 'the slightly speckled,' of the Ui Fhailge, a quibus 'Offaley.' 'Whence sprang his mother?' 'She was Muirne smooth-neck, daughter of Teigue son of Nuadha, of the *Tuatha De Danann*.'"

Almha—great broad Almha of Leinster—was Fionn's inheritance through his mother, who inherited it from her grandfather Nuadha of the Tuatha De Danann, that is Nuadu the god. Almha will be found on modern maps, under the name of the Hill of Allen, in a central position in the county of Kildare. It is not a high hill, its summit being but 650 feet above sea-level. But it is a commanding hill, for there is no higher within many miles. It looks northward towards the plain of Meath, held by the Leinstermen until the sixth century; eastward across Magh Life; southwards it sees the Curragh of Kildare, 'a sea to the horizon'; westward a wide expanse of the Bog of Allen, matrix of many rivers. Within a short day's march on the east lay Nás Laighean 'Naas of the Leinstermen,' the home of the Leinster kings. Equally near, on the edge of the Curragh, was Ailinn, their more ancient seat. About as far to the west was the forest Fid Gaible, where the infant Fionn was hidden from his enemies. The Feeguile river in King's County preserves its name.

Lady Gregory, who paid a visit of exploration to the Hill of Allen a few years ago, told me no trace of ancient earthworks, or of ancient works of any kind, was visible on the hill. Almha, in fact, was not a stronghold like Tara, Emania, or Ailinn. It stands out in a land of bogs and moors, too poor to be immediately occupied by any ruler of importance. Its military value must have consisted in its being a watching-place from which the Leinster king in his stronghold of Ailinn might be warned of an enemy's approach from the hostile frontier north or west. No place was more likely to be chosen as a post to be constantly occupied by a watching party drawn from the vassal forces of the Gaileoin who lived in the surrounding country. But Almha had other associations. It was, as we have seen, the *sidh* wherein dwelt Tadhg son of Nuadhu of the Tuatha De Danann—that is, of the immortals. In the Colloquy (Silva Gad., p. 225) Tadhg is one of the list of divinities including Bodhbh Dearg, Aengus, Lir—all of immortal race—and Finnbheara, of Cnoc Meadha, who, as a king of the fairies, is still neither dead nor forgotten ; and while Fionn is ruling in the house of Almha among mortals, his grandfather at the same time rules over immortals in the *sidh* beneath. Thus Almha is seen to have been the natural meeting-place of the two traditions—one historical, telling of the foretime valour and achievements of the Gailian vassal-bands ; the other mythological and common to the Gaileoin and other kindred peoples. In this respect, the dwelling-place of Fionn resembles Fionn himself.

Much that is of importance in the way of notes and general comment would at present be premature, until the second half of Duanaire Finn is ready for publication. For the shortcomings of this first half, I can only say, with Niall Gruamdha, ailim τρόcaιρe.

EMENDATIONS, Etc.

In the printed text, I have endeavoured to reproduce the MS. as closely as the types would permit. The following emendations are confined to obvious or probable errors. Mere variations of spelling are not dealt with, unless they appear misleading. As the poems differ probably in date, and all belong to a period of changes in spelling, I have set up no standard in making corrections. Metrical faults are noticed. Most of them are likely to be due to the scribes. The translation will often be found to have been necessarily based on emendations. Roman numerals denote the poems, arabic numerals the stanzas printed as distichs, this being the form of the MS.

I. 15. Dá ṙíḋiḋ to be read as if dáiḋiḋ, modern pronunciation, in Munster, daḋaḋ. 22. in naemṁaḋ. 27. adubairt for do ráiḋ? 29. roṁer, nominative, for roiṁir. mac in Léiṫ for mac Aoḋ Léiṫ. 34. ne ráiter Inir Saiṁér.

II. 5. adubairt for adberṫ. 10. ir for 'r. 14. ro boí for boí. 15. dá ṙleiġ? for ṙleiġ. 18. buiṙḋe? for borb. 23. Read some adjectival prefix like caem- before ṙluaiġ. 28. aġur for ir. 31. diaġamaoiḋ? 32. ġluairimḟ? 33. ṙaíḋe, 'words,' 'utterances,' for ṙaiġ. 35. in reaḋṫmaḋ daolġur wants two syllables. 38. d' ṙáġram for do ṙaġram. 41. beiṫ for abeiṫ. 44. cuṙtaoi: do tóġbaḋ-ran? 50. ġibé do beṫ ġá réna.

III. 8. Ṙind. 10. aġ iomḋoiṁéaḋ Ṙinn Alṁan. 22. Clann Ilorna or Clainn Morna, accusative. 24. 'rin t-áth = aġur in t-áth. 28. tar áṫ for tar an áṫ. 30. Seolmait, omit ne. Clann a ṙenaṫar 'r mo ḋen. 31. 'r for ir, or omit. 33. clann Duiḃḃiḋṙoiḃ. go ria Duiḃṙéith as in 28. 35. ḋorġaraiġ.

IV. 1. Cronnṁóna. boḃḃa, like to Boḃḃ, the war-god. 4. do ṙerṫal in ḋoinniṁ rin? aġ a ṙriṫáilem. 5. n-áġṁar? 7. Omit rin. One syllable over in the second line, which is obscure. 12. Roṫaḋ Canann. 13. Omit réin. 14. Omit uo = bo, ba. 17. ní hé rin? 22. bia ṙior = bá ṙior. 30. ina armoiḃ. 37. go gnioṁ-ḋaḋtaḋ. 42. abeirt appears corrupt. 44. bia ṙior. 45. ir naḋ for 'rnaḋ. 50. Omit in.

56. 'r a ndubramair. It is a habit of the scribe to duplicate this a. 66. gid beg mór do bádar wants a syllable, and does not make even a loose rhyme with marbad. 67. immon (= um an) for mon. 69. Omit ag, as in modern usage.

V. cóic déac for cóic. 9. af for ad. 10, 11. caogaid. 14. leat-chrom. 21. cnaa disyllable for cna? 26. gcuirped. ic cuarta? 27. Fionnmaige, gen. of -mag. 37. ale for aleidi. 38. ngontaoi. 40. nocan fedar.

VI. 3. dó-ran for dó? 7. frít for murfrít? 8. 'r for ir, or omit. adubairt for adbert. 12. a céile. 15. duaid for atuaid. 20. roic or raig for ráit? 22. 'na for ina. 25 fa [a] ndiultad. 30. ndamtaoi for ndamaide. 34. airde.

VII. 3, 4, 5. do innear-ra? 4. nó go for go? 6. Ir iar rin? Omit no or the second go. 7. ir for agur. Omit ir. 9. ar flait *etc.* wants a syllable. 13. in ben? 15. cloidim Cormaic. 16. fiafraigef. 17. ir fiad fedda Dúin Da benn. 20. Irruirr Domnann. 22. in ceird rin? 25. gabál. 26. ir ann, omit rin. 27. rem'. 28. ffuar-ur-ra. in gcéin for gein. Omit ir.

VIII. 8. miadach, unless we suppose the feminine inflexion by attraction of tig—teach miadach, tig miadaig. 9. noca teacmaing tú, thou touchest not, shalt not touch? I suppose a transitional form leading to modern teag-maim, teangmuigim, which, however, is followed by le—teangmuig mo lám leir an gcopán, my hand touched (met) the cup. 12. rádha = cnáma, for ráithe? 13. iran for ra. 14. Omit ba. 16. clainn for macaib? 19. *et caetera* implies that *caetera desunt*.

IX. 3. orm.

X. 2. Omit ir. 3. tiar for riar. 6. Omit me? 7 tugair. This confusion between the 1st and 2nd persons of the preterite is still found in parts of Ulster. 9. leb láim-re? 19. Eochaid *etc.* wants a syllable.

XI. 5. ina for na. 12. lá for laithe, or omit ro. This poem is incomplete.

XII. 1. Omit one nach. 9. briathar-binn. muna beth. 11. Omit ir. 13. ir for agur. 15. nDáire for nAire. 18. Agur for ir. Supply ir before Faoltu. 26. Transpose Lonn and Luath. 29. ingan-gorm.

XIII. 7. a tírib. beir [leat] mo fhleda nime? maraon 'r m'iodna airgdide. 10. ar réb. 12. luach a lenna do Cathair mac Oilella. 14. fágbamair. 18. Omit rinn. 44. Omit a.

XIV. 2. ngné. a ainm. 9. lenaid. Syllable wanting. 16. lamhraidir, leódhaidir. 20. nó go. 22. inar ndeagaid. 29. nior chor. 33. Omit aon.

XV. 3. croinn airb eidnig? 11. uaimib. 18. adbar for t-adbar

XVI. buiḋéin for ḟéin, or iṙan for ṙan. 5. maiṙg ḋo ḃíoḋ aṙ cionn a ḟeiṙge. 7. a ainm. Sgiaċ becomes feminine in later usage. 8. [a] imċeċta. 11. oṙmṙa. 16. Cuiṙiṙ *etc.*, a syllable over. 22. [Iṙe] in céḋ-ċaṫ? 25. aguṙ for iṙ. 32. Armenia for ṙeaṙ Menia? 36. ġliaḋ. 39. hallaiḋ for hálaiḋ, equating with ṫaṙṙaiḋ. 41. ḋaṙ ġiall ġaṫ ġliaḋ? But the nom. should be ġleó. 42. nġeal-ġlac. ṙġéiṫ for ṙġiaṫ. The gender has become doubtful. 44. Ṫeṫba. 46. ón for óna, modern ó*r*[ab]. 47. coiṁḋṙuinn. 54. aṙ or 'naṙ for maṙ. 55. Omit iṙ. 56. ṫuġaiṙ. 57. Omit iṙ. 59. iṙ ḋo for ṙḋo. 62. Eight syllables in first and second verses. 63. ġáḋ, as in modern usage, Munster and South Connacht, North Connacht ġáḃaḋ.

XVII. 2. ṙíṫil for iṙiṫilín, the last two letters being a duplication of m in mbic. 4. For ḋo cuiṙṙṫi read ḋia cuiṙṫe = ḋá ġcuiṙṫí, ḋá ġcuṙṫaoi. 6. ṙéimḋiḋ for ṙíġḟéimḋiḋ? 8. naċ for ġonaċ, or perhaps ṫalṁan ṫuinn, poetic inversion for ṫuinn ṫalṁan. Such inversions of the genitive are frequent in the oldest poetry. Ṫonn ṫalṁan is a common poetic phrase for 'the earth's surface.' Coiṁḋṙuinn for ṙuinn? 10. Omit iṙ. 11. lem for le mo. 16. Omit iṙ. 18. The name Cúán is a disyllable. 19. ḋ' ionḋaiḃ? 27. Omit iṙ. 29. uó = ḃó. máṫair. 31. maṙ for naṙ. muic móiṙ n-uaṫṁair. 32. iṙ é for ṙé. 33. Omit ṙin. 37. ṙḋo for iṙ ḋo. 39. ṁaṙḃair. ṫoṙḋair. 40. ṫṙaoṫair. Omit é. 42. ġnáṫḟéin for ḟéin? 44. coinéill, accusative of coin-iall, a clear instance of accus. governed by a 'passive' verb. 45. ṫaṙ maiġe, to rhyme with imṙuiḋe. ḋia or ḋá for ḋo. 46. móṙ. ṙlaiḋḋe ṙlóġ = 'of hewing down of hosts.' The scribe, mistaking the construction, read a ṙloiġḋi ṙlóiġ = 'where hosts used to be cut down,' and changed móṙ into móiṙ to amend the ryhme. 48. ná bíḋ. 49. aḋ cluin *etc.* wants a syllable. 58. biaḋ twice for biaiḋ. Omit second ṫú. 65. Omit a before céile. 66. b' ḟíoṙáille. Alṁainí for hAlṁainí. The confusion of final e with i denotes a late original date for this poem. 67. a n-oṙaiġ. 68. ġaċ for first ġaċa. But next verse has also a syllable over. Perhaps ḋiġe, ṫiġe are already monosyllables. maṙaon. 61. Alṁaine for hAlṁaine. 71. Manannán. Nominatives in -án have often genitive in -áin. 73. in neaċ. inġin. 74. Omit iṙ. 77. ṫoċmaṙc. éiġeann, a forced form of éiġin, to rhyme with ṙeṙṙ? 81. ḃ' imbiṙ. 82. 'ṙ for iṙ, once. 84. n-alṫa? ḋeṙġór. 88. ġé co nḋech? 96. ḟáṫaċ. ina ṫoiṙṙḋim. 102. 'ṙ a ṫṫuġaḋ. 104. 'Till he crossed the ancient brine,' *i.e.*, till he went to the Irish Elysium oversea. Or it may allude to a voyage which brought Fionn into contact with Christianity.

XVIII. 1. Coṙcaiṙ, *etc.*, has a syllable over. 3. ṫuġaṙ for ṫeġoṙ? Malaċ-ḋuiḃ. élaiṙ for élaiġiṙ. The -iġ stem is of modern growth. 7. The rhyme Ġulbain, Ḋuiḃne is possibly corrupt. But several approaches to the modern assonance are found in this poem, perhaps owing to the difficulty of finding close polysyllabic rhymes. 10. bṙáḋán 'spirit,' not bṙaḋán. óḋ

ċualaiḋ. 18. ollḃlaḋaċ. a fulaing. 23. Omit ben once. 27. fuilngeaḋ. 28. ceiṫ *etc.* wants a syllable.

XIX. 1. uṗaṗa. 3. n-erḃaiḋ. 13. Macu Neċta, *i.e.* a member of the race called Neċtraiġe. 16. ḋ' aonláiṁ = still in existence? This may be the origin of a ḋóláiṁ, used in North Connacht dialect in the sense of 'always,' 'continually.' beó for beóḋa? or beó-ḃíḋḃaḋ.

XX. 3. ḋia ttug. 5. ṁaṗḃaiṗ. 9. lóiḃ appears to be a disyllable. 10. 'ṗé for iṗṗé. máṫaiṗ for amaṫaiṗ. 13. ṗoṗ a ḃṗeiṫ. Read nó go nḋeṗnaṫaṗ, or in cleṁnuṗ. 14. iṗ a ciall. 17. ḋo 'llíṗ? 21. aġuṗ for iṗ once. 25. i nḋiaiḋ a aṫaṗ. oṗlaic. 33. Elena or Elana. The long é is a modern introduction. 35. nġéṗṫaṫ? 40. aonaṗ. The metre changes in this quatrain. 51. iaṗ n-a ḃualaḋ for ṗí na builleˊ? 52. This quatrain should probably follow 53. 55. I have placed this quatrain in accordance with the scribe's note which follows it. 57. Insert leiṗ before or after Lomnoċtaċ. 59. The inflexion of Cṗaoḋ Ruaḋ as one word, like the modern cṗáṫnóna, is very frequent. 61. cṗíaṗ, two syllables. 64. ḋíṫ cim. 67. A 'lluimṗ *etc.* has a syllable over. tá for aṫá. 70. I cannot easily follow the sense of this episode. Apparently Muinremhar first failed to repel the invader; then, when reproached, made a counter-raid, and carried off the treasures of Lomnoctach from Dun Bolg, which was in Leinster, and gave them to Cu Chulainn. Cu Chulainn did not regard the exploit as a proof of valour, perhaps because it was done in the enemy's absence, and he therefore gave no share of the spoil to Muinremhar. 77. Omit ḋúim. 81. ġéilleaḋ? ġiallaḋ? 83. ġeill *etc.* a syllable over. 87. aġuṗ for iṗ. Oilill for gen. Oilella, *metris causa*. 88. caṗṗoiḋ *etc.* wants a syllable. 91. ḋo ṗaḋ *etc.* wants a syllable. 92. ḋeġmac *etc.* wants a syllable. 93. iṗ meimic ṗo ḃiaṫa? 94. cenn caillíġe? 101. láṁ. na ḋiaiḋ. 107. muna ḋech. 109. eiḋiṗ ṗioṗa (ṗiṗu) iṗ maca? maṗḃaḋ.

XXI. 6. ṗa ṫuaiṫ aṁṗa? 7. oiṗṗéin, oiṗṗín, for eiṗṗen? I have made nothing of ġiul ġennaiḋ. 17. iṗ é ṗin *etc.* wants a syllable. 21. eṫ *i.e.* aġuṗ. 28. ṗġiaṫ. 31. ḋ' ṗáġḃaṗ?

XXII. 3. aṗ ġcúl. 5. Omit in. 6. Na cṗí Ḋuiḃ meic. móṗḋ.... which should rhyme with miṫiġ appears to have been altered to rhyme with Moṗna. 8. Change of metre. 9. Chaiṗioll *metris causa* for Chaiṗill. 11. Change of metre. 13. Omit ṗin, which is inserted through misconception of the metre. 15. Return to original metre. 16. Aṫbaṫ for ḋo baṫaḋ. 17. ṫ' aiṫeṗc. a uí Ċuṁaill. boí for ḋo ḃí. a ṗíṗ. 21. ġan olc iṗ. 29. ġaċ cíṗe. 31. a uí. 36. móiṗ for ṁóṗ by attraction of form. 37. aṗ cenn in cṗíóiġ? 43. innis ṫ' aiṫeṗca. 44. a neṗṫ for neṗṫa. 48. ġcaoiṁċéill? 62. This poem is incomplete. The defect is unfortunate, as we miss thereby the story of the breaking up of the Fiana.

XXIII. 5. ꝑıa ᵹualaınn? 7. Cꝛuaċan. 26. beıċ for a beıċ. 28. Ꝑeꝛ Ꝺoꝛṅċa. 33. óꝺ ċualaıꝺ? 35. ᵹo nᵹoıl. ın ꝛlaꝺꝑaıꝺ. 49. ꝑuaꝑaꝛ *etc.* has a syllable over. 59. Insert ıꝑ after ċuaıꝺ. In Aran they say ꝺoıꝑ ıꝑ ꝛıaꝑ. 61. póıᵹ ᵹaċ aoınꝑıꝑ. 69. a ꝑlóıᵹ. 71. ᵹaċ a ꝑꝑaca, unless we suppose the old dative ınꝑı with ı elided before ꝑáıl. 74. The rhyme lán-ṁeꝑ: ceꝑꝺa is evidently corrupt, unless it be a mere assonance, giving ceꝑꝺa the modern value ceáꝑꝺa. 78. an before éınꝑeaċꝛ is the article, not the preposition, as the modern pronunciation ınnéınꝑeaċꝛ shows. 86. ᵹo ꝑoıċe or ꝺeᵹaıꝺ? 93. ꝑıoꝑ for ꝑıoꝑaꝑ. 96. am for ıꝑam, or na for ına. 97. ꝑéın for ꝺuꝺéın. 99. a ccoıṁꝺechꝛ has a syllable over. 101. oċꝛ for na hoċꝛ? 109. Monaıꝺ. 110. Ꝺúın, but modern usage often leaves composite place-names uninflected. 112. ᵹlıaꝺ. 113. ꝑoınn (ꝑé) a n-óꝑ 'ꝑa n-ıonnṁuꝑ ꝑéın ı ꝺꝛuaꝑaꝑꝺal ꝑıu (?) ꝺuꝺéın. 117. Saxaın. 120. The stanzas between this and 142 ought to follow 173. A loose page has probably been transposed in the MS. from which the scribe copied. 121. lán *etc.* wants a syllable. 133. aıꝑ and ꝛeıneaꝺ make bad rhyme. 138. ꝺꝛeᵹan? 141. ccéıll, *i.e.* ᵹéıll, pl. of ᵹıall. 147. ꝑo uaıꝑ or ꝑo ꝑuaıꝑ? ıꝑa or ına for ꝑa. 153. Almaınn. 156. ꝑíᵹ, plural. The allusion to two Almaynes or Germanys may serve to date the poem, but I am unable to apply it. 158. Almaınn. 159. ıꝑan nᵹꝛéıᵹ. 160. ᵹo ꝛechꝛ ꝺoꝛ mac. 162. ꝑꝑóıl. 170. ꝛeınnꝛe? n-uꝑlaıꝺe. 174. ıꝑan for ꝑan. 185. caoꝑ. 189. a (fem.) ꝛꝛeıꝑe. 193. ċım for mın? 195. caċꝑaċa. 196. ꝑo ꝺıombuaıꝺ. 197. Ꝛıꝑınn *metris causa* for Ꝛıꝑenn. 198. a n-éꝺáıl. 199. clanna ꝛaıꝑꝑċeaċa. But the repetition is probably corrupt. ꝛaıꝑꝑꝛeaċa, chariot-riding? 201. ıꝑ ꝑob. 203. caċa, gen. after adjective, still found with lán in Ulster, but not I think elsewhere. 208. ᵹo comméıꝺ = co comméıꝺ, with co once omitted in transcription. 212. ꝑanaꝺ ꝺuꝺaċ = ꝑo a n-ıꝺ ꝺubaċ. 213. mbuıꝺeċ. 215. ꝺuıne. 221. ꝑeımnꝛeaꝑ. 222. nᵹáꝺaꝺ for nᵹáıꝺċe. Loᵹa? 223. ꝺoꝑꝺán for oꝑᵹán.

XXIV. 8. ıꝑ Ablaċ óᵹ ꝺıa n-éıꝑ ꝑın or Ablaċ óᵹ ꝺıa n-éıꝑı ꝑın. 10. Léım *etc.* wants a syllable. 20. ꝺo léıᵹ *etc.* wants a syllable. 29. aꝑ nꝺol *etc.* has a syllable over. 32. náıꝺ. 33. an ꝛꝛealᵹ *etc.* has a syllable over. 42. aꝑ ꝛealᵹ. Next verse a syllable short. 53. aꝑ an ꝑaıꝑꝑᵹe. 55. Aꝑꝺ na ᵹCaċ. 56. oıꝑnn. 61. ꝺámaꝑ, omit ꝑo. 64. ꝺo ċomꝑaıc *etc.* a syllable over. nı́ ꝑo an, or noċaꝑ an. 65. a ꝺeꝑna, Ulster dialect for a nꝺeꝑna. 69. ba móꝑ. 77. Aꝑ Loċ Láoᵹaıꝛe *etc.* a syllable over. 78. Slέıḃe. 80. This poem is incomplete. It breaks off at the same point in Oss. Soc. Transactions, vol. vi, p. 126, showing that both texts are traceable to the same MS., or that the poem was never completed.

XXVI. 3. ċuıꝑınn.

XXVII. 3. ᵹaċ.

XXIX. 2. ꝺaınᵹne, omit ᵹo n-.

XXX. 2. Omit a.

XXXI. 3. Do beiċ? for da mbeċea, with same meaning.

XXXII. 7. aguṙ for ṙ. 8. an for ag. Last verse has a syllable over. 9. Clann.

XXXIII. punna. 9. a n-anu? while I wait. paiceaṙ. This deponent-ending is usual in pres. subj. 1 sing. in late Middle Irish. Modern Irish substitutes -aḋ from the future. 11. meanmain. 13. giḋ hé an ṙmólaċ. 14. laċa.

XXXIV. 3. ṙia neiṁeṙ. 4. páiṙḋine. 7. c-aṙḋṙí. 10. buḋ beg *etc.* wants a syllable.

XXXV. 23. ċuaḋamaṙ-ne. 40. ḋúinne. 42. áṙḋṙí loċlann? 43. ḋoṙoċair. 48. Albanċaiḃ. ina longaiḃ. 64. gin gob é, M. I. cen cop. 65. Omit ṙ. 75. Sluaigeaḋ? 76. a n-airtir? 79. corcaṙaċ. 80. oṙm. 84. ciaṙálaċ? 85. in Conn? or co cuṙaca. 105. dá for ndá. 117. mun beinn. This poem, in praise of Goll, appears to have been composed in rivalry with XXIII, in which Oscar is exalted. It belongs to the north-western sub-cycle of which Goll is the principal hero. The poet identifies Munster and Leinster with the enemies of Goll, and implies that but for Conn's repeated interference Goll would have held the headship of the Fiana. Fionn and the Fiana owe their safety to Goll, who revolts only when Fionn unnaturally kills his grandson Fedha, who was Goll's son. These features indicate the local development of the story. On the other hand, the tales in which Conan, brother of Goll, is held up to ridicule have a southern origin.

DUANAIRE FINN.

DUANAIRE FINN.

I.

Eól dam fencus Feine Finn· fe fé toigeacta in Tailgenn
ó fé Fergusa neartmoir· go fé Oirfín ilfeachtaigh
Badorn diarf bealbda don druing· a Fadruic móir mic Calp-
fainn
Conán mac in Leth Luachra· agus Aod Rinn forfuachda
Conán ga féindid ba fearf· a n-iath Alban no Eirionn
nochar áigmire eirr áig· ina Áeth Rinn mac Ronáin
Fionn do marb athair Aeda· i n-iorgail ní mod maerda
Aod Rinn agus Fionn fáthach· ba clann deirfi dearbráthar
Dorad Fionn d'Aod ina thig· gach árd-comaid dar cuingid
do mac Rónáin co rathaid· d'eruic ina deg-athair
Níor buideth Aéd do chleacht goil· fan gcomaid do fuair na
athair
da nderna in fer gníomh doiligh· dia ttáinic a dísenoidid
Do bí ingion ag Aod Rinn· ir hí ba háille i nÉirinn
diar mór a grád tré mire· Eargna ainm na hingine
Do rad dá bréithir ór cách· Aod Rinn mac Rónáin fogháth
nach rachad gan iomgoin ar· fear da rirfeth a chelmnar
ba háigmar d'Aod ó do gein· nach dtigead tar a breithir
ní lamhdaoir laoich tré mire· dol d'ierroid a ingine
Ceithre bliadna ó rin fuar· agus fechtmain co lán-lúar
leithbliadain ir mí amáin· gor ecrta céile Conáin
A ngabair eidir dá fliath· ann fa gnáth in ingion fial
Lirre ingion Rónáin Breagh· ro len a hainm don imber
Do bí Conán gan mnaoi maith· in t-uarral irrin t-árdfhlaith
ba hí ingion Aod[a] Rinn· a ben dionghbála d'Éirinn
Adubairt Fionn thall artigh· fe mac in leith ó Luachair
ga ttaoi a Conáin do chleacht goil· gan ingin Aoda d'ierroid

Ragat da hierroid amad· ir cuir-ri liom do eglad
da fidid deg do eled goil· ireab lodmar da hierroid
Da fidid deg a hAlmain oill· do lodmar go ngoil ngluinn
go dún Aeda a hAird ruide· or úr Siúire fruc-gloine
Tegmaid co dún Aeda in áig· leiccear finne a ráid Rónáin
ni raibe Aod call arcig· do coid fa mbreifne mbaoglaig
Adbal Conán in mnaoi moill· ir fuidir ar a gualuinn
cogbaid leib in mnaoi ar in mac· gan ceadugad co comnart
Gar iar fin cainic acúaid· mac Rónáin in eloidim cruaid
fó gab don dúnad iarfin· mur ar fágaib an ingion
Innisear d'Aod na n-arm náig· Cargna do breid do Conán
ó Siúir hfrucgil na freab ngeal· go hAlmain leccain
Laigean
Noca brisfead breicre dam· a nderna Conán fom car
fob foraid don laoc dána· fúair deag-mnaoi a dionglála
Da fuaire a ccomrac ar aon· Conán ir Cargna fionnchaom
gur guin grád na mná mac Finn· eidir a ucht ir a imlinn
Nísor lamad fgaoilead in fgeóil· fo boí ag Oisín da
haimdeoin
ba hé Conán cenn a ccenn· a naémad neimneac Eirionn
Luid in rí go Ráith Chenaid· do boí innte fe blíadain
gan cocad gan chor gan cáin· a fgail Caoilti mic Rónáin
Laithe dia mbámar ag Bóinn· da tug Orgor bréithir mór
go nach dteichfed fiar nó foir· in gcéin do biad na beathaid
Adbert Aed fe hOrgor inn· dia gcomaille in mbretir mbinn
mo genor ata ad Bethaid· a meic Oisín airmlethain
Abair fiom a Finn go ngoil· a meic Cumuill a hAlmoin
cáit a bfuige hiar nó hfoir· áit ar milliur mo bréithir
Mo in tarcuisne tugad ort· do rád Fionn faobarnocht
gan tinnfgra gan tochmarc tredir· breith hingine do
t'aimdeóin
Adbert Aod do gud ullam· bud haithead mo fárugad
muirfedra Conán na glonn· agus biaid m'ingion agam
Na habair ar Fionn na fled· fe hAod mac Rónáin roimir
act cuinnig cóir cenn a ccenn· ar mac Aod Leith go
lántceann
Dia mbámar i mbun Éirne· ar ccumarg cáich fé céile
fisir Aed ar Conán car· íoc na mná fin go haimnar

Muna abra an inġean féin· aḋubairt Conán ġo ġceill
ḋoḃert mo ḃréiṫir ġo mblaiḋ· conaċ fuiġḃe neḋ beaṫaiḋ
Anoir uair aḋfeṙṙa· ar Aoḋ ór cionn an earro
ḋo ċuaiḋ na ṫrealaiṁ ġairġiḋ· d'ionnraiġe in áiṙḋ airtir
Innraiġir Conán tré feirġ· ar a ṙġéiṫ uaine óḋeirġ
ḋo ġaḃ in míliḋ náṙ ṁall· a ċloiḋeṁ ir a ċaṫḃarr
Loḋmar ġo hInir na nÉan· nir a ráiter Inir Saiṁér
ir maiṙcc ḋo leiġ cenn a cenn· ḋá uaiṫne áiġ na hÉirenn
Maiṙcc ḋo ḃí aġ feċain na fṙeṙ· maiṙġ Laoċraiḋe ler
leiġeḋ
ir maiṙcc ḋo leicc cenn a ccenn ḋá caṫṁiliḋ Fían Éirinn
Maiṙcc ḋoṙaḋ in béim co fṙaṙ· ḋo Conán irrin ċoṁnaṙt
ḋaṙ leḋair in cenn co cnáiṁ· tré ċeṙtlár ċaṫḃarr Conáin
Do raḋ Conán co ġcéill ccruinn· béim cloiḋiṁ d'Aoḋ na
ġualainn
ġur ċeṙc a cenn ra laiṁ nḋeir· ḋía ḃeim curaṫa coiṁḋeirr
Tucc aníor Conán croiḋe· a haiṫle na hiorġhoile
mac Rónáin co ccaoiṁe ġcnir· ro haḋnaiceḋ ra n-inir
Seċtṁoin ir mí na luiġe· ḋo ḃí Conán caṫaiġhe
leir na leġaiṙ ḋo baḋ ḋóiġ· ṫeṙnaṁ a ċneḋ a ccedóir
Bliaḋain ḋo Conan ar biṫ· ġur in laiṫe roḋ búaiḋreḋ
feaċnóin Sliġeaḋ Dála ḋuinḋ· ir in maiġin óṙ Ċċṙuim
Cnuiṁ neime ro ġaṙ na ċinn· ṫre niṁ ċloiḋiṁ Aoḋa Rinn
maṙṙ ar Maiġ Dála na n-áṫ· ḋo ġalaṙ ceiṫre ccerṫ-ṫráṫ
Aġ rin oiḋiġ Aoḋa Rinn· a Ṙaḋraiġ na mbaċall mbinn
ḋo ṁac in leiṫ naċaṙ laġ· maṙ ḋo ṫáoṫ irrin coṁṙac
Tuṙnaim a Ṙáḋraiġ ḋoṫ ċroiṙ· ruġaṙ móṙ n-uiḋe n-anfṙoiṙ
ní binn liom áiniur ná ól· ṫaṙ éir na Féine aṙ aineól
Mire Duḃ-ḋeḋ ġo nḋéine· ṫaṙ éir flaṫa na Féine
ón ló iniuḋ ram bíoḋḃa ban· ḋíol na Féine ir ḋeġcol ḋam.

Col.

II.

Cumain lec a Oirrín féil· ar ecuiur go Temraiġ tréin
da oċcar do bronnaḋ bruiġ· do comól go teġ Cormuic
Do beirim briaṫor go mbáiġ· a Ċáoilte maiṫ mic Rónáin
eólaċ mé i bfremaiḃ fine· in fġeóil ataoí d'fiarfaiḋe
Dar ġaḃ in meirce Cormac· ar Fionn fo fuaġair comrac
leirion ba haiṫreċ in dáil· dia ndernadar iomarḃáiḋ
Ro fáiḋ Corbmac fem aṫair· mac Airt mic Cuinn Ċeḋcaṫaiġ
go gcuirfeḋ fa falaiḋ de· Fionn fo ġaḃail an doire
Ġaċ a ndearnamar miaḋ nġle· adberr Fionn na Féine
giḋ tenn lec do croiḋe de· fa liom búaiḋ ġaċ én-ċluiċe 5
Da comfaiciom lec arír· a Chormaic da mbenam cíor
duit ní ba maiṫeċ a fir· baḋ haiṫreċ ar niomḋeġail
Noċa deċaiḋ re t'aṫair· le Cumall mór go ccaṫaiḃ
a com-éirġe do com Cuinn· adbar far eiriġ ettroinn
Ro ḃáḃairfi trí deiḋ ccaṫ· i naġhaiḋ Comall go fach
ġér mear ḃar mioġaiḋ na ḋáil· níor dionġaiḃ riḃ én-láiṁ
Conn 7 Ġoll dia láiṁ ḋeir· allor a fġéiṫ nar ḃ'aimḋeir
aġur fir Éirionn uile· aġ goin Comall cneirbuiḋe
Muna beiḋir fir Muman· 'r Connaċtaiġ na gcurad
fein fleiġe ní ṫiúḃraḋ de· do ċlonn oile Feiḋlime 10
Aduḃairc mac Morna móir· Ġaraḋ naċar gnáṫ do cloḋ
ir fómór in tár a Finn· do beire ar ċlannaiḃ ċaeṁ-Cuinn
Aduḃairc Fionn mar fo fer· noċa ndearnattar mo lear
do tendrad orm na taċair· fdo marḃratt mo deġaċair
É féin fa cionnaċ ann fin· fuġ Moirenn leir ar eigin
do ḃririom caṫ Conċa cóir· ar Comall mor mac Trenmóir
Ro fiarfaiḋ Fionn do Ġaraḋ· iar fuiḋe do na farraḋ
órḃri tráṫ boí and· cionnur do marḃaḋ Cumhall
Do ḃámair-ne fé fir déġ· do ċlannaiḃ Morna ní bréaġ
fo fáiġfiom fleiġ ġaċ fir· a ttaeḃ Cumaill caṫmiliḋ 15
Cionnur fo freagair-fiom fin· béim n-amuir ar in míliḋ
benaṫ orc na can aṫ cóir· ge maḋ fúaṫ leċ clann
Ċrémoir
Raṅgadar dá ġuin fan nġuin· ó Cumall ón caṫmíliḋ
gion gor commaoiḋ de ċara· a ccomaoin ġaċ áon-ġona

Is ann adubairt Oisean: aiteoir fa borb brosgar
do gébtha comrac artaig: Fiond gé do beit a FFranscaib
Fresgraid in gud fin Cairbre: mac ríog na hÉirionn airde
do gébtha comrac ó a éloinn: Cormac na biad a nÉirinn
Mar do ualaid Oscar án: gud Coirbre dia dus a tarb
tig go diochra día dinge: go ffíorad in fáirdine.
Do fáidred fe Cnoctuaid cain: mac Fir caosgad mar do dligh
gar dúain dot éeird inar ndáil: ni huair d'[f]eirg no
d'iomarbáid
Ro coisgriod na flaith uile: fo coire Cormac cúlbuide
no gus gar Cnoctuaid a dúain: fe fiar in tige taebuaid
Mogénor do gab in duain: dar comcoisceriot na fluaig
nach raibe ettrain don dáil: act gan ar nairm do gabail
Do tinced Cnetuaid cédach: d'ór ir d'airgiod ir d'édach
ba hedáil doran ré a linn: a ffuair a gceddir eadruinn
Gan codlad ó fin co lá: doir fiar ir mac ir mná
gan aén a fresra a éile: ar egla na haitéirge
Ar na marad duinn ir dáid: fo ennram an iomarbáid
niar millremar ar ceaingne: gur cinnremar comairle
Sé fir dég duinn iar fogail: do éloinn Daoisgne buadgonaig
fa iomarbáid Finn angbuid: ir Cormac ó élaoín-Temraig
Ro frannadt uainn clann Morna: ir clann Iollainn gan dogra
ir clann Rónáin reilge: fo frannad ar connailbe
Do cuadmar ann co hEmoin: meisge ténta ór ar flegaib
niar ffearlann linn nar n-agaid: ar ceomlann do
Gaoisdealuib
Do b'áil fe Páolan go breid: creac do denam an uair fin
do bacur uime an crec: go rgaoilsir floig na Temrac
Tiagmaoid go hAongus óg: mac in Dágda na nglanród
do ronradt ir Aongus rié: ir do crécgriom ar n-eirrid
Glúarmaoid ba mór ar ceáil: ar creic co Temraig tonnbáin
ré fir dég duinne gan act: ir Aongus agar nglollact
Ba híad ro na ré fir dég: a Cáoilte ní hiomarbreag
eol dam niod raig fanna: a n-airiom a n-anmanna
A háon díob mire bad déin: a dó Oscar gan mícéill
a trí Fear Loga caem cóir: ir a ceatar Ó Conbróin
A coic diob Áod deg mór rad: irrin reiread Mac Lugad
in reactmad Daolgus: agar in t-octmad Fergus

In nómad m'aċair Fionn féin· a deiċ Feapṙdomain fír-fréid
a haen deg Colla caem cap· a dó déag Ráigne porcglar.
A trí deag Ailbe co friar· ir Fáobraċán na ceed gníom
a ceoic deg Caince na ceard· ra ré lollann faobarderg
Ro gluairiomar deg ceáad bó· ó Temraig ger mór in ró
rol do fagram Taillte na mbrat· rucc oruinn Cairbre
ir Cormac
Tegaid anoir 7 aniar· Cairbre ir Cormac ar aen-fíen
noċa nḟaca riam oireċt· roba teinne tórmaigeċt
Mar feidm ro gab Aengus uainn· in lá rin re huċt in
tṙluaig
in neċ ba hionáig gan oil· in creċ d'iomáin na háonar
Do beirim breċir duit de· da maid cumain le Cáoilte
nad fraca creċ ba crúaide· muna abeir a díombuaine
Do ronram friċlorg ferrda· tugram rúaig co rluaig Temra
do gonram Cormac na fleid· rdo gabram Cairbre
cinrgeal
Do níodram láma[ċ] rolaig· mac in Dágda dianggonaig
gaċ neċ da marbṫaoi tré gur· ro fáidad uile Aongur
Gaċ bó dá cuirtaoide don ċreiċ· do togbad ar druim eiċ
nir fágbad lúaċ eiċ brégda· don ċreiċ ag rlúag finn-
Temra
Targaid Cormac ar Cairbre· mac ríog na hÉirionn airde
eallaċ gan cáirde nar ndáil· ir gan Cairbre do gabáil
Dá tuggá Éire uile· do práid Faolan foltbuide
ní gebmaoir breiṫ úaid ann rin· aċt do cor féin fan
gabail
Noċa ndernamair-ne ríod· re Cormac gér mor a ríoch
go ndeċaid fon ngabail ann· a friadnuirre frer nÉireann.
Mar do ċonnairc Fionn co ngoil· Cormac do dul fon ngabail
do dóid féin fon cenn oile· caṫmílid ard Almuine
Nó gur gerr an irir uill· gur gerr in coire cáogdúirn
go ndeċaid in cloideb cain· fad reċt trroigeḋ i tralmuin
Ir fad rin duit mo rgéla· gé bé do beit aga réna
a Cáoilte mic reċar Find· a mic ingine Cumaill
Mo ċen do Cináod dom dol· truag naċ tterta dom fáogal
do mill mo dine méin ngluin· rgíṫ mo ċroide ora cumain.

Cumain.

III.

A ḋaoṙḋuinn Cluana Ferta· do ḋuaḋmar uaiṫ ar eḋtra
go Cronnṁónaiḋ na gceḋ fliġ· toirg dar tuit Suca
fróṁór
In lá sin a ḋaoṙḋuinn ḋaoiṁ· ba hiomḋa trenfir féḋ ḋáoiḃ
um Goll ón buailiḋ grinn ġlúair· um Garaiḋ ón Ḋeinn
Ḃreacraiḋ
Fa Ḋáiġre gur in ecruiṫ gciúil· ga feinn ḋúinn go
cairreaċ ciúin
fa Ḋonán ir fo ġáol ġeal· fa Aoḋ fa Airt na n-ingean
Fa Ġlar ó Ġlair lecaiġ linn· ir fa Art ón Moiġ foiḋḟinn
fa Conn ó Ḋerraṁain báin· fa Car agar fa Channán
Ir fán Rúaḋ ó Ráiṫ na bFian· maráon re Fionnfor na
fFian
fa Áonġus on Ċráoiḃiġ cuirr· ir fan Laiṁ Tréin a
Liaṫḋruim
Deich ceḋ fsíaṫ-armaċ co fgéiṁ· do ċloinn fenṁaṫar
Guill géir
an lá sin fa ráiṫeḋ sinn· ar in ecnocán fo a ḋaoṙḋuinn
Ir uaiṫ tanġamar aṫúaiḋ· co Dún Glair in uirġe ḟúair
fuḃaċ sinn um tráṫ nóna· aḋoiġ ria gcaṫ Cronnṁóna
Aḋuḃairt Goll fa cáoṁ corr· biom go hairreċ fonn anocc
aḋ-gníu ar in flaiṫ go nġoil· gér-ṁana Fionḋ am aġaiġh
Duḃ-aḃann tarla fér tsaoṙ· do fagram Áth Innri hAoḋ
do fagḃaḋ leóġa 'gun linn· ir mire ar Cnoc an Ḋaoṙḋuinn
Feorann ir Moḋa ar mo gráḋ· ag iomḋoiméaḋ in dá áṫ
ir Goll ar Aṫ Guill do ġaḃ· ag iomcoiméaḋ ar Fionn
Alṁan
Gan o Ġormaḃainn na fFian· go roiċ Ráiṫ Fráoiċ sinn
aníar
gan taoiseċ náonḃair go neiṁ· do Cloinn Morna go
maiḋin
Mar tainic go traṫ nóna· tiġ Fionn fé caḋa cróḋa
Franġcaiġ Saxanaiġ anḋ sin· Ḃreṫnaiġ Eireannaiġ Íliġ
Ro fuiḋeḋair longfort lonn· ag in áṫ ag ar fan Goll
coḋlaiḋ mic Mórna go mer· ní cúalaiḋ gáir nó gréḋan

Seachd trráth dég d'Iollann armglan· gan tadhail gan tinnabraidh
acht áen deoch d'uirge glan ghrinn· 7 cóic cáorha caorthainn
Da neimhingnadh do Gholl ghrinn· beith acobhrach tuirrech tím
ag forraire ar Fionn na fFian· ó thuinn Chlíodna go Corr-fhliabh
Deiredh oidhche ina iomdhaidh· cómrolur fir fé fiodhbaidh
erradhail Fionn go nghné nglonn· eirghidh go moch ar madain
In uair fáinic gur in áth· mac Cumaill gan fíor do cháth
ní cían co ccualaidh an cur· annsin cuachrann an curadh
Tainic tar in áth go holl· fuair Goll na chodlad co trom
nochtair Fionn in cloidheamh crúaidh· or cionn mhic Morna mhongh-ruaidh
Duirghir Gholl rghéul gan rgeile· le hairmcridh in cuilg neimhe
for-togaibh in laimh ría pleigh· croidhir in gcraoibhigh gcridhigh
Dia mádh áil riom ar Fionn féin· a Ghuill mhóir nach maith dom réir
cien ó do chuirfinn rem loinn· do cenn ar cleith crúaidh chaorthainn.
Ruccur úaid do rgeith co rgéimh· ir rugur do rgín nguirm ngéir
ag ro duit re tcriall dod tigh· do threalamh catha a chuaidh
Eirigh a Ghuill gabh do ga· tionóil chugad Clanna Morna
ag rin na catha cródha· chugad a gcael Chruinn-mhóna
Mo bennacht ort a Finn fhéil· damhra ir baoth gan beith dot réir
beith gcéad fa Art ógh na fleigh· ag ro cucad dom chineadh
Deich gcéad fa Gharaidh go nghráin· tangattar eadrott irrin t-áth
togaibh do fhleigh or do laimh· in fhraice coir fluágh Conáin
Gabhra mo comairce ar cáth· ir adhaic mé uait tar áth
coirgh díom do chineadh ir do clann· rul rabhar mo ghum galann
Glúair ar mo rgáth irrin rgairbh· gadh a Finn go huirlamh h'airm
go n-iodhlaicther tú ar Goll geal· iomlán gan chreacht óm chineadh
Do iodhlaic Goll Fionn na fFian· gan ghoin ó cáth mar do iarr
ba hé rin in milidh mór· go riacht ceithmheadhoin in thrídh

Cóig cada ag gabail do Goll· go rainic tar an áth anonn
niar rguirriot don dur crótha· go ría ceartlár Cronnmhóna
Sleg Oirrín fleg Áoilte crúaid· 7 craoireach Ráigne rúaid
eborbuarr co tric tarraid· a nglaic Guill na ngabalair
Seolmaicne co daingen dórrda· fa Goll do cloinn maic Mórna
clann a renathair ir mo ein· deic gcéd rgiath derg ar deiread
Goll romhainn ir Goll nar ndeghaid· a gCruinnmhóin airdh airmleabair
rinne úaidhe agus duige· mar ba gridhail aon mhuice
Ni cuirriom dinn roir no fíar· Caoilti ir Oirin ir Fionn fíal mac Conbróin Cairioll rom car· recht ceadh deg d'oirecht Alban
Clann Cuáin clann Daoírcne búain· 7 clanna Rónáin rúaid clanna Duibdiérdhuibh náir dáil tréith· ar ar ndruim go Duibhéith
Teit Goll farrin ar ar n-ucht· do goin Cairill ba caomh cuchd do marbh trí céadh co crótha· ar lecain crúaid Cronnmhóna
Tainic cugainn Cairill crúaid· ir garraid Alban co mbúaid fagbair deic gcéadh marrh fa móin· mac í corgraigh Conbróin
Tainic Fionn fecoinn fa fódh· cath mór gruamha giollagh n-óg do congnam ar ceatha cain· tainic Iollann na n-agoidh
In begán ro bámar féin· ag fé catha Finn budéin
niar fagram cú no duine· ir Iollann gar n-iongaire
Ba mor ar meirneach rar muirn· no gur cuit in oidhe orainn no gor fágbadh rgiathach finn· ar in cenocán ro in caoirdhuinn
Baram foirtil ar uchd Goill· ar gach oirecht druim ar droim ó nach mairionn Goll na fleidh· ir tenn oruinn gach aoinfer
Ir mé Garaidh co nglonne· ní beg do crádh mo chróidhe
Mag Maoín na farrach déir Guill· ir mé ar cáorairdh caoirdhuinn
Ir cúir dobhróin ir dógra· Maónmhag gan clann maic Mórna
meirri ar tecteadh Féine Finn· ar rgáth do chráidh a caoirdhuinn

Dunad Dáirge in dún ro ċíar· i na fragmair ceól ir míad
ionmoin in loċ ro láim rinn· Loċ Ríaċ ir corcra cáorċainn
Mar do ċeirgmír gan doilge· do reilg bláiṫ binne boirne
adcíaḋmair co der don druim· do barr corcra a caor-
ċainn
Kaġadra amaċ ra Miḋe· amarać go Mag mbile
loirceḋ bannċraċt· Féine Finn· ní biu ar comairce
caorċainn
Tiocfad anoirriċior anoir· gérad tre Glionn Conáin cain
forrad deġuḃla ra glinn· ir caora cumra cáorċuinn 45
Ann do cairrngir Brenainn bláiṫ· agus do bera in primráiḋ
nem ḃ'anmain gać aoin teiḋ inn· a tealmuin cruic in
ċaorċainn
Dam do cairrngir Diorruing draói· irrin coilliḋ ro rem
ċaoir
go mbíad mo corrán ra glionḋ· re caor cnocáin in
cáorċainn.

A ċaorċainn.

IV.

Sgéla caḃa Cruinn-móna· a luċt rér b'áil a n-eolur
líon na ceudaḋ ceomcróḃa· acú féin orra am eólaċ
Clanna Rónáin tiodlaicteġ· ir clanda báoirċene bóḃḃa
ro báttar ran iorgail rin· ir deiċ mic ṙiċeaḋ Mórna
Í Daboirionn búadḃallaġ· ir í Duiḃḃírriḃ nemġainn
ra caṫ rin do ċódarran· lé ċéile ir clanna Neamnainn
Do freṙtail in coinneam rin· do bí ag Goll mór mac Mórna
gan coḋlaḋ gan coirreġaḋ· ag friṫáilem ḋóran
Fairre fri ré reċtmoine· do bí ar Goll na ccler n-ámor
ní biuḋ tríat ba nertmoire· irrin ċaṫ ar na márać 5
Ar rgáṫ croinn go déiġenaċ· do bí Goll na pleġ mbúaḋa
adcí cuige in c-éigerr-mac· dá ngoirṫí Daiġre Dúanaċ
Adn oiḋċe don ṙoraire rin· ririr Goll ar a ġáoltaiḃ
arádaran nać ccoirgriḋe· amomarcaiḋ go fráoḃraiḃ

Do rir Goll an filid rin· na ecta go mac Cumaill
bragáil rgéal in fidir fén· annra bFéin fer a fuluing
Ro fiafraid Fionn Almaine· bFianuib Éirionn anéinect
cía racar le dagcroide· anagaid Guill na ngérrleg
Adubairt Fionn grinnberlac· go mad da mac bad córa
do fáid Oirín ilbeurlac· nac dingebad mic Mórna
Do fáid Orgar anglonnac· maith gach mac mur a acair
dar leir féin ba neamgocac· ód gan dol ina agaidh
Ag fregra don fíghennid· adubairt Fáda Canand
gid bé bérr co mícillid· tegad ann ir ní racam
Gér b'olc lé ar fflaithemnid· do fáid Diarmaid Ó Duibne
nach racad féin na cathéidead· anagaid láime in Guill rin
Mac a meic ra ingine· diarbó comainm Mac Lúgach
dar leir nír uo gnímh impide· dol do dionghail in curad
Fionn anúair ro heiciged· do cuir agaid ar Áoilte
a ndiaig áith go deithired· eitech úatha nior thaoiseach
Ro fáid [Fionn] ar fheargugad· far mbeith threimhe ga
n-atach
gnímh mar rúd ni dernadair· a clann brugad ir balach
A dionghail don fíghennid· do geall Cairell ó Conbroin
ní he gnímh mícillid· do geallad fíem fe hablóir
Tug Dáighe na bríathra ro· leir a ccomdail a brátar
gor geall buiden farmartach· do coirc Guill ar na márach
Ní thiocfaid am comrac-ra· Fáda Canann no Áoilte
adubairt Goll glórgarta· náir maithe thoisech thaoiseche
Innirim dom derbrathair· or hé nach dionghna aithir
liom féin gomad neamgábad· Ua Conbróin cona maithib
Do chreid Goll na rgéala ro· do innir Dáighe Duanach
d'eirr eóluir do denamh dó· do úaid in t-éigerr úadha
Do chóid Goll an agoid rin· d'eirtecht pé clannaibh Baoiscne
día a fiar cía le ndamaigther· techt na agaid co fáilid
Adchúalaid in moir-fedan· ga roind ag fíg na Féinne
Fiana na ccoic ccoiceda· anagaid Guill pé theile
Cuirim Áoilte cruind certach· 7 Sein-iarar crann-rúad
corcc Guill ni ba haimneart dáil· clann rí Lochlann ra
nglan-fluag
Donn mor Monaid Echtcolla· da mac Rúaid Oirir Alban
bid in buiden eachtach ro· a tthúrr in catha calma

Goll Golban ir Car Cúailgne· dá fígfeinnid Fían Uladh
muinnteir in dá glan-áiṫe· le éile ag corc in ċuraid
Ferrdoṁain gér fí-feinnid· ar fianaib díana dorrda
dó fein do ba míċeillid· teċt anagaid ime Mórna
Rí-feinnid Ó gCeinnfealaig· dar leir fein ba fí naṫar
ba holc toirċe in tinnrcetail· anagaid Gaill ra eaṫ ro
Tegaid Fiana Uṁaṁan· ran ċaṫ mar gaṫ áen oile
iomda díg ag uplagaid· d'egla Gall na celer neime
Ro fidiod Fíen Dermuman· le mac Muirne mun áin roin
doir ger ṁór an merugaid· digid ann na n-ármoib
Fíena tailce Túaiṁuman· tegaid amerc na Féine
do bí rin na nuallgubа· rol do rgarrat re éile
Le mac Muirne muncaoiṁe· do hiarrad ar Féin Connaċt
beith mar cáċ ag uplaige· anagoid Gaill ra ċorgar
Do cuired in Gairbċeglaċ· le mac Cuṁaill hí Daoirċene
buiden fíoċda airmneṁnaċ· anagaid Gaill don táoibrin
Clanna Neṁainn ronartoig· do ba dóig lé mac Cuṁaill
gur cuired ra corccar roin· naċ fruair Goll fear a fulaing
Gan aoinfer na n-uirerrbaid· ar in táoib ċúaid do Cruinn-
ṁóin
do cuir Fionn in buiden roin· re coir Cairill uí Conbróin
Rí Laigen go tromċoraid· da fíg Muman gér daoirre
don taoib ċerr do Cronnṁonaid· Fionn féin ir clanna
Daoirċene.
Glúairir Goll gnoiṁéaċtaċ· déirr na randa rin uaċa
(uada?)
go rainig in riġeirir· diar coṁairm Dáiġre dúnaċ
Le Fionn ó do rirride· do corg Gaill in rlúag trom ro
do fiarraid don filid rin· cia do cloinn Mórna an Goll ra
Riotra féin adubraccar· ón ló tucad caṫ Cnoċa
Goll o fuarair fulbargad· ann do búail Cuṁall ċura
Ar egla do láiṁe ri· ro ceiled ort in t-ainm rin
lé mac Muirne bagaige· a Gaill airdeċtaig aingid
Mar cugamra cruinnigċer· a ndubrad lé mac Cuṁaill
nír fforláir a n-oiricil· ria teċt don trúagrin cugainn
A haiċle na fairre rin· do bí ar Goll ré reċt n-óidċid
aḃeirt a airm ailcnige· láiṁ ré hIollann na n-oirḃer

Do rónad real codalta· na díaig rin ré mac Mórna
co ccualaid Fionn ocbadach· in laóic a n-aice in omna
Glúairir Fionn na áonarán· día a fior cía do ní in codlad
go fracaid in t-aón macám· gan áondúine ina farrad
Breathaigirr in rígfeinnid· ó do bádar na n-énar
marbad Guill go míceillid· rnad ferr cía do déanad
Eirgir Fergur finbélach· andiaig Finn ara codlad
do connairc Goll gniomhéachtach· ir Fionn ar tí a gona
And adbert in filid rin· re mac Cumaill co faodrach
gan beit ar tí beimbi· búaine blad ina ráegal
Duircir lollann órarmach· ódcuala Fionn fa rile
le mac Cumaill comhramaig· iarrtar comlann a trice
Do diult Goll in compac ro· do cor ré rígh na Féine
adubairt gur domblardha· trían ag compac ra céile
Adubairt Fionn in flaithfeindid· nochar bé rin a adhor
dia mbeit Goll na caithead· go mad mien leir a mar-
bad
Durr-rad Fionn in trealaim roin· díaig indíaig ina mbáillaib
eirgir Goll go feramail· in trát rin ina agaid
Do loc Fionn in compac rain· ré mac Mórna do denam
adubairt nar comcormail· compac 'rgan cáth ga régad
Sgaraid in dá rígfeinnid· uman trát rin re aroile
do gabrad co miceillid· ar na márach la cuinne
Ir aibeil do freagradar· iar rgaoileab do Glar Gréine
an dá degláoch degtharaid· Crunnmóin i ccuinne a céile
Le mac Cumaill láinferrach· nir hanad re mac Mórna
do roinn ré go fáthertach· cáth ar doirrid na móna
Ua Conbróin ra a ndubramair· cuarr a ttorach in rgéil ri
a n-agaid Guill cúil-rgathaig· do codar cáth lé céile
Innraige Guill ileachaig· nochar b'aduid ar charuid
toirg reabaic fo minéanuib· do bí aige na n-agaid
Clann ríog Lochlann luathbárcaig· battar i ttorach in com-
laimn
mac Mórna do lúathbáraig· ir mor lugaide a ndograinn
Sluag Orruide um Fearrdomain· cía don trlúag rin na
marbad
Ulltaig ann co gergontha· mor bferr do cloinn riog
Alban

Fiena úairle Urmumhan· nír fgarrad gan beit leónta
Ceinnfealaigh adubhartar· narb é an cat finn a n-eolus
Gur leorad Fíen Deirmumhan· fa cat finn lé mac Mórna
ní fuilim na meruigad· gach láoch díb ina dá orbain
Fían cíodlaicteach Túadmumhan· fa n-iorgail finn ger b'umal
ca fior duinn in ecualabar· nir térnótar don curur
Ní biú-fa ga ro-fgaoilead· a ndernad fé mac Mórna
fer na fgél do commaídem· ní decaid ar don erlog fa.
Le Fionn don leit eile fi· do brired ar cloinn Corbmaic
mór in t-adbar deitbire· ro cuir Goll fgiath tar lorg air
A gcenn Sionna freabúaine· cug a agaid in úair finn
ni frit céim bud degéruaide· gur cuir iatt tar a gúaillib
Do fígne Goll lántarad· gid beg mór do bádar
Duibfeit no co rángattar· nír gonad iatt 'fníor marbad
Ro fágbad mon n-ám finn· clanna Baoirgne fá méla
le henláinn in lollainn finn· amlaid ro ataid a fgéla
Gid aibinn in eulach finn· ar a ffuilcí-fe a éleirce
aniú iram dubach-fa· ag innirin in fgéil fe
Mire mac in figfeinnid· día ngoirfí Oirrín éadtach
fada daim go mícéillid· ag finn a Fatraic mo fgéla.

Sgéala.

V.

A ben dén folcad mo éinn· cien ó do rocar ré Féin Finn
blíadain ar cóic mór an mod· nach ffuair aoínben dia
folcad
Sé blíadna deg gur anocht· adibinn damra fom degfolt
doilig aitne in cinn finn de· tar éirr crillri éonnduide
Uchán fa hé in cend crúag· fa ndendírr conart conuall
damad an lá ar leitir Lon· do geupad mná dá folcad
A éupur co leitir Lon· cupur far gnád mór ecorccar
dar marbramair daim donna· or ur loca líadorома
Iomarbáid do rónram éall· meirri ir Cáoilte coirecrom
dar deiligriom in reilg ráinn· cré feirg ir cré iomarbáid

Adubairt Caoilte croidhe: fear nar ortach n-iorghaile
ba ferr do bronnadh bó ir each: ir mó do ba ghairgheadach
Adubairtsa nar fhíor dhó: don fiorfhlaith ní hiomarghó
dhamsa acht gé do rala a ráidh: ba hé in carn Caoiltedán
Do cuaidh Caoilte co Cionn Con: téighimsi co leithi Lon
Caoilte fa muinntir go n-áigh: agus mise um aonarán
Nochar marbh Caoilte na ceach: in lá sin da lúathlámhach
in fer ar ar minic bladh: acht madh eilit ir aon adh
Dobert mo breithir a ben: ni trath bregh do theanamh dhamh
go riacht liom tar magh amach: trí cágha dhamh dháracht
Dar do láimh a ben náoidhe: ba ferr folacht Fiormáoile
trí chághat dhamh fegha funn: um chághat muc da fhuighioll
Mo lámhach a leithi Laoigh: nir bé in lamhach maoth macaoimh
trí fichead fiadh ar in nghurt: um na trí fichid fiadhmuc
In cú do bí um laim luinn: Gaillfheith cú Finn mic Cumhuill
nir tharraidh in talamh te: cú ga mbíadh geall Gaillfheithe
In fo-gha beagh boí um láimh: fecht femonna dia congbáil
fa meinic mo lamh na cronn: fan leithi nochar leatthuim
Maith in fogha fogha Finn: do bí neim mor na glaisinn
gach áon frimh da tteighlaic fuil: nocar blair biadh na bethaidh
Dia madh é in lá sin a ben: dom fhiachtainnsi fech gach fer
do ionnólta mo dí láimh: ní dionghanta m'iongnadhbáil
Thuagh nach eu do fighnir friom: a inghen Fheta Foiltchionn
mo chur-sa fan gcarn fuar cloch: ir mo maol thuagh do chonach
Do badh maith mairi in fuilt finn: do chonnairc cách ar mo chionn
do chúaidh diom ar aon réim raith: gur mé in glas galraighcheach
Robadh maith foirniamhadh mfuilt: robadh maith in combach cuirp
nocha ttáinic thé cnaimh cinn: folt a commaith acht folt Finn
Gliodh fatt na fiacla fo chúar: irrin fein-cionn etorbhúar
robattarrsan eachtoile: teimhir cna cenn-buidhe
Do cognadhir colsa doimh: go crúaidh ciocrach conamhail
ní fhágbaoir áighe nó alt: dhe nach benbaoir minrgamart

Gioð ſad na ṙúile ro hruar· irrin ren-ċionn ecorbúar
anoċt gioð breamha bola· robrad gémha glar-tana
Anoiðċe ré dorċa doill· ní berdaoíṙ coircéim n-iomroill
anoċt ge decuinn amaċ· noċan ḟaicim an táonaċ
Gioð iatt na cora ro hríor· noċa agcuireð orra ṙgior
inoċt irad cúara croma· gurrat trúaġa caobloma
Ge atáid gan laċar gan lúġ· noċan ḟeduim a niomrúd
robrat lúaċa feċt oile· andiaiġ búaċa Fionn-duide
Búaċ Fionn-moiġe ar Maġ Maoín· fuaramar greir dia
domnaoín
dia Domnaiġ dó ar moiġ Miðe· dia ruġ Cormac cró finne
Ro reċrad na Fiana frir· dearb leó in búaċ co traiṙridír
ní ruġ neċ ger garġ a ngur· aċt Oirrín a nArgadrod
An rOirín truaġ adċí rond· fuair mór d'olc ir d'anḟorlann
a ndiaiġ in ḟúaċa bódeṙ· go bernán ḟúar ḟáobarċler
Ir ann ro linġ leim dána· go hárd úaċmor allmorda
ir tarrar a láim ar lúar· ro-dur-búailiur edorbúar
Durradur beim calma crúaid· tar a láim n-eitiġ n-aḋḟúair
do benar gan taċa ċoir· in t-ór dia crod ra ċomraid
An comra beġ boí um láim· umar tercur crob in rgáil
gemaḋ re baḋ áil in t-ór· do ġébaḋ é ina meḋón
Deiċ ffailge innte d'ór Finn· agur a deiċ le Croibrinn
a deich díb le hingin Guill· ra deich le hingin lorġuill
Airiom a hóir ó ro amaċ· arrégmuir óir a ffalaċ
noċan fidir fer fera· lé hiomad a hionnṁura
Col dam deich ffoilċir aġ Fionn· do ṙédaiḃ ir meabair liom
trúaġ a mbeiṫ fon talmain ṫe· deiċ reóid gaċa foilċire
Anḋ atáid a ċuirn ċáomha· re taoíḃ coirṫe Cairn Céḋa
ar in tulċan úaḋa aleiṫi· ro foilcir deiċ nedaiġi
Faoí atáid fleġa fealga· da ngontaoíġe doim ċinnḋergga
ionṁuin laiṁ laoíġ ror meile· caom ro ceil cloċ Almuine
Anḋ atáid cuirn ambíḋ cuirm· do leattáoiṙ Erra Moḋoirn
gebé do iarrraḋ go tend· ní fuiġbiṫer go roirċend
Ṡaḋrin ir reoid oile Finn· reċ gaċ duine do ḋleirrinn
noċin feidir diḃ uile· red gan egor d'rionnḋruinne
A ffuaramar fan mbioċ mbúan· doḃaḋ líonmar re a
n-iomlúaḋ
ar cuirriom i ttalmain ṫreaḃ· ní fuiġbiṫer go braṫ a ben

Acú dia n-éir uile fin· beirbe a buide don Coimdiu
gan lúd gan aebhac fem lá· ar cúl caebach Cionaodha
Daibheadh Fathaic ir fherr dam· oldar folcadh bregach ban
ag dion ceall ir cuad ir threabh· mad ced le Día dena a ben.

A bean.

VI.

Fúar ar n-aghaidh a Loch Luigh· nochan fhúaramar oruic
día ndechaidh Fionn na Féine· do hreilg Eichtge aimhréidhe
Aodh mac Morna meic Garadh· tig cuigainn dar flegughadh
ba hí a bhreith ar mbreith uile· go Loch Riach na fíoghruidhe
Ni dechaidh leirion Fionn féin· acht do fan ar an uirrléidh
bacthar na bocha ar in ghort· geir dó leim tar longphort
Lodmairne coiccer calma·· ir fiche oglách amhra
ceithar leir gach mac amach· coigher ir fiche armach
Sgíth leinn a haicle ar fhíadhoigh· in líon do bádhmar d'Fianaibh
ger mór ár gcédbraidh ar ccáil· maith linn fein oidche
dhraghail 5
Ro bacthar ag Duma Muc· luchr cúl-coiméadha ag Cormac
Lunna agus a mheic mhóra· dobadh cuibrionn comh-chródha
Iar sin lodmar-ni día tigh· ferr dúinn nach ttreigmir eicthe
fuffrith deabadh ní mo genair· nír bó comhdáil cairdemail
Lodmar co liur na ttobar· ir ní fhuaramar orlacadh
níor mó leó ar cceól uile· indiu faoil na fíodhbuide
Adbert Diarmaid ó Duinn· muna horlaicéar romhainn
lingfed fam comhair in clad· nó go ndíoghlar m'anfhalad
Ro ling Diarmaid ó Duibne· in clad sin gan comhairle
dobadh luthmar lúth a chor· dúinn gur orlaic in dorus 10
Eirgid thall um thrathnóna· Lunna agus a meic mhóra
cádha Lochlannach líomtha· ba hé in comhlann coimfochda
Marbaid in slógh i théile· or oiread in úr-fhléide
ní cerno caomh nó cara· dona hóghaidh armthana
Comhraicior Diarmaid ó Duinn· ir Leacach lonn ó Lochluinn
comhraicir Mac Lúghach lán· ar in leirg agus Lecán

Comṁaicir Oirrin aṁra· agur Lunna lán-calma
go rrúair Oirín a rorrad· i n-iomairg ón allṁarrach
Comraicim-ri von leiṫ acúaiḃ· ar in leirg ir Ciorcall cruaiḃ
rur-ruair Orcar a ṫairre· ó Gḟreallach na greallaiġe
Deiċneṁar ḋuinne mar roin· rinne agur na hallṁuroiġ
noċa ḋcáiniġ ar ccoirrri· go lá gona lán-roillre
Sa maiḃin ar na ṁárach· ro creigriom uile ar láṁach
roḃur féċ Orgar armgionn· Oirin irin anṫrorlann
Ro éiriġ aigneḃ Orgair· ar gcinneaḃ in ċruaḃċorgair
agur ḃo luaṫaiġ a láiṁ· ro biṫin Oirin ḃ'eḋráin
Do ḃicenn Orgar Gḟreallach· ḃia ċolg búaḃa leimionnach
ro marḃ ré Longa luingreċ· Orgar ḃe ba hacruirrreċ
Do ráiṫ go Mac Luġach lán· Orgar ḃo oigheaḃ Leacán
ḃa ċuaiḃ na ſaṫ car rruṫ goir· rurrubaḃ cenn lúaiṫleacaiġ
Ro riaċt ċuġam Orgar oll· ſer mbúaiḃ gcorgar ir gcomlann
oirirmic ar leirg in ċnuic· ier mbuaiḃ gcorgair ir gcoṁraic
Uirce fionnṫuar Loċa Luig· ir mairg ḃeiriur cría na ċuiḃ
óir ir ionn ro fagḃaḃ ḋe· na Loċlannaiġ ina luiġe
Oglaiġṫear Cormac ua Cuinn· fa a ṁuinncir re mac Cuṁuill
ḃoiliġ leir go lá a égg· báir a ċuire coiṁéaḃa
Tiomairgṫer Flaiṫrí ir Fiaċal· go Cormac bráṫaċ brſoḋṁar
ḃo breiṫ na breiṫe nar lag· eiḃir Fionn agur Cormac
Ro ḃirligheaḃ na ḃaoine· ní maiṫ ḃruim ré céḃ-aoíġe
ba hí breṫ na mbreṫiom ngland·a mbeṫ ḃiolur fa na nḃiultaḃ
Ní faca aiṫċin Orgair· ag cur caṫa nó ċorgair
aċt in láoċ Luġaiḃ Láġa· a gcionn gaċa cruaḃála
Anráḋa in talman uile· fa mbeṫ a ccorp énḃuine
ḃo ḃeiṫiḃ fó ċrú ċuṁaiḃ· ó colg Orgair eċtgonaiḃ
Noċar tapuill ar talṁuin· inḃíaiḃ Conuill ċaṫarmuiḃ
láoċ baḃ beóḋa ré forrad· olḃár Orgor anglonnaċ
Noċar gaṙ laiġin na láiṁ· aiṫċin Diarmaḋa breaṫnáir
go rrogur nó go raḋa· tar eir Loġa lamrada
Do ſanraḃ Oirín ba ferr· tareir annraḃ na hEirionn
aċt go nḋamhaiḃe ḃó ḃeṙaiġ· ar riṫiuḃ nó ar aoínṙeruiḃ

Do derg ab Mac Lugach lonn· a colg ría cách a cenn lonn
do cinneab orra uile· do corgar a édgaine
Nochan feadar m'élang féin· mait fer mar cách fa coimreim
ní deanuinn urán ágha· rní imgabainn uráina
Ag rin ar tered físe· m'aóra cumta agus coimdíne
do creidfeadóir Fiana Finn· na terda tar a teigim
O tig Muiredaig mic Flainn· agus Manainne ó Maonuinn
ro ririnn cairge ir cúana· agus airb agfúara
Ro tairrngir Fionn na Féine· dam a haitle na heirge
go dtiucfad grían tar mo grúad· a n-Arb da fian go hinnfúar
Arb dá fian ní haitnid dam· ar cuinn tíre nó talman
act ge gar ge ingar úam· do géudra ionad imfúar.

Fuar.

VII.

Maidim in maidin fa glonn· robram fuileach áitedrom
ror fodracdaoír fíena a ffuil· ór ur Droma hEógabail
Ro derbur in láoch gan díaid· murar curramor ar nglíaid
dar curramar cath ann rin· dia a tteagar liom cionn Cuirrig
Do rinnior béodact trá· do rinnir fogra fogla
do leigior a laoíg fa mbúaid· uile fa nEirinn armrúaid
Do rinnear beódact trá· do rinniur fogra fogla
go tteagar fa gniom grinn· gul gach en-teige a nEirinn
Do rinniur beodact thrá· do rinniur fogra fogla
ir ro lairced go léir liom· muilte agus áta Éirionn
Iar rin ro leiged riom· eich adloma na hEirionn
teigim óiob do lúth mo dor· no go panac go hAirgedror
Iar rin do cuadur anonn· ir beirt in doirredir umam
agus an oided rin gan edt· ir me fa cuinnleóir do Cormac
Ir ann adubairt riom tall· arbruire úaral Éirionn
ionghnad an ní adcim dom deóin· da fúil Cáoilte um cuinnleóir

Bennaċt orṫ na ráiḋ ar Fionn· ar flaiṫ na fḟian fḟoiltḟionn
Gé caim i ngeimḣiol ic éiġ· na beir cáṁ ar mo muinncir
Ní hé rin aigneḋ Caoilci· reċ gaċ fer doċt loċt laoiḋċe
ní ḟoirḟenaḋ coimniol ċain· ar a fḟuil d'ór ad comraiḋ
Anúair fa ccairnic in c-ól· ag in píġ roġarġ rómór
céigim leir nocar ċéim cam· co rainic in ceġ coicceann
Uime rin cuġar bó der· mór dob áil liom a aimleap
ir do radur liom dom ḋéoin· caonnaċ Searġainn airḋ uairḃeóil
Da radur i cTemraiḋ ce· ben cumċa día ċéile
ben an fir cumċa-ra cra· uaim gur in fir lerċa-ra
Cuccur bean Cairbre gan aċt· rod radur í do Cormac
cucur ben Cormaic amne· rod radur í do Cairbre
Do ḋuirrur cloiḋeam in píġ· um cruaill féin ger mór in gnímh
mo cloiḋiom fein Gile in ailt· uaim a ccruaill cloiḋiom Cormaic
Ro fiarraigir de ar na brać· um cráṫ eirġe ar na maraċ
an innire damra de· cred d'fúairġeólaḋ am oide
Día ccuġḋá lec in ġeilt ġarġ· irin ġrib ingneċ imard
ir fiaċa feaġa Duinn Da Derg· dá laċain ó Loċ Goiḃnend
Da coġán a ceoilcib craḋ· do leaṫcaoiḃ Droma Da Ráon
agur dá doġrán fer rein· ó Corair doinnḃáin Doġair
Da dam ar in Eichtġe aird· da lon ar Leitir Lonnġairġ
dá ḃreollán a Dún Airde· da ċoinċinn ó Corrairde
Dá ṫroirc a Doire Dá Dor· da fearán eiġne a Damrar
da caḋan ó Loċ Da Dall· da ealaiḋ Irrirr nDomnainn
Sionnaċ renġ Sléiḃe Cuillinn· da ċoin allaiḋ o Doirinn
da ġeirr a Fioḋ Ġarra guirm· da coileċ feḋa a Rosdruim
Mór in ċeirḋ rod lá orm· nocan ḟurur a ċumall
do rad mé a ngliaiḋ go dána· a beiṫ i ndiaiġ na ciomána
Ciomáin cuġur car faiṫe· mór an oboir énlaiṫe
doḃaḋ gníom ruairc reġḋa roinn· a fḟuarlacaḋ mic Cumuill
Do ḋúaiḋ in riach uaim doḋerr. mar dob áil liom a aimleap
co hÁṫ Mic Luġaċ rod fer· re Loċ Lurġan aniarndeir
Do ḋúaiḋ an laċa uaim fan láġ· nocar fḟurur a gaḃail
car brúaċ na Derḃa brairi· car rgairḃ Inḃir Duḃġlairi

Is annsin rom-fagaib in geilt· in tan roba d'éis mó neirt
ar lár ráth Féine Finn· no gur gabur a gCruimglinn
Tarrur in corr ar bragaid· gion gur fraoilid lé taimic
agur tugur liom ré mo rmacht· d'fuargiacad Finn ó
Cormac
Gach a fruarur d'olc leó· tiucfaid liom gein bam beó
tar gach frothaib is tar gach án· rom-gab do leith Loir-
lionnáin
Ro fgarur re mo chairdib· taimic urdha rem aimsir
terc mo díoghbaid gach re lá· ingach ionbaid maoidim-ra.

Maidim.

VIII.

Ceisd agam orc a Cáoilte· a fir na n-árm n-iomláoice
cía ga raise in Corrbolg cóir· do bí ag Cumall mac
Trénmóir
Corr do bí ag Manannán mín· ra red ilbúadach go mbrígh
día croicionn rin coindealb borb· de do rignedh in Corr-
bolg
Innir duinne cred in corr· a Caoilte go n-iolar nglond
nó cred far cuired a fír· a croicionn fana frdaib
Áisse ingen Dealbaoith dil· lennan Ilbric iolchothaigh
tarrla for feirc in fír hí· 7 luchra go gcáoimhlí
Cealgur lúdra cum rnámha· Aísse nocar cuaisc ágha
dar cuir hí tré luinne amoigh· a rioct cuisse fo cuisrdib 5
Fíesraigir Aoísse ísel rin· d'ingin álainn Ábartaigh
ga rab díab ra rioct ro a ben· a luchra áloinn uichtgeal
An críoch cuisset ní ba gerr· orc a Aoísse na rorc ró-mall
beir-ri da dheb bliadhuin bán· a tteigh míadhaigh Illanannán
Díaid tú ra teigh rin do gnáth· ag fanamhat fút do chách
ad cuirr nach dtairdil gach tír· noch attacrainn tú eistir
Do gentar roighthead maith réd· dot croicionn ní beg in béd
bid é a ainm rní bréag dam· Corrbolg na réd fo deisead
Do rinne Manannán rin· don croicionn od fúair oighid
do bí fo gach réd díob rin· aige ni breg na degbaid 10

Léine Manannáin fa fgian· ir crior Goibnionn ar áon-fíen
dubán gabann ón fiar borb· feóid do bíod irrin Corrbolg
Deimior rig Alban gan feall· 7 caébarr fíog Loclann
do boí ann re práice fin· 7 cnamha muc nArail
Crior do druimnib an míl móir· do boí fa Corrbolg cóir
aoer-fa fiot gan docar· do biod ann ga iomacar
In tan do bíod in muir lán· ba follus a hreóid ar a lár
muair fa tráig in muir borb· folam fo deóid in Corrbolg
Ag fin duic a Oirfín féil· mar do fígned é budéin
agus inneorad ferda· a imdur a himtecta
Ro boí in Corrbolg ré fada· ag lug láocda lam-fada
no gur duic in fíg fo deóid· le macaib Cearmada Milbeóil
Do bí in Corrbolg ier fin· aca fin ina degoid
gur duicfiod in criar ger mear· lé macaib móra Mileadh
Tainic Manannán gan fgíf· fucc leir in Corrbolg arír
níor cairbéin é do duine· go ccainic ré Conaire
Ro codail Conaire cáom· do leacaoib Temrac na ráon
mar do murgail in glan glic· frid in Corrbolg rá
braguic. .ɥc̃.

IX.

Mo mallacht ar cloinn Dáoirgne· deired oidce fa carruicc
do fionnfadaoíf mo diomda· da mad iomda mo capuid
Mo bennacht ar cloinn Líofna· d'fulaing dógra mór
n-arracht
anocht gid deired oidce· ar cloinn Dáoirgne mo mallacht
A bregmair Finn na áonar· ré a fáofar do duic arracht
olc oram deired a gaoiri· ar cloinn Daoírgne mo mallacht
Meinic fúarar airc brúigne· ge doilge dam fa carruic
bedar gom caoinead coidce· ar cloinn Daoirgne mo
mallacht
A mgen Conuill Cruaéna· ag a bruil uaéad carad
beir beannacht leat dom cairdiu· beir go láigniu mo
mallacht

Ní ṁaiṙ Sgieċ bṙeg mac Daċċaoín· gan aṁaoín d'éiṙ mo ċaṙaḋ
ní mo ṁaiṙiuṙ Goċ Gaoíċe· aṙ cloinn Daoiṙccne mo mallaċt
Fúaṙaṙ colṙa doiṁ eallaiḋ· úaḋa 'ṙoob aiṙgiḋ ċaṙaḋ
mo ṙeċt mbeannaċt aṙ Ċaoílte· aṙ cloinn Daoiṙccne mo mallaċt
Diomḋaċ mé do ċloinn Ronáin· ní maiṙ mo ṁoṙán caṙaṫ
aġ ṙin deiṙeḋ mo laoíḋe· aṙ ċloinn Daoíṙccni mo mallaċt
Aṙ ṫceċt Padṙaic ṙa Banba· ní bíaiḋ na háḋba aṙṙaċt
ṙaġbaim ṙa a coṁaiṙ m'ṙaoílte· aṙ ċloinn Daoíṙccne mo mallaċt.

Mo ṁallaċt.

X.

A bean beiṙ leṫ mo léine· ⁊ déna uaim eiṙge
ṫṙiall imḋeċt a gṙuaiḋḋeṙc ġlan· in ṁaiḋin ṙía mo ṁaṙbaḋ
A Ġuill cía ṙliġe raċaḋ· maiṙcc bíoṙ aṙ beġán caṙaḋ
iṙ uaṫaiḋ ben aṙ a mbí raṫ· ó beiṫ gan cenn gan ḋóḋnaċ
Ionnṙaiġ longṙoṙṫ Finn na bFían· maṙ a bṙuil doṁ ṫáoiḃṙi ṙíaṙ
ṙaoí annṙin a béilḋeṙg ṁalla· lé deiġṙeṙ do ḋingbála
Cía ṙeṙ ann le a bṙaoíḋṙinn féin· a Ġuill ṁóiṙ ṙa maiṫ ḋom réiṙ
cáiṫ a ṙṙuíġḃinn hṙíaṙ no ṙoiṙ· do commaiṫ ḋṙioṙ im iomḋaiġ
In áil leṫ Oiṙṙin mac Finn· nó Áonġus mac Áoḋa Rinn
nó Caiṙioll ṙéṫa ṙuileaċ· nó in Ċoṙṙ ċoṙlúaṫ ċéḋġuineaċ
Conall Cṙúaċna iṙ é ṁ'aṫaiṙ· me coṁalṫa Cuinn Céḋċaṫaiġ
ḋeaṙḃṙaṫaiṙ ḋaiṁ ṙan tíṙ ṫúaiḋ· Céiḋġein mac Conuill ċṙannṙúaiḋ
ḋecṙaiḋe liom imḋeċt uaiṫ· tú mo ċeiḋṙioṙ ṙoiṫim ṙuaiṙc
a ceionn ṙeċt mbliaḋan go nġoil· ṫuġuṙ mé a ṙiṙ aḋ ṫ'iomḋaiḋ

Ón oíðče rin gur anoċt· ní ḟuarur úaiḋ aiġneḋ ḋoċt
ó'noċt amaċ ni baor ḋam· ní bíu ag fer ar cuinn talman
Deic lá fiċeḋ beó gan bíaḋ· cerc neċ do bí romat riam
céḋ láoċ léḋ láim a Ġuill· do ċuic ra ċarruiġ cumaing
Imḋa umainn ḋon ḟairrġe· ⁊ mé a gcumang na cairrġe
ata gorta in bíḋ gom braċ· ⁊ an íota gom forraċ
Ge ata gorta in biḋ gum braċ· gé borb cocaḋ na ecóic gcaċ
mó benar an gné dom grúaiḋ· beic ag ól práile fearbrúaiḋ
Mo naoí mbraiċre fiċeḋ féin· da marbaḋ aoinḟer don Ḟéin
do ḋénaḋ mo ḟíoḋ rir rin· mo ċorc áonoiḋče ḋ'íotain
A Ġuill mic Mórna a Moiġ Mlaoín· caiċ na colla rin reo
taoíḃ
foirre híota a ndíaiġ na fḟer· bainne mo cíoċ do ċaiċeṁ
A ingen Conaill ní ċél· uch ir crúaġ mar ċarla in ġél
comairle mná ċúaiḋ nó ċer· ní ḋingen ir ní ḋernur
Uch a Ġuill ir crúaġ in ḋáil· coic caċa nó ré au ċomḋáil
ir cú a gcúil cairrġe crúaiḋe· luime airde aḋḟúaire
Ag rin a beilḋearġ ra binḋ· m'éineġla ar cuinn ir ar cír
Fionn ir a Ḟían ar mo ḋruim· 'rmé gan bíaḋ a gcúil
cumaing
Do ḋergur mo ċroinn go cóir· a collaiḃ ċloinde Trénmóir
cuġur doiḃ ḋrulang ir dúaḋ· do marḃur Cumall crann-
rúaḋ
Cuġur Muiṁiġ go méla· irrin mairt ar Moiġ Léna
do láḋar in caċ go cain· ra maidin ar Moiġ Ċnaiġ
Ġoċaiḋ baillḋearġ mac Máil· airḋrígh Ulaḋ eineċ-náir
do mercur ra láoċ mo fleġh· cuġur ſacc fo ḃrón a bhen.

A Ḋen.

XI.

Fionḋ Fíle ba fer ġo lí· roba féinḋiḃ óirḋniḋí
ġe Fionḋ Fíle fáiḋmír rir· ḋoba rí rúanaċ roiċlir
Fionn Fíle ba fer go nglór· ir rir aḋeirmír Trénmór
fa tréine ar ṫreire a ċlear· giḃ eḋ ón bá hainm oirċear

Da mac ag Fionn fíocha gal· Fer[gus] luaithfionn ir Eógan
ir uathaḋ fin ir dearḃ liom· inus dech d'Fianaiḃ Éirionn
Aon mhac ag Eogan árra· Oilill fécta fírchalma
dá mhac ag Oilill fíor de· Dáire donn ir Dorchaide
Fergus lúaithfionn láochda a gus· am eólach na fenchus
fir atbert a buime aḃus· tré ealla buiḋe baoisgne
Trí meic ag baoisgne bláḋach· Cumall calma comhramhach
Criomhall 7 Aoḋ ollach· in trían mórgarg mórglonnach
Aon mac do bí ag Aéḋ ollach· Lugaiḋ fergach fírglonnach
Aen mac in Lugḋach éadna· Ferḋomann bláith bairgeḋa
Da mhac ro boí ag Crímhall éadom· Morann corgrach 7 Aod
ionmhuin dír ducatha nglac· a n-áon ló rudurbeaḃrat
Oirrín mac Finn fíocha gal· Fergus Caoínce corcarglan
Uillionn Fáoḃar Ráigne rán· ionmhuin feifer cáomh comlán
Cóig meic ag Oirín go holl· Orgar 7 Ferloga lonn
Éachtach Ulaḋach ro fan· 7 Doliḃ Sgéine sgiathglan
Ingen ag Fionn fíocha a gal· dier comainn Lugach laimhgeal
feirgniomh do triall tolaiḃ smacht· 7 ro éreig a bannḃacht
Laithe ro báḃar ar in leirg· Lugaḋ 7 Dáire ag feilg
do cúaiḃ Dáire ger dheacair· go Lugaḋ na coimleabaiḃ
Ro toirrcheḃ Lúgaḋ don gus· ó Dáire gér ḋrochcairḃer
beiriḃ a gcionn naoí míor mac· ré a mbíttír fíena ag
forrmac
Coirrche in mac ar cáċ oile· a meic Cumaill Alṁaine
Gaíne a ainm úair gaíne in gein· Mac Lugaċ a ainm ó a
máthair.

7c.

XII.

Fégthar tech Finn a nAlṁain· gura tigḋír fíogarmaigh
adcíura nach nach mairionn de· urra no cleith no cúaille
beg m'úiḃ ar in lathair lóm· d'aithle na ecuraḃ gcomḋonn
porc í Daoirgne ger bó brar· anocht ir férach fonnglar
Mná fionna go frailgiḃ óir· bittír go ecornaiḃ comóil
curaiḃ ba coḃraiḃ catha· go n-édaiglib iollḃatha

Trí céd cupa maiṫ mescca· fa trí cáoga óiseargra
trí ċáoga cuaċ airgid ġil· a mbíoḋ míoḋ ċuill ceiṫemin
Cupa órḋa álainn féḋ· ḋaḃaċ iuḃair ól fé ġcéḋ
coinnealbra go fraḋ feċt gcor· ḋ'ór ir ḋ'airgeḋ ir
ḋ'ionnmus
Aiseṁ ceḋ n-iomḋa neċta· tríoċa láoċ gaċ aoínleapta
fa iomḋaiġ n-imḋenmaiġ n-óir· Finn mic Cuṁaill mic
Tréinmóir
Imḋénaṁ órḋa uile· go n-uaiṫneaḋhaiḃ órḋuige
lesca cleṫ ⁊ ċláraiḃ· garraiḃ óg ar uiláraiḃ
Ba hálainn tigḋís in Fían· go ccuanartaiḃ na ceaoim-iall
ir aṁlaiḋ ċigḋír ḋia ttig· torcar fealga gaċ éin-fir
Doiliġ airiuṁ Féine Finn· a fatsaic móir na mbriaṫar
mbinn
aċt muna a bíaṫ artoiġ ċall· neċ do fittir a n-anmann
Oissin mac Finn feisde in flúaġ· Domnall claon Ceallaċ
corlúaṫ
Mac Míleaḋ ir Ġaclúaṫ án· Duḃ Dromáin ⁊ Duḃán
Coicc mic aġ Oisrin náir ḃáoṫ· Orgar ir Fer Loġa lánġáoṫ
⁊ Ulaḋaċ gaċa tan· ⁊ Doilb Sgéine fgieṫġlan
Diarmaid ó Duiḃne fa bruġ· ir deiċ nOilealla a hĠdar
deiċ nDuḃtaiġ a druimniḃ breġ· deiċ Morinn muiġe
Taillten
Agus deiċ gCormaic ón gcaṫraiġ· deiċ gCéin deiċ nAirt
deiċ nAiṫġin
deiċ Muiseaḋhaiġ Muiġe in Sgáil· deiċ gCuinn deiċ Floinn
deiċ fFaoláin
Deiċ bFearḋoṁain deiċ nÁilḃe· deiċ gColla a gcríochaiḃ
Cairbre
deiċ gConnla deiċ gCrioṁṫainn ċair· deiċ fFiaċra ⁊ deiċ
fFearġair
Na deiċ fFergus díar fsine· na deiċ nAire ó Ḋáirfine
Deiċ Muiṫeiṁne na mara· deiċ nDonnġuir deiċ nDonn-
ċaḋa
Cáol cróḋa ir Conn mac Feaḃail· ⁊ in Glar mac Dreṁain
Gofffraiġ Glinne ⁊ Fionn bán· Gúaire Criomṫann ir Cúán
Inniffi ba fuaiṫniḋ fealg· Caṫal Duḃán ir Druimḃerg
Dubróiḃ ir Cioṫaċ ir Conn· Maine ⁊ Arc ir Iorgoll

Dub Róid ir Dub Draigin· Fáoldú go gcruar gcloidiṁ
Glas mac Deirg mic Diéraib gloin· Aod mac Criméain
mic Camluib
Sealbaċ fa binn a bérla· Aeb Fionn Cúán ir Enna
banb Sionna ir Rinnolb go rinn· Mac Deigeˇ Mac Deiċóill
Dubán Dubróid Dubdala· Dub Droma mac Senċaoa
Flaiṫre faobraċ fer da gal· Garb Doire Daire Donngal
Suibne flegaċ floigḋe fluaig· trí mic Aille áḃraḋrúaiḋ
Fer Muṁan Manraḋ míaḋ ngle· Dorn Tar Malaig ir
Gúaire
In dá Cuán a Cúalainn· in da ḋran frobrad cúaluing
Fál feda agus Fer Sgéiṫ· ir Glar mac Gadail gairbleiṫ
Doilge liom bár Colla cruinn· ˇ Cuinn ˇ lacuinḃ
ir Ilaine ir Cuirc ir Ceallaig· ba folaiṁ um caoilrendaiḃ
bar Oilealla ˇ Breagail· noca duinne na earḃaiḋ
bár Eocaḋa ˇ Aoḋa· cona fennaiḃ focaomha
Trí ḃrúiṫ do boí arcig call· Car ir Caṫṁáol ir Cúalann
a trí croráin mín in moḋ· Cler ir Cinnmear ir Cuicṁeḋ
Trí heaclaca cige Finn· can do bicclr i cCruimgline
nocar maiṫ bad a ré mbonn· Córr ˇ Lonn ˇ Lúaṫ
Trí hoinmide cige Finn· Meall ˇ Maol ˇ Cnap
ge do bicclr i ndeoig Fían· nocar ṁaiṫ ciall na ctrí mac
A ṫrí bailemain ṁaiṫe· Druċt Dárac ˇ Daiṫe
a trí doirreoir ráḃ gan goiḃ· Druiḃ ˇ Iaṫ ˇ Orlaic
Fergur Fienbel file Finn· fa buileaċ fa bríaċar-binn
Mac Saṁain a brecem cóir· Aoḃ ingen-gorm a coinnleóir
Ba hálainn in bannċrac ban· do bí ar brú Loca Lurgan
am ingin Cermaḋa caoiṁ· um Lennaḃair um Leannċaoim
Fan mnaoi mbig um Ólánaiḃ mbinn· um Eirc um Sarviṫt
fréagainn
um Úaine um Eḃaín um Saoir· um Aillḃe um Cruiṫgil
Ceinnfinn
Um Derrairg bric um Dé Dláiṫ· uṁ Ċéaa ṁóir ingin Rónáin
Finneaḃair meirfeang meuḃ ngloinn· Eḃan álainn ir
Aoḃḃonn
Mac Rónáin do cúaiḃ ar ceal· do tairingir cáċ go dtucfeḃ
do ḃeóin Mic Dé líṫ go ngur· do ḃeóin deirfiġ fo fégur.
Feargus.

XIII.

Áonaċ ro a Moiġ Ealа in rí· áonaċ Lirre gona lí
aoíḃinn ḋa gaċ áon ċéiḋ ann· ní hionann ir Gúaire Dall
Níp Gúaire Dall m'ainm go píor· can ḋo ḃinn a ttiġ in píoġ
a ttiġ Ferguра go ffeiḃ· irrin tráiġ or ḃerramain
Tigḃír eiḋ na fFian ra trer· ir eiḋ Muiṁneċ na móirċrer
ferraḋ trí graiffne glana· ar faiċċe Mac Muireḋa
Eaċ ḋuḃ aġ Ḋil mac Da Ċreġ· in gaċ cluiċe ro ferrat
irin carraic or Loċ Gair· ruġ trí lanḃuaḋa in áonaiġh
Cuingir Fíaċra in t-eċ ier roin· ar in draoí a ṡenaċair
ḋo rat ḃó céḋ da gaċ croḋ· ḋía taḃairt a ttúarastal
Aġ rúd ḋuit in t-eċ ḋuḃ ḋían· ar Fíaċra re flaiṫ na fFían
aġ rin mo ḋloiḋiuṁ go mblaiḃ· aġur eaċ uaim ḋot araiḃ
Ḃeir mo caṫḃarr ir geall céḋ· beir mo rgieċ a ttiriḃ Gréġ
Beir mo fleġa nime· mariaon ir ṅ'íoḋna airgiḋe
Maḋ ferr let no beiṫ gan ní· a flaiṫ na bFian a ḋaoíṁri
ní ragair gan airgiḋ ar· a flaiṫ na fFian ffraoḃarġlar
Ro eirig fein Fionn iarroin· buiḋeċ é ḋo ṁac Eóġain
bennaiġiḋ caċ ḋía ḋéile· niar bó ciúin a ccoiṁeirġe
Riaċtair Fionn roṁainn ar in réḋ· teġmaiḋ leir trí riċiḋ
céḋ
go Caṫair go ḃún or loċ· ireḋ loḃmar ón áonaċ
Trí lá ir trí hoiḋċe go mblaiḃ· ro ḃáḋmar a ttiġ Caṫair
gan earbaiḋ lenna nó bíḋ· ar ṁac Cuṁaill ón áirdrígh
Caoga fail ḋo raḋ Fionn ḃó· cáoga eaċ ir cáoga bó
ḋo raḋ Fionn lúaċ a lenn· ḋo Caṫaoir mac Oililla
Luiḋ Fionn ḋ'iomlúaḋ in eiḋ ḋuiḃ· gurrin tráiġ or ḃerramair
lenuimre ⁊ Cáoilte tría báoir· ⁊ reaṫmáoiḋ tría coġáoir
Gioḋ finne niorram malla· ba lór lúaṫ ar leimionna
fer uainn ḋa clí fear ḋá ḋeir· ní bí fíaḋ naċ ḟáġmair
In can ro airiġ in rí· rrorair a eaċ go Tráiġ Lí
ó Tráiġ Lí tar Tráiġ Ḋoiṁ ġlair· tar Fraoċṁoiġ ir tar
Fionnġlair
Tar Maġ Fleirge tar Maġ Cairn· tar Seanumair Droma
Gairḃ
tar ulḋa Fleirge finne· tar coiḃa na Coċruinne

Tar Druim Eadair tar Druim Caoin· tar Druim Da Fiad
tar Formaoil
iar fiadtain dúine fa énoc· ba lúaide finne fa hoct
gid finne ba lúaide finn ann· ead in fig nir bó fómall
Adoig fo deired do ló· do fáid Fionn ní hiomarg6
ir báor do rad finne ille· eirgiom d'iarraid fianboide
Sillead da tuag feda in fí· ar in cearraic da leid clí
go fracaid teg mór go ttein· irrin glionn ar a béloir
Ir ann adubairt Cáoilte· aidere tenn narbo maoídte
gur anoct ní faca ted· ran glionn fo gid um eólad
Eirg uainn ar Cáoilte dia fior· mór neite attú na
n-ainfriar
bert fáilte ferr no gad ní· do mac Cumaill Almuiní
Iar rin do cúadmar artead· tucus oídde rob aidread
frid gréd 7 gol ir gáir· ir muinntir dirgir diogáir
Aidech liad ar lár artaig· geibid ead Finn go hérgaid
cuiprid in cómla funn de· dia corránaib iarnoige
Suidmíd ar in gcolba gcruáid· do gní ar norraig ré hénuair
an gcuail tsrúim do bí for tein· fuaill nacar muc in
teinid
Ro fáid in taided nár binn· aidere nar bó lánmaid linn
éirgid a lucht atá artaig· canaid ceol don fígféindid
Eirgid naoi gcolla arin gcúil· arrin leid bá nera dúin
naoi ceinn arrin leid oile· ar in gcolba n-iarnoide
Léigid naoi ngreda gargu· ger commór nir comlabra
freagrair in t-aided fa fed· 7 freagrair in méidead
Gérb olc gad gairbdeól díb rin· fá mera ceól in méidig
ní raibe ceól nár dúla· act fed fir na henfula
In ceol ro canrattar duinn· do duirgeóchad mairb a húir
fuaill nar fgoilt cnáma ar ceinn· nírbé in coigedal
ceólibinn
Eirgir in t-aided ier roin· ir geibid a cúaid cunnaid
tig 7 marbaid ar ned· fennaid corgrait anéinfedt
Cáogad bior ara mbí fuinn· inneod ba bera caordainn
cuiprir dá áige fa fech· 7 raidid mon tteallad
Níor b'ionmuinte bior dib rin· ag a ttogbáil don teinid
ir tug a friadnuire Finn· feoil eid ar bearaib caordainn
A aidig beir let do bíad· feoil eich nodar iodar fiam
agur ní iorad fórr go brád· ar fon beit gan bíad éiridé

Mar uime tangur um teċ· dobaḋ bíḋ ar in t-aiteaċ
por tiucfa piḃre go n-áoiḃ· a Ċáoilte a Finn a Oirrín
larrin ro eirgiomar rúar· do com ar ceiloiḋeṁ go cerúar
do gaḃ cáċ cenḋ aroile· ro ba mana dorngaile
Dáiḋtear in tene bói tríd· go nar léir laroir na grír
tiomairceṫer cúil dorċa dub· oirn ar ttriúr a n-éinionaḋ
Mar do bádomar cionn ar ċionn· cía do ḟoirfeḋ rin aċt Fionn
ba ro ṁarḃ rinne de· muna beiṫ Fionn na Féine
Cionn ar cionn dunne ra dreiḃ· fad na hoíḋċe go maidin
nó go ttainic grían arteċ· um trað eirge ar na ṁaraċ
In tan ro eiriġ in grían· tuitir gaċ fer roir ir ríar
tiġ duiḃnell a ceinn gaċ fir· go mbadar marḃ in uair rin
Gairit do bámar nar ttám· eirġidmáoiḋ ruar go hóglán
do ceileaḋ orainn in dreaḃ· ⁊ ceiltear oirn in ṁuinnter
Ir fad buiḋion do ḟroiḋ rinn· na naoi bfuaċa a hluḃar-glinn
do ḋiogail oirn a fetar· diar b'ainm Cuillionn coirleachan
Amlaiḋ ro eiriġ Fionn Fáil· ir aráḋa eiḋ na láiṁ
ba flán eidir cenn ir ċoir· boí gaċ ainioṁ na féġmoir
Ir mirri Cáoilte croíḋe· deir na láoċ go lánġloine
mor ḟirim amoiġ ra maċ· noċa a ffaicim an t-áonaċ.

Aonaċ.

XIV.

Fuaramar feilġ iar faṁain· a mbearnur Muici balair
ar ttoċt duinn tar Magh nÍḋe· da ceḋ láoċ fa lán fgíḋe
Torc trom do ríol muc mBalair· do marḃamar ier famhain
cullaċ go ngé ngairḃ go ngur· ó a bfuil i ainm ar bernur
Noċar laṁ nech a marḃaḋ· aċt Fían Finn go nert-adbal
do ríol na muc lúaṫ leimneċ· boí ag balar bailċḃeimneċ
Ir me fuġ ceḋ ġniom in cuirc· ir do troiḋ rirrin mormuic
fuġur trí mile don beinn· in muic rin ar mo ġualuinḋ
bamar a mbernur fruḋra· áon ceḋláoċ fa lan ḋruḋḋa
ar ráiṫ reċtmuin ra torc de· eidir ċoin ⁊ duine

Ar feilg ba hí in treilg mholta· dia a fuil Muine in Fulachta
céad dam gach doire a mbí dor· cuirrium na luide um Rúadrof
Ced d'oigoib cead do damaib· ro marbamar díar fogaib
ba derg in gaimiom día a bruil· ger tráig maigrech in lá rin
Dia mad é in lá ag Laim Núadat· a ben garb do gní in grúamdacht
ar feilg Innri bó Finne· da tcurcair Donn Duiblinne.
Ced do ingenoib máola· rug leir Donn a Síd Áeda
fa rgél ard fa briocht go mblad· ba garp in riocht aralad
ban-fíogan ag Áed gan oil· gabáir éo mon ingenroid
for cuir i riocht oighe frúair· ar rliar moige gan marc-
fluag
Ge do rinne rirri in tolc· do aimic iad ar guaracht
ni lamad neac na hoige· do bíod Donn da n-ionġaire
Roigit on rioġain fo deic· fiar go ró-Donn fo díchleic
go mbeic gan codlad amoig· go roired da hagallom
Do luid Donn gáed ir grían glan· muir ir tír na mionn n-ádbal
mé mac in rígh nach ria ad cech· go brád noca bía ar caichleach
Fergaigter in rioġan rir· ré Donn a rír Sleibe Mir
nó gur cláechlaid a rlicht amoig· gur cuir i riocht doim allaid
Do imtig le na ealta· nirrat malla a n-imtecta
cug forbair do rennoib rlenn· go dtarrár d'feroir Érenn
Adubairt Donn báed in glóir· re mac Cumaill mic Trenmóir
nach lamdaír Fiana Finn· gcéin do biad riad [i nÉirinn]
Adubairt Fionn re a fienoir· eirgiom uile da iarraid
ní biaid fo dieman in dam· re fienuib ag ingeltrad
Adubartra rir ierrin· ré rígh na bFian a hAlmuin
bid garb dó deabaid in doim· do lád remaib a rectaib
Muirfid mo doinne in dam· Gaillinn ir Sgeólang ir Bran
lenaid gach lorg go ferr· ní fuil riocht nach ro-marbaic
Ní biadab mo doin ar Fionn· go tcuice in dam liom
gid ar lár in trléibe berr· gid ár na Féine duirfeir
Amail adubairt Fionn rin· ro gabram náire tré neim
glúairid lena rlúag amac· nocar trúag le na degglac

Céd ar ficit duinn d'feruib· deic gcéad cú inar dégaid
aoinċeud ban ir aoinċéad fer· lór a méd ro ba coinnem
Mór ar ngreidain ir ar ngráin· mor ar fiadain ar fforgráin
ar tteċt duinn do threilg in doim· ba ceim go fheirg a hAlmuin
Do fiaċtamar fa ninnri· do bí fer áṡmar innte
lór a méd dúinn fa follus· do marb céd don ċedamur
Tugram tri gáiri gargga· go gclor go nem an arḋgal
noċar gab gráin in dam donn· ré tairm na fferr re a forlann
Rogab burać ro lion ferg· in merrḋam dirgir doinndeargg
re fegaḋ ċon ngeal re a ngráin· ré tairm na ffear go ffergráin
Do ċionóilrion a oige· car íaċ mór car fna moige
ir conairt congáireaċ crúaiḋ· i nglionn Maġair in marcrlúaiġ
Do gar conairt ċonċaraiḋ· aġ muirlinn móir Cinn lLaġair
cug a uċt ré ar fluaġ in dam· ir mór ba olc fúaramar
Gid bé do cuir ara ċionn· niar cuir da ċionn do bí ag Fionn
a lor a ḋeiriḋ in dam· na breiḋil ar a ċoraib
Acht mad miri ir da coin Finn· na díaig ó gaċ glinn do glinn
do fagaib in Féin fíar dam· ir mór dá olc fúaramar
Ro ċuiriar gliaḋ iriu dam· irriu arṁáċ ger b'úaċaḋ
corcradar lem na hoige· corċair Donn na damgaire
Donn a fíoḋaiḃ ba hé in dam· áonmac Fionnlaoiġ do fedar
tren tarrad air on fíoġain· Donn gur ċuir fo ċroimḋioglail
O do cinniur ar bioċ cé· ní fuarur aon comlann mar é
mo bet cenn ar cenn fa dam· do tairrngir Fionn fúaramar.

Fuaramar.

XV.

Sgríob rin a Brógain rgribinn· do comráð fírgrinn ferrac
ní d'imdecdaib mic Cumaill· do fulaing mór fferdom ndecrad
Ingen Taidg móir mic Núadat· rug buinne rúadglan rúaidnid
Glair Díge in ced-ainm tugad· air ó rugad in uair rin
Rug Doömann muime in gairgid· in mac rin go bruim ndíamair
a gcuarán croinn ard áignid· oiltir in feindid fíal rain
Tugdar air Giolla in Cúarrain· fuair mor n-uadbár fé fealad
tig ag Doömainn da bíadad· do roill líaddorc muc n-allad
Fagaibdear lá na donar· meinic fúair báodal brúigne
urrann do dáod duirc allaid· fa cíod don macrin Muirne
Tógán fe dáoib na coille· ced i ngoire don Cúarán
tig go bolad in rgenaig· don lenam nír beg d'uadbár
Ladair a glaic mo ttógmann· ba rén mór gcomlainn gcródа
tig ag tadtad in togáin· ó mocdrad go trad nóna
Tig Doömann d'fior in leinim· mar gad eilit gan énrgír
da ffuair tadtaigde in togmann· maid lé Doömainn in céd-gnímh
Fennar go tric in togán· ba maid in conáid fíadaig
croicionn crannchon na coille· cuirdear uime ra ffíenboid
Tugdar air Giolla in Cúarráin· fear na gcrúaddáil mór n-iorgal
dó go cenn a naoí mbliadan· tig dá bíadad ag Doömainn
Téid leir ar áonad Taillten· dó níor dairdead in Cúairt rin
ar macraid Éirionn uile· cuirir trí cluide ar úaimh
Imbrir trí cluide luibe· torrad a múinte i tTailltin
fé hógaib Éirionn uile· dó níor cluide eidir dairdib
Fiarfaigir Conn na ccurad· fer lé ccuirdear crúar ceimionn
cía in fionn beg beirir báire· ar ógaib aille Éirionn
Dáod-focal rin ar Doömann· a Cuinn na ccomlann ccalma
Ir hé rúrc fer na faoílci· Fionn féin ua Daoirgne barr-glan

Ir hé an cappaigeacc bunaid· caimc ḋuġaib ón ṗían-ḃoiċ
ir é mílḟiur ḃup ngeppa· ní ḃíaiḋ peprca pó ḋíaṁoip
Teġop ḋórain ón áonaċ· púaiġ mór bpáoḃpaċ ó Ċaillcin
ar feḋh Éipionn gan anaḋ· go porġaḋ Feḋa Gaible
Ní paiḃe a nuán ḋó a ḃairḋeaḋ· no go ppaiceḋ Conn calma
ir ar bríaċpaiḃ a ḃíoḋḃaḋ· por púair innleaċt a anima
Ag rin c-aóḃar ear bairḋeaḋ· maiṫ a gairgeaḋ ra gniomraḋ
a ḋecra leir neċ ḋéra· cóir a rgela ḋo rgriobaḋ.

Sgríoḃ.

XVI.

Uchán a rgíeṫ mo ríoġ réil· ionnra ḋo beċh pó mírgéiṁ
ḋogra naċ mair ḋo criaṫ cenn· a comla rgíeṫ na hÉipeann
Mor ecorgar mor ecaṫ calma· cuġair ir ḋo cigerna·
maiṫ ḃion ḋo cailc um rennaiḃ· a ḋíon ḃailc ar beimennaiḃ
Noċa raiḃe ar calṁain créin· ran aimrir carraiḋ réin
noċar gaḃ rgíeṫ buḋ calma· no ḋo criaṫ ir ḋo cigearna
Ba ṗiliḋ ba fer ḋána· ba caṫ-ṁíliḋ comhḋála
ní ṗriṫ a raṁla um raṫairḃ· ba láoċ calma ı gerúaḋaṫairḃ
Ba ráor ba cerḋġoḃa glan· ba breṫeṁ áġṁar úrlam
mairġ ḋo ḃioḋ ar a cionn a bpeirge· bá raoí gaċa
raoír-ċeirḋe
Ir úaṫaḋ a ttalṁain cigṫ· muna a ffuil ráiḋ nó ṗiriḋ
a rgíeṫ ríġ Siccir reca· nech ḋo ṗittir h'imteċta
Ir terc ród ar calṁain rin· ḋ'ṗior nó ḋo ṁnaoí ḋo ṗitir
in ḋuir ro ffuil a hainm amaċ· ḋía gairm in Senċoll
Sniḋeaċ
Noċan fuil act meiri féin· ⁊ Caoilte fer co gcéill
ir Fionntan Ḋúine Fercra· nec ḋo ṗiḋir himteċta
Acá ó ḟoin rgíeṫ mo ríoġ· aḋeirim riḃ ir ráṫ ríor
gan brat gan bród ḋuine ḋaṁ· go caṫ mór Muiġe Tuireḋ
Balor ḋo cuingiḋ ar Luġ· real beg pé na ḋíċennaiḋ
cuir mo cenn-ra ar ḋo cenn cain· ⁊ tuill mo ḃennaċtain
In corgar ⁊ in ġráin· ḋo ḃoí oramra ag fepraiḃ Fáil
ir maiṫ liomra go ffrap ḋe· a mbeic ar ṁac ṁ'inġine

An bennacht fin a aba· nochar chuill Luigh Lamhfada
do cuir an cenn or cuinn chroir· a nglaic chuill ar a bhéaluibh
Snídir bainne neimhe anúar· arrin crann fin go nert-chrúar
iar fnídhe an uilc nar bheg fó· do fgoilt in crann ar
chert-dó
Frí fé cháogat mbliadain mbil· don choll gan chor dá choraib
acht a beith fo dámha dér· na adba bádhb ir branén
Luid Manannán in fuirc chuirr· go dtreab fléibe Finnchuill
go fracaid cran gan folach· a merc na cerann gcomramach
Cuirir Manannán lucht oibre· ar in crann fin gan loige
dia tochailt a talmuin tréin· robad gniom adhal eirrein
Eirgir dechad neimhe anír· a bun in croinn fin gan fgíor
no gur marb fa báogal de· nonbor do luchd na hoibre
Ro marb nonbar oile dib· do mhuinntir Manannáin mín
fgéla on crann do fer dam· ir do dall in dreapp nonbar
Adeirimri fibri de· fiarfraigther in fáirdine
fan choill n-adhal fin gan tár· do frith mor n-adhar ochán
Ir é Lucra ráor do chum· in fgieth engach bláith éotrom
tríath na Maranmhál don moigh· do Manannán don mílid
Da búaid do búadaib in fgéith· gan gabáil fía a ceach nó
cleith
cerc fgíeth a maca famla· reimpe ba ráon fó-mhadma
Cath a gCruithean-tuaith nár lagh· in ced-cath tugad lat
dar gáot Mochta mac Méilge· airdrigh adhal Éigirte
Nochar lugha in cath eile· tugad let fa mor fgeile
dar gáot Dubhtach mac Dáire· airdrí adhal Eappáinne
Toirrc do chúaid Manannán múaid· irin Airría lion a flúagh
dar marb Fiodablach fa lía· airdrí iolarmach Airría
Ag fin cuid Manannáin mhúaid· dot decraib ther ir chúaid
no go ttug fa degdor dil· a gcleamhnur do frigh Sigir
Do cum Cairbre dúan mholta· do chinn in fgeirt fgíem-corcra
fer go millri ir go n-aoib fin· do frigh innri raoir Sigir
Cáogha uinge don ór dron· tug Gola do ar a mholadh
feirrde a fhíach ir moide a blad· ar aon irrin fgíeth
fgíem-glan
Bronnair Cairbre in flaith fíal· mac Éadaine fa maith míadh
don tríath calma ar nár chuir brón· in fgíeth don Dágda
dreachmór

Tug in Dágda d'Eitéir aro· in gríeḋ daṫcoirgra doinnḋeargg
don crílaic go méd ngloinn fe gleó· do mac Cuinn mic
Cearmoṫó
On gréit sin tugaḋ Mac Cuill· ar Etoir go nderic mín ḋuinn
fer na ngloinn naḋar clé blaḋ· oir is é coll da gcreiḋeaḋ
An lá do marbaḋ Mac Cuill· a gcaṫ Taillten ba mór muirn
fer nár beg crom-ár amuigg· tarraiḋ Sgoraín in grieḋ rain
Ré sé da ċéd mbliaḋain mbil· don gréit oirḋaiḋe arraiḋ
a haicle ráoġail bur sia· do bí ag sioġaiḃ fFear Menia
Do luiḋ Manannán na niaḋ· na diaiḋ a tir fFear Menia
gur ḃris naoi gcaṫa go mbloiḋ· ar muinntir Sgoráin
grieṫgloin
Ro marb cri caṫa calma· don crúag aluinn allmuirḋa
bá hé in grél aḋḃal gan tár· fa ndernaḋ aḋḃar oċán
Cáoga uingi don ór dearg· cáoga eḋ dualaċ doinnḋergg
clár nocar cricall na ḋoig· is bitḋioll Sgoráin grieṫ-
gloin
Do rad dó cuma bá mó· do Manannán nís bó ró
sé cur glíaiḋ mun ḋaoġaiṫ caṫ· cri ċáoga grieṫ fan
gréit sin
Do bí ri ag Manannán féin· in grísech ilḋealmaċ aigméil
gun fsior láingliċ gan gniom lag· go tainic Tadg mac
Núaḋaṫ
Do rad Manannán do Tadg· in grieṫ daṫcoirgra doinnḋeargg
do mac Núaḋaṫ in ráor renn· maraon ⁊ in bitḋioll
An laiṫe rug Cumall cain· Muirn moncaoin leis ar éigin
crías gaċa háloiḃ fergḃa· tarroiḃ in grías grainneamḃa
In tan ró ṫuit Cumall cain· a Cnuċa or Liffe Laigen
an flaiṫ minmall nar beg blaḋ· tarraiḋ Criomall in
grías sin
Mar do urmair Fionn ferḃa· ar Criomall ċáom ċaṫarḃa
glac gleṁór dar diall gac gliaiḋ· tug ó Thénṁór in
ténrgías
A tugaḋ do caṫaiṫ lec· ag mac Cumaill na ngeal nglac
a grías róigil nár cáineaḋ· baḋ doilig a gcomairem
Lec do radaḋ caṫ Finn Fluig· dar marbaḋ Dubṫaċ mac Duib
caṫ Mona Mafraiḋ gan lén· dar marbaḋ Deidgeal
duirbél

Cath Luachra cath Cinn Airi· ir cath Inbeir Duibglairi
cath Terra tenn a mheirge· cath Cluana menn Muirirge
Cath Lurga cath Cinn Cláire· 7 cath Dúnaid Maige
cath tSléibe Fuait fa tenn tear· rúaig dar tuit Garban
garbglar
Cath Fionntraga óna buidech baidh· dar fagbad fuil 7 fadb
da cath cródha um Áth Mona· maraon ir cath Cronnmhóna
Cath Bolccraige ba mór gluinn· inar ċuit Cormac cruinn
cath Aċaid Abla nár gann· cath Gábra cath na brunnand
Cath Ollarba ba garr glíaid· inar marbad Fathad fial
cath Eiri ba mór a gluinn· 7 cath Céire Corainn
Cath Cairrge cath Sruibe brain· 7 cath Deinne hÉdoir
cath Sléibe Uige nar gann· 7 cath Moige Málann
Cath na Colamnach ccalma· 7 cath Inbir bádna
cath Ata Moduirn léir linn· 7 cath beirge ar bóainn
Cath Moige hAdair gan tár· 7 cath Dúine Fraoċáin
cath Meilge ba hadbal ág· fo a ndearnad éigme ir uċán
Cath beirbe ba mór a gloinn· far gcat rí Loċlann na long
cath Uige ba cinnte in rgél· 7 cath Innre Gaibíel
Cath Monad cath Cinn Tíre· 7 cath ágmhar Íle
cath Saxan ba mor a blaid· cath Dúine binne brígmair
Cath inar marbad Aiċil aird· airdrig degláthach Danmarg
cath Inbir buille ní brég· 7 cath buinne boirbdréin
Fiċe cath ir da cath dég· allamoig d'Éirinn ir ni brég
go Tír na nDionn nar beg blad· do rat Fionn let do
ċathaib
Ocht ccath a láigniu na lann· tugar ir do ḋriad táoibrenn
fed do rada ní brég roin· ré cada dég a nUlltoib
Deiċ ccada fiċed gan on· tugair a Mumain Ilic Con
noca breg acht ir certa· ir da ċath dég a cConnaċta
Cóicc cada fiċed go mbúaid· tugad let a ċomla drúaid
ocht ccada deg rúaig nár gann· úair ar Thuadaib Dé
Danann
A fregmuir do bruigen mborb· rod coinnrgleó rá crúaid
colg
ag rin réo radaib go tenn· do ċuid do ċadaib Éirenn
Brirde mo ḋroide ir mo corr· ro ceirer mor deg-comnairt
cu gan cornam ar in moig· arnad lorgad don mucaid

45 50 55 60

Trí nonbair finne ar Druim Deilcc· a haicle in caca crói-
deirg
ba trúag ar ndáil-ne le a ráð· cugram trí gairi ucán
O ċrann na haithne boí a bFarrċur· fo ndernað fo fiar
romarbur
nocar dearbað crann ar lár· ir mó fa ndearnað océn
Go num ráora rí neime· mac maiċ Muire ingene
ar ifrinn go ngeire ngáð· fa ndearnað éigme ir ucán
Ucán.

XVII.

Siocal Caílti cía for fuair· flomrec funn i mbecaiḋ búain
bá mór lá fo hiarċa foin· gan fúaran or Duibeocair
Foraiḋ in riġilín mbic mbáin· neoċ do nadabar um láim
fáilteġiḋ mo ċroiḋe cain· ríġil Caoílte carafraiḋ
Déuce ir ór ir gloine gorm· giḃ bé do iarr a fiur orm
fionnduine ⁊ airgiodc bán· fiocal Caoílte in flaṫ-maca
Uball deargóir ar a lár· go n-úaiṫneoḃ d'airged bán
da leiṫ clí do cuirri fin· ba lair uirge on ríġil
Mar do cuireḋ da leiṫ deir· in c-uball cuanna coimḋeir
forḋaḋ in c-uball beg bán· fa n-uirce go mbíoḋ lomlán
Uirce do ċur for a lár· adeirim ir dearḃ in dál
a roga diġe ler fin· do beireḋ da gaċ ríġḟéinniḋ
lonmuin neċ día ndailti foin· ríċeal Caoilte in lúaṫ-lamaig
nocar ḋáilercair diġ fiaṁ· ba ferr cruṫ ⁊ caoimċíall
Mo ceirḋ ar ua Rónáin réiḋ· reċ gaċ fer do bí fa ffeim
gonaċ carailt talam nó cuinn· aoínfer mar Caoilte
cruinn
ba hóglaċ ba giolla gnáṫ· ba bruġaiḋ do congmaḋ cáċ
ba creinfer do ḃrireḋ caṫ· ba fer foraiḋ fíor-uallaċ
Diamaḋ ór cruinn ir claṫa· fa mbeṫ ar breiṫ na flaṫa
ba hé glór aderaḋ rir· ir do ċáċ uile d'foiġeinniḃ
Iadradra lé mo ċroiḋe truag· in riġil áloinn fionnfúar
uch nac é Caoílte in ċarn· cárla funn mar ad rala

Airir agam ar Dia nDil· a Cáilgind a ṫairngi(ar)taigh
go n-innirfer duiṫ rem lá· rgéla deimne na riṫla
Lá dia mbámar ór Ear Ruaiḋ· Fiena Finn uile i n-énuair
roimnur Fionn ba feirde de· foiṫri feḋa farraigde
Fionnchaiḋ Corr Corlúaṫ gan act· rucrat reilg crícḋe Connaċt
agur Súanán mac Fir Cruim· Fáolán Lugaiḋ ó Liaṫdruim
Tri rígi Fian mbretan co raṫ· Anluan Forann Fearaḋach ionmuin
buiden beódа a ngniom· trí meic loḃair an airdrígi
Glarannroiḋ ir giollannraiḋ ġnáṫ· lenur Forann uamn mar (?) cáċ
rug mac rí Breatan go ngur· crían ar nDeoraḋ far n-amur
In tan aḋ connairc rin Fionn· rol do laḃrur laḃraiḋ liom
beir let a Oirín immale· Cnú Deireóil ⁊ Dáigre
Dena reilg Laigen na lann· Orraige ⁊ Sléiḃe Cúalann
beir clann Cúain ar áon rir· beir m'oirrirdiḋ beir m'aimair
Ir tú ir ferr emeaċ uamn· a Oirrín gur in ráorḃúaiḋ
ir riot ir cuiḃde araoi rin· deoraiḋ ammair ar ionchaiḃ
A oirrirdiġ féin gan meirg· rug leir Forann ar in reilg
Súanaċ Senaċ Breasal bán· Uallaċ Áiċer Ailgenán
Coḃṫaċ Cioṫrúaiḋ ⁊ Car· Maine ⁊ Enna amnur
Cronán Crimne caoin in moḋ· Ceólaċ Faoiḋ ⁊ Forgaḋ
Ró gaḃram cnúṫ rirr ann rin· ré mac rígi Bretan brígmair
ba héd leimn gaċ a rug leir· deóraiġ oirrirdiġ amair
Iar rin ruiḋir ag Bernur· Fionn da ṫeargram ciġernur
rgaoilir úaiḋ luaṫ na realga· cona gconaiḃ croiḃḋergga
Ochtar a ferrann in rígi· in neoċ naċ frailingṫe a ngniom
ba hé féin in náomaḋ fer· Fionn mac Cumaill na ccorrrleaġ
Cúan ir Aoḋ Deġ mac Finn· Failḃe ⁊ Rinnolḃ go rinn
Glarr mac Eḋair garg a gur· Caoinċe Daire ⁊ Donnġur
Cú ar eill gaċ fir diḃ rin· Fionn ir bran ar a ḃéloiḃ
éirtiġ riomra ier mo ṫá· go n-innirer a n-anmanna
Fuiltec ag Aoḋ Deag mac Finn· Eachtaċ ag Rinnolḃ go rinn
Fer Glinne ag Failḃe malle· ir Gáoṫ ag Cúan Cruim-ġlinne

Eiriollˊ ag Glar garb a ġráin· Fiaṁaċ cú Caoinċe comlán
Fer Glonn ag Dáire ré lá· Feal báoṫ a lainn Donnġuba
Bran ger uó cú níp bó cú· maiṫ a gairgeaḋ cáoin a clú
níp b'úa con níp ċin ó ċoin· fnír úa milċon a maṫar
Ní decharḋ Bran ar ċoin fíeṁ· ba maiṫ a conn ir a ciall
níp ċóir a ráḋ ré a ré· fri mac ríoġ Dáil nAraiḋé 30
Aṫáir mar ndíaiġ ar in n-arḋ· in flaiṫfémiḋ fáobarġarġ
aḋci chuige in muic móir· n-úaṫmar n-aḋeiṫiḋ n-airfóil
Ir amluiḋ taimic in torc· ramalta é rir gaċ n-olc
níp mó cnoc fléiḃe ina é· ré dubġorm duḃóóite
Léigiḋ an t-oċtar rin a ecoin· rirrin torc bá mór in moḋ
iompairr in torc ba gnioṁ cṡúaiḋ· 'r marḃoir iáḋ uile i
n-énuair
Fráoċaiḋ in t-oċtar glan garġ· déir marḃṫa na econ
gcennḋeargˊ
ꝛ caiṫiḋ fleiġ gaċ fir· gur in torc n-úaṫmar n-allaiḋ
Ro rginneḃar a n-airm ḋe· amail ba coirpṫi cloiċe
iompair ir milliṙ uile· na hoċt fleġa rnarḃuiḋe 35
Anoir úair na ngoċann mór· do ní tú ir bran ag an ól
do ráiṫir nar tairil maġ· fíaḋ na torc naċ dingeḃaḋ
Decair cor ré braoíḋeaċt nḋéin· ir meḋraḋ do ċonn ir do
ċéill
ir dearḃ liom da ecuireaḋ caṫ· ir he bran bur uaṫarraċ
Eirġir Fionn ir gabur bran· ꝛ croċair in flaḃraḋ
ꝛ floinnir ḋi ré a lá· a héċta ra haiṫearra
Ba mó ina in torc úb ar Fionn· in torc do marḃur ra ġlionn
día atorċair let ammalle· eidir Eaba ir Ror nGéiḋe
Ġér calma torc Droma in Eóin· rrar do ṫraoċur é dá
aimḋeóin
torc Illoiġe Glinn ba mór tairm· torc Fionnaḃraċ torc
Finnċairn 40
Torċ Ríoġċoille do ṫraoċ gniom· torc boirċe torc Roir na
Ríoġ
torc Cinnṫeaḃrat torc Furre· naoi dtuirc uaime
Sgannlaiḋe
Do marḃoir torc ag Áṫ Néiḋ· frir ar gaḃ gráin in Féin
torc a Sleiḃ Cuillinn tar lear· ꝛ torc Droma Liġen
Ro marḃuir torc ag Áṫ Líċ· ꝛ naoí dtuirc ag Áṫ Cróiċ
torc Cnaṁċoille torc Cloċair· ꝛ torc Droma or boċuiḃ

Airiom do gniom ir do gal· ir lía a líon na a n-úaċaḃ
ó ro cuireḃ coiceill orc· gur in laiċe fa acraoi inoċt
Eirgir bran fa bailc a beaḋg· ⁊ croċair uile in leargg
teiċir in corc tar fliaḃ· óḋ oí bran do himrui ḋe 45
Faḋa in ruaig ó Ḋernar Móir· go Sliaḃ Teiċiḋ arloigḋi
flóigg
nó gur ḟorc bran borb in corc· leir a nḋernaḋ in
cromolc
Léigir in muic grech na ceann· no go cclor úaiċi fon gleann
tainic irin cnoc na nḋáil· aiċech aḋeiriġ anḃáil
Ann ro práiḋ aiċech in ċnuic· leicciḋ uaiḃ ḋaṁra mo muic
na biḋí gan anmain uile· ar fon anma áonṁuice
Ro ċualaiḋ Failḃe mac Floinn· ⁊ Caoínċe fer go poinn
aḋ cluin Rinḋoiḃ glan gle· ⁊ Cuán Cruimġlinne
Eirgiḋ in ceḋrar glan gairg· gur in aiṫeaċ náin niomarḃ
mona ḋeċraḋ ḋraíḋeaċt ḋe· robaḋ aiṫreaċ ḋó in éirge 50
Teġaiḋ ferrin beim ar beim· go trírén na hoiḋċe do ċéin
gur ċengail in ceḋrar fer· ḋ'irriḃ a rġíṫ ra rġainner
Do ċúalaiḋ rin Aoḋ mac Finn· ⁊ Glar in ġairgiḋ ġlinn
do ċúalaiḋ Ḋáire go nġur· ⁊ in ḋeġlaoċ Ḋonnġur
Eirgiḋ in ceḋrar rin rúar· gur in aiṫeaċ ba lór lúar
noċar luġa a ccomlann ḋe· go trian oile na hoiḋċe
Cengluir in taiṫech go nuaill· in toċtar laoċ go lánḃúaiḋ
foimnir fir i ḋteanntaiḃ trá· ḋur rat for leirg na culċa
Fionn ⁊ bran irrin corc· alt ar alt ir cnoc ar ċnoc
noċar cuimġetor ní ḋe· nir ġaḃ airm nior loirg teine 55
Gaḃuir in t-aiṫech é ar ḃruim· ir do ċuir ar a ġualuinn
ní raiḃe aġ Fionn nó aġ bran ḋe· aċt a ḟeġaiḋ da éire
Ġeir ir áġ ir airmirt orc· muna lena tú do corc
ní maiṫ ruairiġe re reilg· a Finn mic Cumaill airmḋeirg
Bíaḋ tú fo ġerraiḃ ra ffein· muna lena tú in ċorc buḋéin
bíaḋ fo ġeroiḃ bran búaḋaċ· in cú áloinn ioḃúaḋach
Do raġainnri let ar Fionn· bía ffraġoinn comaiḋ da ċionn
maḋ bía leiġṫea liom co beċt· m'oċtor láoċ um ċoimḋeċt
Rod fía beannaċtain leir rin· a mic Cumaill chathairmoiġ
raċoiḋ ḋuit airgiḋ oile· rní ba hairḋear miḋlaiġe 60
Sgaoilir in t-aiṫeċ go nuaill· don oċtar laoċ go lánḃúaiḋ
⁊ teġaitt leir far rin· gur in fíṫ or gliond Deiċit

Mar ranzartar in dorur· tuz inar flerz fo domar
tuc buille don torc go riaṫ· gur macáom óz ilḋealḃaċ
Iar rin do ḋóttar ra fíoḋ· fúarattar failte gan fíoch
fo coirgeḋh ferr na ruiḋe· ar in gcolba nglonníḋe
Tegar caoga giolla n-óg· ḋuca artech do taḃairt póg
lodar na ndíaiġ miliḃ rnar· caoga macaom fial foltċar
Trí ċáoga ban brat-úaine· irrin tiġ go meiḋ n-uaille
fo ruiḋ gaṫ ben diob gan ġeir· a fgail a céile ḋomaḋuir 65
Ríoġan ḋaom irrin tiġ ḋall· ba fiar áille don ḋineaḋ ḋlann
feruir fáilte frir in rí· re mac Cumaill a hAlmaini
Do gnitep a nfforaiġ án· a hoċt fíoḋluiḃ d'airgeḋ bán
ꝛ fíoḋal ḋumḋaiġ óir· d'Fionn mac Cumaill mic Trénanmóir
Núa gaḋa biḋ fean gaḋa diġe· do raḋaḋ do luḋt in tiġe
fuarattar oirrittiġ án· imaráon ir caoímur comrad
An tan por gaḃ a ecuirm cáṫ· ir ann acberr in t-óglác
creḋ anoir ata ar ṫ'aire· a ṁeic Cumaill a hAlmaine
Ir eḋh ata ar m'uiḋ ar Fionn· ó ataoírre ag briaṫrair liom
cía riḃre a ṁuinntear ṁenmnaċ· inḋior ar gac aoínteġlaċ 70
Enna mac Laḃair Ċuinne· m'ainm ar in láoċ go loinne
Craoiḃrinn mo ben caom gan ċráḋ· inġean ṁairreaċ Llanannáin
Ir hé ir líon dar ccloinn go beaċt· áon inġean ꝛ áon mac
Uaṫaċ ainm in ṁic go lí· Sgáṫaċ ainm na hinġiní
Ineaċ ir egnaċ ḋuinn diḃ· ramalta a egurc lé fíġ
dia fraicmír in inzen áin· do bermaoír a cuarurgḃáil
Ir ann rin dur raḋaḋ artech· Sgáṫaċ áluinn iolċroṫach
rug búaiḋ ar ḋeilḃ rar ḋruine· ó ṁnaiḃ talṁan tonnḃuiḋi
Lionair a feirc nir ffeidm fóil· Fionn mac Cuṁaill mic Treinmóir
tarġaiḋ deiċ gcéḋ da gaċ croḋ· ir feir bliaḋna gan ḃáoġal 75
Tarġaiḋ da braṫair go n-uaill· rgieṫ ir cloiḋem go neart criúaiḋ
tarġaiḋ ina coiḃṫe ḋe· ceḋ uinge dór orloirce

Creid let rúd ar [a] hadair· pirrin finnȝil ȝo radaib
ȝid maid ben ní hed ir fepp· a rodmar tar a héiȝeann
Ȝion ȝur fer dionȝbala dam· conmáor con ȝé rom iarrad
noca biura ann bar nadaiȝ· ȝonad um taír tromfalaid
Cuirder ar ȝualainn in ríȝ· an inȝen luadar lán-mín
ir nairȝir a coibde ier rin· ar mac Cumhaill a hAlmain
O aiaoí anoir ad cliemain dúin· ar Enan ȝo ecrotaib ciúil
uime ro bieȝram éu alleid· do deicrin ar muinntire
Ir é mo macra in torc trom· do imbir oruib anfforlann
mé féin in fomóir fuirmech· do rinne bar ecruaddui-
breac.
Ó tarruirra bar mbáoȝal· ȝan neart rȝíad ȝan neart
bráobar
rod fía éruic daoíb annrin· d'ór ir d'airȝed ir do maoínib
In tochtar úd d'Fianaib Fáil· radaid ina n-einech dáil
dá domoil óir ȝad fir díb· ir a cedoir don airdríȝh
Deir let ocht n-ailt cloideam· do derȝóir ier na n-oiȝead
iocraiȝter bar ecoin dáoma· ir bar pleȝa rnardáola
Deir let fór m'fidill a Finn· deir mo rȝed ir ór ȝo rinn
deir m'fainne derce-óir ȝo mblaid· riú ced ȝad cloc da
clochaib
Deir mo rideal ir rétt rlúaiȝ· a Finn mic Cumaill armrúaid
déd ir ór ir airȝed hí· ȝloine ir ȝorm ir fionnórdumí
Deir let in ridil rnuaduiȝ· a meic Cumaill daddduadaiȝ
ré taod readt brailȝed ȝan acht· ar ȝomad feirdi
himdedt
Tadair corra damra de· cor an fir ar a déile
ȝé cuin dech mo mac ra bréin· a mbeid uile día oiȝréir
Do radrat corra iarrin· ré hEnán an oídde rin
ir cuȝrad corra ȝan oil· ra donȝnam led a ecumaddaib
Dérȝaiȝdean in imdaid n-áin· taorcca Fionn ina comdáil
ririr Sȝádad mar do luid· iarad cruite in oirrirtiȝ
An cruit dáom rin na terr tréad· ȝid irréin ba lór a méd
ced airȝid ced uma áin· ⁊ ced iarunn iomláin
Ainmanna na tréd nar drom· ȝeitarȝlerr ȝolltarȝlerr oll
ruantarȝler in ȝler oile· ra ndendír cáid cíamaire
Da reinnti in ȝolltarȝlerr ȝrinn· do ríoȝaib in beda binn
ȝad a ecluinfed ȝan dóȝra· do beidír ro diodódra

Dia réimtse in gentarglerr glan· do fiogaib tsoma in talman
gaé a celumreð gan táire· do beittir ag fiorgáire
Dia reimtsi in fúantarglerr flán· do fiogaib in beatha báin
gaé a celumreð mor in mod· do beittir na fiorcoulaid
Seinbir an mgean fatach· in fúantarglerr go gnáthach
gor cuir na tsoirrdim fúain· Finn mac Cumaill in caoimluaig
Cuirtser na tsromcoulaid caé· bran ir in t-oétar oglách
go medón laoí mór in mod· ro badar na tsromédulaib
Mar do eirig grían or fiod· doilbrion roba mór in cion
ann do batar ag bernus· gér luga leó a fflaithemnus
A dú réin ag gaé fer dib· ir a fleg builead bláithmín
in t-ór ran t-airgead míad ngal· na reoid 7 in tsrithal
Iarrim tiomraigid in Fían· eidir anoir ir anfar
gur innis Fionn doib gan gein· a beith oidhe na ffégmair
Na habairre rin a rí· a mic Cumaill go gcaomhlí
ó maidin dúinn ar in feilg· uair a dorgarraig dróidheirg
Airnéidir Fionn na rgéla· ra attugad air do méla
do rat Fionn comairle gar· na reoid 7 in srithal
Do ráid Fionn go medrach mór· mar do degladh é re a flóg
mar do dealbadh oidhe ir lá· don bloig atgairid d'aon lá
Dona húairib do creid Finn· in tan rin do rig na rinn
nó go ndechaid tar ról ren· rí na ndám ir na ndeigfer
Roinnis Fionn na reacht ffáilge· do rect mnáib ba lór aille
d'Etsaoin d'Aoirre aoibha atsaoib· d'Aillbe rúithenta rocaoim
Do rad damra in fainne óir· do b'fiú céd da gaé croch cóir
in fidheall d'Orgar go mblad· 7 do Caoilte in srithal
Secht mbliadna di ag Caoilte cóir· don srithil mairig mínóir
go tsainic in fád má ffuil· a fagail or Duibeocair
Áon do ló ag Duibeocair dúin· meri ir Fionn ba haibble rúin
Orgar mac Cruimthinn riom car· Gúaire gilla na fithal
Sirir Gúaire dig uirce· ar Caoilte ba maith tuigre
gabair Gúaire in fithil fláin· ir teid lé d'iarraid fuaráin

Fúair uapán ba maith a níam· ag in cenoc re ar caoib inar
do cáitin fir fáor in fnúad· in crreb línid linnfúar
Cuirir Guaire mac Necain· in fícil fan fruth fecair
do cuit a n-iomdomain úad· in ficil aloinn innfuar
Coig oinfirrig 7 céd· bacar da hiarraid frí brég
ní fuarattar uile de· ón ló fin fical Caoilte
Ir ann adubairt Fionn féin· fir na fluagad go raoifcéill
nocan fragtar í dar líom· ón ló aniu go dtí in Tailgionn
Tiucfaid in Tailgionn tar muir· bud focar do Gaoidealuib
benfaid Éirinn ar a broid· ir beinneocaid in tiuprraid
Mar beinneocur in freib fláin· Patraic mac Calprainn
dá láim
tiucfaid bradán borb go mblad· ir cóigeadaid in cricat
Níamhoctar bacla bána· ir cluig 7 ceólána
agur roirgela fgriobta· d'or ir d'airgead na fícla
Ir iad fin mo fgéla duit· a rí in popail a Patraic
nocan fuil mo maoinre de· od cimre fical Caoilte.

Sicat.

XVIII.

Éuchtach mgen Diarmatta· corcair a gruaid geal a braige
ní hinfiacur farraicta· do doí ar geilingin Gráinne
Gráinne fúlgorm fáorgarta· lennán Diarmada déidgil
ingin d'Eicne caoldfotta· fdo Cormac mac Airt Éinfir
Tegor in mín malaenduib· mar mnaoí d'Fionn mór mac Múirne
elaigir in óg anáicniu· úad le Diarmaid ó Duibne
Secht mbliadna don Diarmaid-fin· fdo Gráinne a n-imlib banda
ir Fionn ag a n-iarraid-fen· fnaé fuair báogal a márbda
O nad fúair fe a loiscleorad· deagmac Duinn na gcleb fáobrad
do gní fíod go focealgad· ir de tainic a ráogal
Cuirir Fionn go fíoraibéil· Diarmaid do denam fealga
ní beice da fíorairnéir· do bi na fíadad meabla

Gonair Gulban gerrfiacal· muc neime do bi a nGullbain
mairg do cúaid don crenrfiadhach· dar cuit Diarmaid o Duibne
On muic rin do hainmnigheadh· benn Gulban ard in eircir
nó ir ó Gulbain gairbcennaigh· ingen Stairn miorr meic Neimid
Ceid cecctaire ar ceinnideitniur· leirrin rgél ba rgél imnid
ní faoilid do hinnirioth· tárg a hacar don ingin
Sginnir bradán bandaicta· do bí ran finnghil féta
cig beorriorad ferdachda· innti ó do cúalaid na rgéla
Cuirir Échdaé ainderanda· riar uaice ar cionn a braitheach
cegait go cric cairrcennta· um ghrádh éirgi arna márach
Cig in cuire compaimach· lé céile ar denaim fógla
ba hí in fogail ollblaidach· ar marbrat um ghrádh nóna
Ré cri lá go lánoídce· nocar mó dít na cána
ní cig luicc a rárraighe· dia n-éir go laice mbrátha
Cimcheol dúnaid Daolgura· rug Fionn orra go hádhmor
mór an obair áoncacha· a frerdal ra fían brádar
Ceithre catha commóra· ag Fionn re fairne in dúnaid
ceid in fíogan rocrócha· do lorgad in dúin dlúthgloin
Cuirir tallann caoircorcra· ann gach airo don bruth
búadach
ir loircir dún Daolgura· d'aimdeóin na gceithre rúadcach
Do boi Échtach uaralgan· 7 a buiden bratar
ag lorcad ag lúathmarbad· go drádh eirgi ar na marach
Fosgnuir Éuchtach ollbládach· comrac ar Fionn mac Cumaill
ní frith ra cath comramach· fear a frerdail nó i fuluing
Comrac ar Fionn árdmenmnach· iarrur Échtach gér fhairbrígh
nir b'áil lé na gairgcheglach· aoín fer oile acht in t-airdrígh
Fregrur Fionn in flaithémid· gur in gleódh ffíochda ffoirmear
ba cruchtach a caithéimid· ó coigedal a coirrpleghh
Do rad rí cri threnbuille· dó tar in Sencholl Sníthech
do ba crúachar crécctnaighthe· úaithe in rgíath oirdearg irreach
Nochtur in lainn levarthach· ba larainna na lóthrann
cig Daolgur go dheghthaid· eidir Fionn irin órlann

Dar ben ben órlann Éctaige· do mac Caoíl na gcleas fráodhrad
gus éraracair da trénbuille· go ndeirna de dá Dáolgus
Teid in lann gorm gér-gardha· tré clár rgéid Finn go hullamh
ir gerrair trí trénarna· a gcomar cléib in cuaid
Do leig ornaid égcomlainn· Fionn úa baoírgne gér fuileach
cuicir úaid na tréntorainn· in Sencholl rnici Sníodach
Ir annrin dob inchaointe· in míliu fan mnaoí róimir
níor mó nó mac miadhaoíre· é ar rgáid a rgéid ra rgainnir
Fionn dracrin fan éigen-rin· nír fuilingeaid lé cloinn Daoírgni
dá cobair do chéudferaib· cainic Oirrín ir Caoilte
Do cobair a cigearna· céud lodorn dear dédla
marbair in óg ilmenmnach· fa buaid n-aicir ir n-écta
Tógaibcer Fionn fáodhargian· ar crannaib fleg a n-áird
go Lúigdech mac Áongura· gur in liaig bá lór gairge
Ro boí Fionn fecht leicblíadna· ga leigiur nach frúair fláinti
gan techt eidir dechfiana· ó cig Luigdech go n-áille
Clann deigeneach Díarmada· immuin in cuire créchtach
flatha fionna fíalbogha· Donnchaid Eochaid Aéd Éuchdach
Ní rug Gráinne goirmdercach· do mac Duinn na gcles fráodhrad
acht aoín ingen oirbeartach· 7 bá hí rin Éuchdach
A Mhic Duach a dechléirigh· a chroide díadha dércach
Nach ar lár do reigleirri· ita in fert fa a fuil Ectach.
Éuchdach.

XIX.

Anocht fíordheiread ná fríar· ro rgarrat ré neart a níad
tesc anocht a ccoin fa frir· dobad urur a n-áirim
Nior b'é rin airiom ar clóig· a gCinn cluic díar banad beóil
ceitre fichid céd gan on· duinne go Doire Dá Lon
ba hí ar rochraide líc ngal· go rmerdrir Loch Lurgan
deich ceud fichit lúaidit goil· ar ndergaid um nónadaig

Ar neapbaiḋ a ccaṫ Gárra· beiṫ gceaḋ ṗiṫeaḋ ceaḋ calma
ba hé ar tainól ar tiaċt ar· ṗiṫe céaḋ feinniḋ foltċar
A ccaṫ Ollarba gan feall· a tṡoṗċair airḋriġ Éireann
ḋar tuit Fionn tre inġin Ġuill· a ccaṫ Breġóa or Bóinn
Aréir ḋúin go Magh nDeilge· ré céaḋ dég re húair ffeirge
anoċt ní mairionn biobṡain· aċt feirean ir tri nonḃair
Ní hionann anoċt fo ríor· mo ṙliaċtra 7 ṙliaċt mó ríoġ
diaiṁe i ndiaiġ ċaṫa cṙúaiḋ· muinnteap mic Cumaill
armṙúaiḋ
Giḋḃé áit a mbíam anoċt· noċa líonmar ar longport
do hairdeaċaiḃe nar ruiḃe· finn eiṙi ċoin ir duine
Durran liom do beiṫ mar roin· a Ċaoilti gurin morġoil
do beiṫ-ri gan laoċraiḋ luinn· tar éis caṫa 7 comlainn
Ir hé do beir mé mar roin· a Oisín a mic morġloin
noċa mairionn Fionn ferrḋa· mo ṫriaṫ ir mo ṫiġearna
Ní mairit tri meic in léiṫ· nó Aoḋ Rinn ar ṙgaṫ a ṙgeiṫ
ní mairit na gaoi ḃerga· ní mairit meic Aoincerḋa
Fionn mac Duḃáin mo ċara· ní mair do ċloinn Lugaiḋa
ni tiġe a ccaṫ Gabra in gáiḋ· Duḃán mac Cair mic
Cannáin
Ní mairit in díer co mblaḋ· Car Cuailgne no Goll Gall[an]
ní mair mac Ua Neċta anall· Fionn mac Sercáin ní
mairann
Ní mair Ceḋaċ fear gon-aoiḃ· ní mair Lóḋann mac Lóḋaoiṫ
ni mair Flann in cuiraḋ gnim· ní mairit tri meic Cumaill
Ni mairit in Ġlarṙíen glan· ní mairit riana Breatan
ní mair Daiġre in gcolla gel· doiliġe leam nó gac aoinṙear
Ní mairit clann Lugna an áiġ· durran gan a mbeiṫ
d'áonláim
Goll Airt Conán Gaiscioḋ glan· ionmain buiḋean beóḋa
bíḋaḋ
Sgiaṫbrec 7 banb Sionna· mariḋon ní cuirit gcolla
(.i. gáir)
ni mair Coinnġleo na bloiḋe· ní mairenn Púaṫ Calraiḋe
Ni mairit clanmaicne Finn· a Oisín in ḋairgiḋ ġlinn
do ċóḋar fin don mbioṫ báin· aċt maḋ cura at áonaraín
Ni mairit do ċlann-sa féin· a Oisín gurab mórṙgéim
Fer loġa ir Oisín gan on· Euchraiċ Uladaiċ Orgain

Ni ṁairiṫ clann Rónáin réiḋ· mo bṙaiṫṙe ir mo mic féin
ba hí a roċraiḋe caṫa· fiċe ceḋ rgíeṫ áonḋaṫa
A Ċaoílṫe go n-iomaḋ ccneḋ· ní ṁair laoċ naċ ffuair imneḋ
ṫig ṫráġaḋ ḋa gaċ flaiṫiur· ní búan cáċ na mbiṫṁaiṫiur
Ni ṁairiṫ in ṁuinnṫear mór· ḋo bíoḋ againn nar ṫcinól
ḋénam calma na nḋíaiġ rin· úair ní ṫiġiṫ ḋar ccaḃair
Fáirḋeine ḋo rinne Fionn· oiḋċe ramna i nlobarġlionn
go naġḋaoír in Ḟian gan loċt· 'rgo maḋ ḋeireḋ ḋúin anoċt
Anoċt.

XX.

A ċloiḋiṁ ċléirċín in ċluiġ· rochaiḋe ba náṁa ḋuiṫ
ɫ díar ḃenuir a ccinn· ir ḋo rgaparr ré a ccoluinn
Céiḋeṙ ḋar ḃenuir a ċenn· Criṫir ḋainġen mac Duiḃ ġreann
Minélur ḋo ċáiḋ go cóir· ḋo laim Ṡáḋoirn ṁeic Fallóir
Tioḃa ḋo róine in cloiḋiṁ· roċaiḋe ḋía aṫṫuġ oiġiḋ
ní raiḃe aġ ḋuine lann crúaiḋ· ir mó ḋo ḋiṫchaḋ ḋeġḟlúaiġ
Do ċeḋ-ainm in Cṙom Caṫa· a laim Sáḋuirn na flaṫa
mór ccaṫ ṫugaḋ le ċ'fáoḃroiḃ· a ċloiḋiṁ ġuirm ġlan-
ḟáoḃraiġ
Do marḃur Saḋorn ṁac Lúain· ḋo laim Sáḋoirn móir go
mbúaiḋ
ra ḋóiġ meic bṙorġar go mbloiḋ· mór in corġar a ċloiḋim
Ró ṁárḃuir a Ċruíṁ Caṫa· ḋo láim Sáḋoirn na flaṫa
a ccaṫ Illoiġe Glinne gcinn· Gcinne 7 Derg ir Deiġcinn
Ro ṁarḃuir díar arḋ oile· ga ċineaḋ rir nár rceile
ar rliaḃ Tirir noċa gó· Ilir 7 Iácobó
Ro ġoiḋ Ioḃ ó a aṫair· ċú a cloiḋiṁ ra ṫrén ṫaċair
nó gur corraiṁ ṫu go crúaiḋ· ar rliaḃ Dorraiġ ḋroiġean-
riúaiḋ·
O ḋarraiġ in Cṙom Caṫa· Ióiḃ mac in arḋṙlaṫa
níor ḟuilngeḋ ḋ'Ióiḃ iar roin· go ṫṫuġ caṫ ir a aṫair
Darḋán mac Ióiḃ ra borḃ· irré ḋo raḋ ṫar múr in colġ
ira amaṫair Eileaċṫra· ba hoirrḋearc in imṫeaċta
O ṫarraiḋ in Cṙom Caṫa· Darḋán mac in arḋṙlaṫa
ro marḃ Darḋán ar in muiġ· Saḋán ḋonn díṫ a ċloiḋiṁ

Áon mac ag Sadán do éloinn· ba húapal é ba hálainn
mór a éaipm or na creabaib· dap b'ainm Gola Gallamail
Ro luid Gola popa a bpeic· go Dapdán ip é pop cpeic
go po cáob pip gep ppeidm gup· go ndepnatap cleamnip
Tug Gola a ingen mop mnaoí· do Dapdán ba gile gnaoí
maic a cpuc pa ciall cpá· bé Cpoca ingen Golá
beipip ingean Gola mac· do Dapdan go ngile nglac
dac na pola pop a gnúip· ba hé ainm Manapalúip
Tuc Mana in cloidem go tTropt· nocap mana beic a ttopt
po marb Tropt naoi míle de· pdo gab pige na Traoie
Tuc Tropt d'Ílip co mbúaid· in cloidem día ploigte plúaig
ip mór ccac po ploigeb poip· do lamh Ílip a éloidmh
Tuc Ílip in colg ága· da mac diolup dingmála
po dícendaib leip na plóig· don milid do Laimeddin
Laimeddn ba maic lámac· po ba milid mórdálach
in fep poin map creéan conn· do marb Epcail é d'áon-
dopn
Rug Epcoil leip a ccuibpech· ben Láimeddin gep muipneé
pan Gpéig in milid miadac· ba hé pí na tTroigíanac
Tucpat Gpegaig leó cap muip· cenn Laimeddin lán da fuil
faidb ip apm ip eppad· in fip maipb go háon-ionad
Tuc Eapcail do mac pí Gpéag· cloidem Laimeddin ní bpég
pup cioddaic don criat podpad· díap b'ainm lapon ilépodach
Fiée bliadain ip da mí· don loinn ag lapoin go lí
po ba pcél ádbal gep bail· a marbad don da naéair
O do podair níop gniom cairp· lapón mac Eppóin ainmairp
tuc Epcail éuige ap a gnád· apíp cloidem Laimeadáin
Trúag le hEpcail Prím fa bpón· i ndíaig i aéair Laimeadóin
do fopglaic glair a ngeimil· do leig ar do lán-deimin
Adubairt Epcail go gnaoí· na bíri a Prím map ataoí
na déna dobbpón dot pód· coigebtap Traoi Laimeadón
Ro éogaib Eapcail in Traoí· 7 do rat do Prím mnaoí
do lerugad a moide· ingen pig na Mórpeóide
Día mairead m'aéain-pi beó· ip pí na Gpéigi gan gó
ip fepp liom fór nó a ffaca· agam do mnaoí Aéara
Dopónrat pmúaineab oile· píoga in talman togaide
faidb a aéar do Prím na ttreab· maráon ippin
degéloideamh

Rug Carcail leir Fríṁ gan brón· fur togaiḃ Traoi Laimeaḋón
bc luġaiḋe a báoġal gan béḋ· Ercoil bliaḋain ḋía coiméaḋ
Dc ḋogaiḃ Carcoil in Traoi· ní raiḃe caḋair mar hí
fáġḃaiḋ in Traoí lán do fróġ· aġ Fríṁ aġ mac Laimeaḋóin
Ro marbaḋ Carcail an áiġ· le Fríṁ re mac Láiṁeaḋáin
ní a n-aircid do marbaḋ· cenn ġairġiḋ na tromḋalṁan
Alaxandair do ṁill Traoi· mac do Friṁ fin fé n-a mnaoi
ba daṁna ġuil ir ġala· da ttuc tar muir Eléna
Alaxandair tuc anoir· ben Minélur na longaiṙ
aġ fin mar do tóġlaḋ Traoí· giḋ fġél adbal tre énṁnaoi
Do luiḋ loingiur a crích Ġréġ· ar lorg Eléna tre éit
do cuirriot ár na ngerġaḋ· do ṁillread Traoí troimḋré-
ḋaḋ
Long ar fiḋit cuig ceḋ déaġ· ir é a fíor agur ní bréġ
loingeir na nĠréġaḋ tar muir· do ḋogail Traoí ar
Troiġíanaiḃ
Ġo ttuġ Fríṁ in cloiḋem corr· irrin triġin ó Saḋorn
ḋ'Eḋtair go maḋ moide a neimh· a fleġ 7 a cloiḋeiṁ
Sé caḋa deġ co fa ḋrí· ro ḃrir Eachtair um an Traoi
don cloiḋeimh ro do flúaġ Ġreġ· mar innirtear tre
oirḋ
Níor ḋuir bonn ar biḋ go ngnaoí· níp léiġ a rún fé na ṁnaoí
níp imtiġ talmain tectaiġ· laoḋ mar Eachtair mac Friṁ
On céaḋ lá do ḋúaiḋ Eachtair· a ġeaḋ Ġréġaḋ gan báoġal
deich gcéaḋ míle fo leaḋtaiḃ· do laim Carcail a áonair
Do roḋair Eaḋtair tre ḋeilce· do compac Aiḋil airmḋeirġ
ir tuc a ḋloiḋiom ḃá éirr· do Einíar mac Aimiḋeirr
Ro fáġaiḃ Enár in Traoí· do luiḋ fa nEaḋaille an rí
ní beġán do tuit tar leir· irrin Ḃuaill don ḋloiḋeiṁ
Fomóir fa nEḃaill do bí· noḋa ngeibḃír airm a cclí
mac Morlaoiḋ gan ḃeiḋ ġenna· dar b'ainm Úarġaoḋ
airmḋeċla.
Do luiḋ ḋuige Eneas arḋ· ba hé in Troiġiánaḋ tréngart
ro marḃ mac Morlaoíḋ tar leas· do len Uarġáoḋ don
cloiḋeiṁ
Da ṁac aġ Éneas do ḋloinn· ba húasal fad bá háluinḋ
dír ġeil-ṁín nar ḋúr ré ḋáiṁ· Silḃí úr 7 Arġán

In tan tainic fendaċt dó· Éneas mór ní hiomorgó
do fó a tteiumna dia a macoib· óir ba dingna in deg-
mhacraid
Do foinn Éniar ar a grádh· tug d'Argán úadha an eval
gan dimbrig ba ferrdha in fer· do Silbí calma in cloi-
dheamh
Tarroid Siluius in laoch· in cloidheamh dar b'ainm Uargáoch
do lín merrdhaċt ir mire· ir calmaċt ra deg-gille
Seoluir Siluius tar muir· da céadh long go hinir Tuir
ir tuc dhn imir dhona· bé Milir ingen Tola
Go rug ingen Tola mac· do éSiliur na ttrénglac
Níul a ainm a hinir Tuir· mor a éairm ir na builibh 50
Ir tuc bé Milir do Niúl· Uargáoch do rad flóig a n-úir
marb Dáire na dún tar ler· rí na builie don éloidheamh
In uair do bí Iúil Sérair· i dtig Niúil ag bé Déffrair
do rad grad mór nar éeiltech· d'ingin rígh na nglaireic-
fheaċ
Ir tuc Níul ingen Dáire· bé Éerair ba mór náire
ir ruc bé Éerrair go mblaith· Iúl Sérair airdrig in domain
Ingen mairfeaċ do bí ag Niuil· Calad roba maiċ a rúin
grib géal na ngel-lamh ngartaċ· bá he a lennán Lomnaċ-
taċ
Do luid Calad for aċad· ruc lé cloidhiomh a haċar
do rat in ríogan feċtaċ· an cloidheamh do Lomnoċtach
lég in rann deigionaċ ro romam mar a
ffraicenn tu in éror éuar. 55
Ruc Lomnaċtaċ nír láoch eim· ben a mbroid leir a hÉirinn
riogan cennċáomh tar fairrge· Fionncaom ingean deg-
Cairbre
Ruc Lomnoċtaċ da dún· an ingen rin go ndegrún
ir tuc don oig raoír fheda· a fedib ir a tairgeda
Fúair Lomnoċtaċ fir fo éuinn· gur lennán di Cú Culuinn
ba mían leir in cú gan gaoí· do marbaḋ tre na mórmnaoí
Tainic féin oídhe ramha· do marbaḋ flóig na hÉmna
do breit corccair Con Cúailgne· fdo lorcaḋ na Craob-
rúaidhe
Tainic Lomnoċtaċ ra tír· an cuaid ba borb a brígh
ba lór do éuaid na cenn· Ulaid 7 fir Éireann 60

Tapla trían ar aire· ag toiġeċt tar Tráiġ mBaile
Cú na ġcleṫ Laoġaire ón linn· ir Muinremar mac Eirrġinn
Teiċiḋ Laoġaire níṙ ċóir· mur do connairc in foṁóir
cláoċlair deilḃ Muinreṁair ṁir· aṁoil riċt ṁairḃ in uair rin
Abair a Muinreṁair ṁir· ro ráiḋ Ḟricne fé Brażair
creád ruc do ċeill uaiṫ go ġrinn· ⁊ ro cláoċlaiḋ hinnsinn
Do ríne in foṁóir diḃ ċim· a Muinreṁair ṁic Eirrġinn
réil dam ar ċnáṁaiḃ do ċinn· naċ fer lámhaiġ ṫú a nEirinn
Ro ċréicc Muinreṁor a airm· do ċúaiḋ Laoġaire a luaṫ-ṁaiḋm
Muinreṁar níṙ ḟer ferrḋa· nó Laoġaire loinnerḋa 65
Ġiḋ ḋuiṫri a Láoġaire luinn· gan congnam lé Coin Culainn
ir hé na áonor on ṫóir· ag compac frirrin ḟóṁoir
A Muinremair ná bí mur taoí· óir ní hinṁuin ṫú leḋ ṁnaoí
aiṫniġ do ċáċ mar ata ṫú· eiriġ cuir ḋit do miċlú
Seoluiṙ Muinreṁair muir ḃorḃ· nó go ttainic go Dún mBolg
co ttuġ leir na reóiḋ tar linn· go práinic co Coin Culainn
Do roinn Cú Culainn na reóiḋ· ar maṫaiḃ Ulaḋ gan ṁóiḋ
aṁlaiḋ tuc iatt gan anaḋ· gan a ḃeġ do Muinreṁar
In cloiḋem ḋía rloiġḟe rlóiġ· tuc Cú Culainn do ṁac Róiġ
baṁóṙ a feidm a ccaṫ borḃ· tucc d'Ferġur in calaḋ-colg 70
Do ċódar Ulaiḋ an áiġ· a nAlbain tré romarḃáiḋ
dia ttucatar caṫ go mbúaiḋ· do ċlannuiḃ ailli Aonúaill
Tuc Ferġur in builleḃorḃ· ar a laiṁ don ċalaḋ-colc
reċt cceḋ níṙ ḋimbúaiḋ ag ḋol· ⁊ lḃual don cloiḋiom
Tuc mac Róiġ builleḃ curaḋ· a ccaṫ Ilġáireċ Ulaḋ
dar terc Ferġur ba ġniom ġle· na teóra Máola Miḋe
Seċt cceḋ déaġ láoch go fa óṡ· do luiḋ Acoll tar muir móṙ
ġeill Éirionn uile go nġur· tucaḋ ċuiġe go Dúrlur
Luiḋriot fir Eirionḋ uile· go Temraiġ na n-áonċuire
maraon ir Caṫḃoiḋ ġlan ġle· do cinneaḋ ṡóiḃ comairle 75
Do luiḋ Caṫḃoiḋ uaḋa alle· do feċain a ferrṙa fíre
ní fruil a nEirinn no fer· aċt aoinfer comlainn ċoirġfer
Cuiċ in c-aoinfer rin go mbúaiḋ· d'feraiḃ Éirionn comlainn crúaiḋ
ar do ṡraoiḋeċtra go mbloiḋ· innir ḋúin go fír a Caṫḃaiḋ
An meiri é ar Conall cain· ar mac aṁra Aimirġin
an meire é ar Cú na ġcleṫ· in mirri hé bar Ferġur

Ané Cú Rí náp lúaiḋ gaoi· ané Fiaṁain mac Fopaoi
ané Naoíre na n-arm n-áiġ· ané Fer Diaḋ mac Daṁáin
Ní laṁann neaċ úaiḃre é· in cAcall úd ip glan gné
po tairngireaḋ ḋó tré ġoil· co mbíaḋ na airḋiriġ oraiḃ
Tabairre coṁairle ḋúin· a Caṫḃaiḋ ip móġlan prím
an fepp geill do ḋol amaċ· nó caṫ cróḋa cendfaḋaċ
Ní náir ḋaoíḃre geill dó· a fíra Eirionn ní pó
ip fir in beċa buiḋe· ap nġiallaḋ don áonḋuine
Aḋeirim ap Conall cain· ap mac oiḋḋiric Aiṁirġin
geill Ulaḋ ní paġaiḋ amaċ· ap aġa na nAillṁuraċ
Dap do láiṁ-ri a Conaill ċain· a meic oiḋḋiric Aiṁirġin
giḋ maiṫ do láiṁ a ccaṫ lonn· noċa ċinnfir ap a ċomlann
Baḋ ettrom ġeba ré ḋiḃ· aċt go nġoirṫeap a gairm níġ
noċa nġaḃann geill go borḃ· aċt mé féin fa calaḋcolġ
Aġ sin a Padruic uile· a ċinn clóiġ na focaiḋe
fáda berus ip tú ap neiṁ· cuiḋ do fġélaiḃ in ḋloiḋiṁ
Sé bliaḋna ḋécc ip céḋ· boí ré aġ Fergus ní brég
gup tuit in cuaiḋ ba grind· le Luġaiḋ le ball Oilill
Ó po tuit Fergus nac fann· tarroiḃ Meaḃḃ in míġland
ꝛ gin gup maiṫ in ċiall· cloiḋemh Feargus tuc d' Íríal
Do luiḋ Íríal a hEṁoin· ap cúairt a Loċlunn leaḃair
d'fior fġél na heirbe ap a grád· foo deṡin deilḃi a lennáin
Lennan meic Conaill Cernaiġ· ingen Luġaine menmnaiġ
mop a foċra foba borḃ· tuc na toċra in calaḋcolġ
O ṫarraiḋ Luġaine lonn· calaḋcolġ crúaiḋ na ccoṁlann
do fad ainm ap in loinn· in fad po ḃoí a Loċlainn
Deġmac Tuire na nġlonn· do marb Luġaine a ccoṁlann
on ló do foċair in fer· do len a ainm don ḋloiḋeṁ
Meimic fot bíasa bran· ap corroiḃ tenna tréṁfer
síemh níp gaḃaḋ réḋ ḃuille· ó lainn leaḃair Luġaini
Sé bliaḋna ḋéaġ ꝛ céḋ· do boí a Loċlannaiḃ ní bréġ
gup éirig Éiṁer Alfa· an ġeġ aloinn fírġarta
Ingen aġ Éiṁear Alfa· óiġben alainn fíorġarta
ba hé a hainm bé Tuinne· síoġain Breṫail baṫḃuiḋe
Mac Breṫail ip bé Tuinne· níp gaḃaḋ pé a láoċḃuille
dier b'ainm Áonġus Gaoi Fuileaċ· ó mbioḋ báḋḃ go bitḃuiḋeaċ
Baiṁeachlaċ Finn na Féine· Caċlaċ ḋuḃ in Duiḃfléiḃe
ger maiṫ a laṫar ap ló· ba maṫair í do cuinnġleó

Ruc an eaclaċ lé tar muir· go hAonġus go a renaċair
don loinn roiġéir níor ċomḋa· dol a ccomlann Ferḋomna
Nochar ġabaḋ reḋ beim ríam· a ccaċ a ccomlann a nglíaḋ
rob tú ríġlann na cruinne· gorob brir cenn na cailliġe
Ó do ríġneadh de da ċuid· luġaide ar Aonġus go mbloiḋ
fo mana corccair ir cneḋ· do riaḋ d'Orġar in cloiḋiom
Ger maiṫ lamh Orġair re heḋ· no go tarraiḋ in cloiḋeam
rir nír ġabaḋ ina díaiġ roim· in ġein ronbui na bechaiḋ
Sé ċéḋ láoċ go fa ċecair· ré fiċit rí a ccaċaiḃ
ir fiċe míle míaḋ nġal· do marḃ Orġar don cloiḋeam
On ċeḋ caṫ do cuireaḋ de· go caṫ mor Cuile Dremni
ata lem a ḋearḃaḋ ḋuiḃ· go marbaḋ réime rubaiġh
Do ċeḋċloiḋme na cruinne· an renóir ba bailc buille
beannaċ é a Patraic na penn· aré rút Ġerr na cColann
Mallaċt ar ġiolla an ġabann· olc do rec Ġerr na gCollann
aṫair ar do ḋorr a ḟir· olc do recair in cloiḋim
Cuir in cloiḋeim rin doṫ ḋrir· a cleirċin biġ dom ḋráiḋir
rġar-ra rirrin ccolġ neime· ir len doṫ d'orḋ cleirċiḋe
O tainic corraiḋe in doill· dar anmain Ċaoílṫe 7 Finn
muna aḋechaiḋ Máol Ċíar amaċ· muirḃret go dían in
cleireaċ
Briṫe mo ḋroiḋe ir mé ball· úch uċ a Patraic na penn
cloiḋeim mo meic aġ Máol Cíar· rob cuir in ġeilt ar in
rien
Gé hionmar Éire mar tá· eiḋir ḟior ir mac ir mná
uch ir mó do marḃ ḋra· a cleirċin don cloiḋeim ra
Giḋ mór do ċuir do ḋorġar· ón ló rainic go hOrġar
tuġ mé rá méla don moiġ· mar atrét rġél in cloiḋim
Aitċim in Cuimḋe or ar ġcionn· nar tarrurtar ar mac Finn
a noéimm do ḋéraiḃ ḋuiḃ· ir mé aġ réġain an cloiḋim.
A cloiḋim.

XXI.

Cláiḋear leiḃ leabaḋ Orġair· mór do ḃuíḋniḃ do brorduiġ
Orġar ġé do ċúaiḃ ar ceal· mór ġcorġar cruaiḋ do ċuireaḋ
Ir mór do caṫaiḃ do claoíḋ· mór do ḃuíḋniḃ batar raoí
mór do maoíḋiġ mná malla· lér mian in renġ raorċlandae

Tú ro marb Fraechán go mbáig· maiden or cionn Temrach Fáil
dar fogair fé ort fa glinn· compac éirbir i Leithglinn
Ir tu do chúaid ger b' olc linn· a ndáil ingine Umaill
áon ochtor láoch dreimne gal· Orgar menmnach i[n] náonaid
Cath na Punnand tuc an Fían· neoch ir oirdirc ó foin fiadh
nocha ttugad cath ba ferr· a n-íath Alban nó Éirionn
Lá do buí ag milrad go naoís· Fionn flaithfémnid a Fermaoil
do fgaoil da gádraib go rath· fa tuaitheamp . . . na Temrach
Do rala dó forran moig· eirren beg an giul gennaid
dar fárraig daoine 7 coin· go raimic go Collamair
Doí ag mnaoí Caoilte ar an moig· machaire d'arbar aboid
ir hé dían por fúair in fíad· dol na aice go himcían
Ir ann taimic ó a tig· ingen Garrán Blathuallaig
na carbat ar a dí heach· mun reilg 7 mun ffíadach
Feruir fáilti frirrin rí· ré mac Cumaill ba caoin lí
targaid a breith lé día tig· nochar faoin in rigfémnid
Ní ragam let dar do laim· a ainder a ingen Garrán
go fferam an ttic amach· an fíad corluath beg biorach
Ní ffuil tarba daoíb uile· a ffíadach in míl moige
nir tairdil in doman dron· cú nó fíad nach fuicfedram
Ro bámar deich gcet fo rech· ga reilg 7 ga fíadach
teglach Caoilte in dronг mer· ir mor cumgad ní deirren
Ir annrin adubairt Fionn· ré hAod beg in gairgid glinn
dol fan machaire gan fail· in Glairfíain ir Uí Neamhnainn
Benaid in t-arbar go tric· do mnaoí Caoilte go coimnirt
do gébam ar ffíadach de· bud cobair do mnaoí Caoilti
Dattar fiche céd don Féin· 7 deich ceud ar aoín-péim
ag búain éruichechta ra moig· do mnaoí Caoílti ó Collamair
Ir é rin conách mná· ir fearr do chúala rem lá
Aod beg ra Glairfíen malle· ag búain arba mná Caoílti
Ben Caoílti na carbat cain· roir síar go nóin fon meidil
ir Daigre ag cantain ciúil· di na carbat go taidiúir
Ir amlaid ro boí in rí· Fionn mac Cumaill ba caom lí
7 gabal deirire mbenn· aige ag carnad na punnann

Agus Goll mór mac Mórna· 7 Art in ríghdamna
7 Conán garb go ngráin· 7 Fionn mór mac Cúáin
Et Mod Smala mac Smóil· 7 Dubdaé ó Leithmóin
Oirín ann ir Fionn gan on· Áod mac Finn 7 Oscor
Noca raibi ran meithil· act trí cloidme dier fressin
mo chloidemra ir cloidem Finn· ir cloidim Orgair airm-
ghrinn
Silled dá tuc airdrí in trlóig· tar in moig ríoglaim roimór
adcí cuige recht ceatha· fá Dolor mac Trénfhlatha
Dolor mac Trénfhlatha thruim· airdrig ro gab for lochluinn
recht ceatha dó go bregmoig· do gabáil nirt for Temraig
Ir ann adubairt Fionn fáid· a Guill meic Morna go mbáid
cred do denam dreimne gal· in teitheadh no cotugthad
Ir bed nech tar éis a anma· do fáid Goll in ríghdamna
7 ní bed d'éis a eimig· adeirim go láindeimin
Dud maith mo dobairrse daoíb· ro fáid Caoílti in chroda chaoíni
do ber bar n-airm uile amach· tar imdóirrid na Temrach
Deich ceud cloidem deich ceád srís· eirre Caoílti mór a fíach
mar fíde gaoídhe géirre· ó Temraig na lúathfeirne
Nochar cuit duine ra cath· go rainic Caoílti corgrach
cona eirre leis d'armaib· don Féin forraig fíoranggnoid
Ir cura ro cuir in cath· a Orgair a meic go rath
do lenuis in maidm ba húaid· nó go ránguis in Chraob-
rúaid
Dia mad meisi do fáod ann· luidim fom sgeith fom cathbarr
go mad fár Temoir anoir· don deabaid gairb do dénmais
Trúag nach Éire an fuinn gloin· d'fagbail lem mac lem
brathair
7 nach é in domhan dron· mona fraghinn dion d'Orgus
A fir aoí ón a fir aoí· trúagh nachar cláidir in lí
coirighther leat in lía glan· fuil fo chennaib na ceudad
Cuis Orgar don taobhro cher· ir goirt lem chroide ir lem
chneas
Mac Lughdach gan fíoch gan fúath· cuis don taobh thuaid
go lán-lúath
Eirgid a cáirde gan cair· coirgid in ceomraid gan ail
dírgid a hadhart go fraigh· leabaid ar ceathar claoidtheas.

Claoídtheas.

XXII.

Abair a Oisín mic Finn· 7 tabair é'aise finn
ca lion táoi ra cassaig srúaid· fa mac Morna go mór-
búaid
Adroicair ra cassaig srúaid· le mac Morna cloidhimrúaid
fer cethar is triocha céd· ro cuir le Goll go moirbheo
A déidhen comlainn go dúr· dursan gan a teicht as gul
Dubh mac Luighdech nocha brég· fiche céd cuaid comthen
Áoi is Eochaid mór in sgél· ro cuirset da finn go gér
Dubh mac Luighdeach Droma Cliab· mór in liag in fear
fírfial
Cairbre Cas taimic tar muir· fiche céad go ceartsoghail
fer comlainn ceud isrin cath· do cuir lé Goll in gair-
geadach
Ni tri Doib mic Maoil Mithig· tangattar tar muir mórd . . .
táoi ra cassaig nir comda· lé mac mairrech mor-Morna
Dub Druimneach ba clirde ceard· in laoch leathassach laim-
dearg
ro cuir in cuir échtach ard· le Goll crechtach cloidhimdearg
Fionn mac Finn Dáin í Freasail· a ccomlann nocar chossain
sas rochtain go mac Mórna· nior comda dó a cathgail
La rochtain crannchair Cairill· lam rénta nár sass urrim
do triall Fionn flaith na nimheall· fa geis Goill ar grád
Cairioll
Da comrac da cuinn bratha· Cairioll is Goill an ágha
Goll 7 Cairioll calma· nír cairde ger deg-arma
Nochtaid na lanna léathra· degharb díe ttainic dógra
roba trén díocra a ndeabaid· ag degail ré Cloinn Mórna
Anair Cairioll ar a láthair· gé do fan nocar fráilig
neachtar don dís rin chena· in nert céadna nir tairrig·
Uch ro fágaib fa cassaig· Goll mac Morna ger daimh
don gaisceadhach bá méla rin· ní cicc día éis a aithin
Ro léigeadh cuige Flann Ruad· is a flúag ar ttocht fo díon
isré do bain borb in glonn· a cionn do Goll garb in gniom
Do chur cuis calma na ccath· Goll mac Mórna mór-uallach
cenn na ccuradh rígh na ttríath· Clanna Mórna na mór-
sgíath

Ger mór cat do cuiredh fiam: fé Goll mac Morna na gcliar
ir don gorta do batharh in fer: gé do chuir corgar cruaidh-
fer
Ir binn liom adaiderc a fir: ua Cumaill a caoimfir
cía fad do bí bur fíd mar fam: imnir a fir 7 abair
Bliadain go leid ir fíor dam: fáide 7 fide bliadan
do bí ar fíodh ir ar fáime: ir aicme na harddáige
Nocha liomra nach meabrach: a Cinadh criche Temrach
gach ar brir ar fíodh ar tús: ir meabair liom anmidir
Go n-iomláit cloidem ir con: gan deabaid gan diubracaid
go gcláochlódh fidcheall fo rech: go n-imat lann ir lúirech
Gan olc gan égnach án: gan falaid gan admurán
gan áon a cceilg fo déile: gan fergg ir gan ammréide
Gan deabaid gan trord ga[n] trúd: gan mi-imtinn gan mírún
gan dogad gan dreid gan dad: gan ammréide gan anbrad
Gan olc gan fídir gan fesrce: ba fíadach ar gach raofideird
a n-aon-longport go glan glinn: eidir Albain ir Eirinn
Ag tabach díora ir giall: ó imrib Mara tTorrian
ní gabdaoi riú limib glonn: a gcad a nglíaib nó a ccomlann
Ir amloid rin boí ar fíodh: ir clann Morna na mórfíod
gach a fragad Fionn nár cláid: do beired dóib go conáid
Gach baile farrarg gach fiodh: a ttrear trían gan fodúdbeadh
lucht ba dreiri a ttennta doir: trían realga doib ir fíadarg
Duannacht gacha trer baile: ó ramain go bealltaime
gach tír ina mbiodh a rmacht: gach trer cuilén re rúatracht
Gach trer ben áontoma ann: a ccóig cóigeadhaib Eireann
gach trer clor ar ttocht amach: gach trear lann gach trear
lúireach
Agus torrach gach trachta: in tan do lionmaoír bárca
7 deired gacha tíre: fé headh dogaid doigcríde
Fad a dí fleg do Goll glan: déir Fían Éireann ir Alban
a ttorach gach catha cain: mac Morna do deidferaib
Ir binn lim haidearc a fir: a ua Cumaill a caoimfir
cía do brir bar fíodh far fáin: imnir a fír 7 abair
Nocha liomra nach meabrach: a Cinaodh criche Temrach
gach ar brir ar fíodh ar tús: ir olc do dúaid an imdur
Gach fíodh ro naircmír uile: eidir mac fíogh ir ruire
fó bruidir gér égnach án: Cairioll cédach ir Conán

Ba hé Caiрioll bói for ceill· Conán ba ġnáṫ ar míċeill
ir olc do ben riррin fféin· a n-uaṁar ir a n-aiтréir
Fledh mór aġ Fionn a nAlṁain· a Cináeḋ cáin caṫarmaiġ
ba hiomda mac ríġ um ne· ba maiṫ a ríoḋ ra ráiṁe
Mé ro éiriġ ra ciġ móir· in lá rin d'eġor in cṡlóiġ
an úairrin ba maiṫ mo drech· ba maiṫ m'arm ⁊ m'eḋaċ
Suiḋir cenn in ṡlóiġ caoiṁ· Fionn mac Cuṁaill a Formaoil
cuirim ar a ḋeir da láiṁ· Goll mac Morna go mórġráin
lar rin fórr a ffoрraḋ Finn· Orġar ar ġúaluinn lollainḋ
⁊ Garaḋ glac mar ġniḃ· láiṁ ré hOrġar mac Oirrín
Láiṁ ré Mac Luġaċ in láoċ· ro ċuirriom Conán cennḃáoṫ
eġcorṁail conn ⁊ ciall· don ḋír rin boí ar áon rían
larrin roruiḋeṫ in Fían· an aicme aloinn ḟoiltṡiar
ba maiṫ ṡreṫal na buiḋne· gan ḋearmaṫ gan díċuimni
Imḋa ar n-airġeṫt ir ar n-ór· ran ceuirm rin aġ an ċoiṁól
baṫṫar ḋeiċ ṡiċiṫ mac ríġ· um an ṡleiḃ rin gan ḋimbríġ
Mar do ḃámar aġ in n-ól· ran bruiġin rin na mórrlóġ
tainic in doirreóir irtech· croċair in slaḃraḋ sniṫeaċ
Ann do ḟiarraiḋ cenn in cṡlóiġ· Fionn mac Cuṁaill ṁic Trénṁóir
innir a haiṫerca go cóir· cṡéḋ ba ṫtanġair a ḋoirreoir
A oinḟir láoċḋa roiṫim réiṁ· ma tá nerta ba na ṁéid
do baḋ coṁmail rir gan aṫ· go ccoirceaḋ céḋ ar ċróḃaṫ
Aġ ro cri daṫa in ḟir· daṫ ḟola laoíġ na ġrúaiḋiḃ
daṫ in ḟiaich ar a ḟolt donn· daṫ a ċuirp mar úan aḃann
Cía rloinḋeaḋ cía híaṫ don ḟior· nó cía cír inar hoileaḋ
an d'ḟeraiḃ Alban ḟo rech· nó in do ċúaṫaiḃ na Temraċ
Dalta ríġ Alban na n-íaṫ· go gelóḋ chaṫa na caoimġiaṫ
uime ata in beirt ṡróil mar rin· ir mór in ġlóir in ḟer rin
Leiġiḋ artech ar Fionn féin· deġ-ṁac Conḃróin go gceill
maḋ é Caiрioll na n-arm nder· ir ré ar mbraṫair díler
Suiḋir ierrin Caiрioll crúaiḋ· irrin mbruiġin go morḃúaiḋ
cuirṫer a ḋeich ceḋ na ġar· ar rliar ciġe na hAlṁan
Ar mbeiṫ úṁa aġ ól gan rniom· a mbruiġin roiṁóir in ríoġ
éirġit Clann Morna baḋéin· d'iarraiḋ a ceíora coiméṫrein
Aġ ro in ciar do boí ḋáiḃ· in ċlann rin Morna go mbáiġ
gaċ cnaiṁ ríaḋa na mbíḋ rmir· do berṫaoí riam don Goll rin

Ro ḟíaṙṙaiġ Caiṙill ġan ceilġ· do Mac Luġhaċ tṙé láinḟeiṙġ
cṙeo ṙá a ttuġtaṙ ġo dána· do Ġoll mór na cṙuindċnáma
Ḟuaṙġlaiṙ Mac Luġaċ naṙ ṫim· in ċeiṙt ṙin do cuiṙ Caiṙill
míṙ muṙṙa Ġuill na cnama· a tiġ Ḟinn na móṙdála
Adubaiṙt Caiṙioll ġo ttṙeóiṙ· ġo bṙáṫ naċ íṙṙaḋ in ḟeóil
mun baḋ leiṙ in ṙmiop ó Ġoll· do biaḋ iṙṙin cnaim comlom
Anaiṙ Caiṙill iṙṙin bṙéin· do ṙéiṙ a deġoide ṙéin
iṙ Alba do beiṫ ṙó ṙmaċt· ṙa beiṫ ṙéin a ḟṙíanaiġeċt 55
Conġmail ríḋ Ċloinne Moṙna· ġan bṙón iṙ ġan biṫḋoġṙa
iṙ a ċoṙaiġeċt aṙ Ḟionn· ḟa comall dóiḃ ġan diċeall
Iṙ deaṙḃ ġo ġcoimeollṙem ríoḋ· um ġaċ níḋ ṙo a ḟṙuil aṙ ríoċ
iṙ ġan na cnama do Ġoll· uainn ġo bṙáṫ noċa ttiúḃṙam
Adubaiṙt Iollann ġan táṙ· cian ó ṙúaṙuṙ cíoṙ na ccnáṁ
ní deġobaiṙ ṁéic baoíṫ ṁiṙ· teċt do ġlacaḋ mo ṁliġiḋ
Adeiṙim ṙiṫ ḋaṙ do láiṁ· a Iollainn ġiḋ móṙ do ġṙáim
naċ leiġṙem na cnáṁa ḋuiṫ· ġo bṙáṫ aṙ eġla comṙaic
O tuġaiṙ caṫ Cnuċa cṙúaiḋ· a ṁic Ḷḷoṙna ġo móṙḃúaiḋh
ataá in cnáiṁ aġaṫ ó ḟoin· tṙé eaṙbuiḋ Cuṁaill ċeḋaiġ 60
Ro ḋuiṫ ann Cuṁall na nġlonn· lé neṙṫ mó láṁ ṙa ċomlann
ṙoo ṁaṙḃuṙ a ṙlóiġ ḟo ṙech· piṫṙa ni ṁinġen taiṫleċ
Do ṙáiḋ Caiṙioll ġan ġlóṙ ġann· ba ḟeṙṙ liom naċ ttegṁaḋ
ann
aċt Ġoll iṙ Ġaṙaḋ iṙ Conn· ina aḋaiġ ṙa comlonn.

Ꝛṙl.

XXIII.

Ṙleaḋh ṙoṙ ṙúaiṙ Coṙbmac ó Ḟionn· a mbṙuiġhin ṁóiṙ
Ṡíḋi Tṙuím
tanġattaṙ maiṫe ḟṙeṙ ḟṙáil· le ṙlaiṫ Teaṁṙa ṙa comḋáil
Tiġ ríġ Alban iṙ ṙí Ġṙéġ· iṙ clann ríġ Loċlann na ṙéo
aṙ cúaiṙt ġo Coṙmac na ḃtṙeṙ· ṙa uaill ꝛ ṙo áineṙ
Iollann ainm ríġ Ġṙéġ ġan ṁóiḋ· Coṙc ainm ríġ Alban ġaċ
ṙóiḋ
Conall iṙ Cuillionn na lonġ· ḋá ainm ċloinne ríoġ Loċlann
Ro ċuiṙ Ḟionn ḟlaiṫ ġan ḟoṙmaḋ· teċta úaḋa ġo Coṙmac
ḟo ḋáil na coṙma ġan ḟeall· ḋa ḋáil aṙ ḟeaṙaiḃ Eiṙeann

Mar do ċódor cać gan ċeilg· ran bruiġin iobarḋuinn deirg
ro ruideḃ rí Grég tar tuinn· ir rí Alban ar a ġúalainn
Ir clann ríġ Loċlann gan oil· go roċma ar ḋéir in ríġ roin
fer fa mó borrfaḋ ir briġ· Cormac mac Airt in t-airḋriġ
Suiḋir rí Ulaḋ ra ṁúaġ· ir rí Muṁan ba maiṫ rnúaḋ
rí Crúaċna an aigniḋ ṁir· timceall Cormaic in tan rin
Suiḋir rí Laiġean in áiġ· fer fial go meḋair iomláin
ba mór a meḋoir um ċuirm· a mboí ra mbruiġin tráḋ-
ġuirm
Ochtor ir oċt fiċit ḋéag· do cennaiḃ floiġ ir ní bréġ
timcioll ríġ Eireann na ecrech· a ffégmair a comaiġṫech
Suiḋir don taoḃ oile ċall· airḋri eineaċ Fían Eireann
aċt ger ṁór a trairm um ḋiġ· fearr Fionn ina mboí ra
bruiḋin
Cuirṫer ar gualainn deir Finn· Goll mac Morna ṁic
Neṁnainn
7 meiri a ċleiriġ ċain· ar an táḋ ċlé dom aċair
Orgar ir Diarmaid mac Duinn· in uairrin ar mo ġualainn
ro rreċaḋ ina ndíaiġ rin· arḋ-maiṫe ar fféin ra mbruiḋin
A ffforaḋ ṁic Morna ṁir· Garaḋ ir Conán go ngoil
Goll ir a aicme uile· do laiṁ ḋeir Finn Almoine
Ro ḃatar trioċa file· eiḋi Fionn 7 in teine
gan aoinfer diḃ gan brat frói· ó ṁac Cuṁaill ṁic
Ṫrénṁóir
An luċt freirtail boí artiġ· ag freirtal ċáiċ in úair rin
Cairioll Fionn na g(c)éimionn n-arḋ· Caoinċe 7 Ḋáire
donndearg
Ro boí Ráiġne fer go gceill· deġṁac oile ḋFionn buḋéin
7 Cáoilti fer go prat· duinn ag freirtal na n-arḋflaṫ
Gaḃait na caṫa gan brón· meirge caiṫeraċ coṁmór
aḋciamaiḋ ċugainn artech· gruagaċ roimennda rudaċ
A ċruit ċaointeaḋaċ na láiṁ· ba binne hí inaiḋ orġáin
ré ga reimm go cruṫaċ cain· mar náir duḃaċ le ar muintir
Ro ċochtrat na floiġ da nḋeóin· re foġar taiḋiúir in ċeoil
cuirṫer caṫaoír óir ier rin· fa ġruagaċ in oirfiḋigh
Boí moġ gan oiṁan na díaiġ· ní ġaca a ċoṁmór fíaṁ
ir coire na láiṁ náir lag· na mbeirt diol reaċt gcéaḋ
brulaċt

Ro ráid Finn ba gile drech· rí ar caéar nár éeirtech
iarr hairgid go lúaé a fír· floinn dúinn do éoirg fan mbruidin
D'iarraid láin mo éoire d'ór· ar deghmac Cumaill na slóg
7 da fechain cía ir fer· fa bronnad dfearaib Eireann
Freghraid rin deghmac Muirne· 7 ní do druim cuirme
go dtug lán a éoire d'ór· don arraét síogda romór
Ro boí d'ág ir dana ar Finn· ar tteét don treinfer tar tuinn
go ttarla lán luinge d'ór· na dúnad ag mac Treinmóir
Adubairt Fionn re Cáoilte· eirg ré hagaid a díoltа
dug d'ór na hAráire anoir· a lán a ccoire an ghruaghaigh
Ro ráid in ghruaghaé re Finn· ní fagbuim flaith or do cionn
ní fedann a beith éoir no abur· rí da méd ad comortur
Ro fiarfraid Fionn nár garb glór· do gud ard glan don fíor mór
od fuarair do éoil anoir· hainm do floindead duinn innir
Do gebair deirmin mo rgél· a fír na ccomlann coimérén
ir mé Fer Docair mac Duib· a ceríochaib roéra a Sorchaib
A Finn, mac dam in ghruaghaé· ro éan in ceól iolbúadach
fer ir mó aigned ir nert· ir fergr engnam ir dráidéeaét
Annrin ro ráid Conán cain· nár fedain tegmáil enfír
gin go n-áirme Fionn anoir· do berad geall a ndubroir
Ní tainic d'imarbáid fíam· a ffogur nó a n-eidirdían
nad ffuigeb a ttegladh Finn· fer a comlann a néirind
Ni frith fear mo laime fiam· a ffogur nó a n-eidirdían
ní mó gébur anoir ann· nech bá fead fem comlann
Gabair ferg Orgar an áig· ódélor an iomarbáid
gur geall grúaghaé an fuilt finn· do éorg tar feadaib Eireann
Eirgir fer croite in trladhraid· ar celoirdin in iomardaig
gur croit fladhrad airgit ann· nad d'fionndruine no d'íarann
Annrin do éirt Fionn go in nged· re glór coitéionn trladhraid
gur dearg mar corcair a drud· lé tár Orgair don ghruaghach

Ro ṫochtrat in ṙlóġ uile· ar ndergaḋ DFionn Almuine
ni raiḃe láoċ comlainn crúaiḋ· nar ċoirg uile re hénuair
Ro ċan mac Cumaill go ngoil· ré deġmac Oirín eólaiġ
a Orgair gid maiṫ do raṫ· ná beir tár ar in gruagaċ
Fo biṫ na feirge ro ġaḃ· mac Cumaill trat ar Orgar
muna ccoirge tú flaiṫ Fáil· cuicfir irin iomarḃáiḋ
Ro ráiḋ in gruagaċ náir ffóil· a meic Cumaill mic Trén-móir
or cugad canac a Finn· ísoḋlaic mé rlán a hEirinn
Na bí a n-omon dol tar airr· a ġruagaiġ an fuilt ḃarr-ċairr
rod fia-ra ísoḋlacaḋ glan· uaim a crís Oirir Ġaoiḋheal
Dia mbeitt fir Eirionn uile· cugad gur an énduine
cuirfet-ra thú uaṫa rlán· go hoirear Eireann dragḃál
Fíor gaċ ni dar cuireaḋ ort· a Finn na n-arm ffaoḃarnoċt
maiṫ da ndoḃraḋ rit nír rfleḋ· a meic Illuirne na mór-fleḋ
Ro cuireth ochtar ba maiṫ· leirrion gruagaċ ón arḋflaith
Mac Lugaċ ir Cáoilti cóir· 7 Cairioll ó Conḃróin
Caol Cróḋa ba harḋ a ḃríġ· trí meic in Ċearḋa ón airdrigh
an fer oile fa garg grinn· an t-Orgar ard mac Cromm-ġinn
Ag ro in t-ochtar do ċuir Fionn· ní ċúala dream or a ccionn
lé mór-umlaċt ona ṫig· a ccuimḋeċt an ġruagaiġ
Ro ráiḋ gruagaċ in glóir mir· ó atú ag imṫeċt a Orgair
dia ndeċṫa fa Sorċa am ḋiaiġ· rod fía compac ir gairḃġliaiḋ
Luiḋim fom armoiḃ go neim· fam ċloiḋim 7 fam fleigh
dia ccluine me do ḃeiṫ hroir· go ráġa mé doṫ iarraiḋ
Teiḋ in gruagaċ fa fer mór· fa toċtar-roin dar mór-flóġ
uainn a loing tar fáile roir· a ġcúan mór Ḋeinne hEḋair
Fuaratar an foirionn gan tlár· gáoṫ na ndeghaiḋ do fíorġnár
re feḋ in raiṫe rin dáiḃ· ag fagail ġáiḃti ir feċrain
Gabrat calaḋ fa Sorċa· ar ndegoil ḋoib re dóġra
ba ro trom a rgíf ón muir· an t-oċtor áloinn ionmuin
Ro fiarraiġ Mac Loga láin· Caol Croda ba borb a gráin
cía in tír ir rolur daṫa· aḋciú ar mac an arḋflaṫa

Anḋrin ṗó ċan in gruagaiġ· re Caol Cróḋa caṫbuaḋach
aġ ro in tSorċa ċren ċenn· a ṁeic Loġa na mbéimionn
Maḋ ċuice ro triallair uainn· a criċ Eireann go mórḃuaiḋ
imṫiġ aḋ éir michiġ linn· ⁊ ráġmáoittne a nEirinn
Teġoiḋ-ri liomra ar ġráḋ Finn· a ṁaiṫe na láoċ láinġrinn
buḋ liḃ aoiḃnior na Sorċa· go himṫeċt bar róḋḋġra
Tíaġaiḋ go rrar arin luinġ· in toċtar láoċ bá mor muirn
ro boí in grúagaiġ ra fer mór· aġ a réirrion go romór
Aḋċiḋ caṫair irrin tír· ba brec álainn baṫ a táoiḃ
ba hiomḋa raoírċearḃaċt ġlan· ar a rlearoiḃ ḋía rnaḋmaḋ
Baṫtar ra caṫair nár tim· teġlaċ ioḃaṫach aoíḃinn
go lannoiḃ larraiġ neime· go mbeirtiḃ rróil ríoḋaiḋe
Go mbratoiḃ ripeġḋa rróil· go mbannrtaṫt riogḋa romóir
⁊ miochit ripiġ fer rain· ar a brat ro gaċ ríoġain
Gioḋ mor noún a raḃa ríaṁ· ċer ir ċhuaiḋ hroir ir ḟiar
ní ċuala árur mar rin· nár a ccoṁmaiṫ do ṁuinnir
Eirgit in rlúaġ ba caoṁ baṫ· tugrat uṁla don ġruagaiġ
ro ḟóġattar é go ḋil· eiḋir óigḟer ir ingin
Mar ránġattar in fer mór· eiḋir ḃannrtaṫt ⁊ rlóġh
do rad gaċ aoínfer go rrar· róiġ gaċ aoínfer don
ġruagaiġ
Innir a ġruagaiġ an áiġ· ler corrnaḋ gaċ iomarḃáiḋ
cía híaḋ in beġán buíḋne· do raḋuir ċum na bruiḋni
Aġ mac Cuṁaill ir derġ ḋreaċ· naċ ttuġ éra nó eiteaċ
bíḋ in t-ochtar ir maiṫ feiḋm· ir reċt gcaṫa na ġnáṫ-
ḟéin
Ro ċan Mac Luġhaċ go raṫ· go gartа pirin ngruagach
taḃair a ḟior ḋúin a ḟir· cía an úna ḋ cona ṁuinntir
Aġ ro ḋáoiḃ ainm na bruiḋne· ar ġráḋ Finn Úin Moḋairne
ar í ro Caṫair an Óir· a ṁuinntir ṁic ṁic Ṫréinṁóir
Suiḋir in gruagaiġ go ngoil· ra rlúaġ uile ra mbruiḋin
ir do freṫoil na goire· muinntir Finn na hAlṁaine
Da ċéo re gairgeaḋ gan loċt· do bí aġ freartol na longport
⁊ corn go mbeilerġ b'ór· aġ gaċ tréinḟear fan ccomól
In tan ba líonṁar do ġen· an tromrlúaġ ráoilíḋ fleḋach
eirgir fer ra bruiḋin bláiṫ· doġní ré cáṫ iomarḃáiḋ
Ro ċan b'focal arḋ annrin· na ḟeraṁ irrin mbruiḋin
an ḟracaḃair a rloġ grinn· commaiṫ in úin ro i nEirinn

Ir bríathor dam a gruagaig· ar mac Criomthainn athuallaig
gurab ferr Fionn úair do lá· nó ribri gurin mbúanbrath
Gach a fraicim a nimir Fáil· gid mór leis a n-iomarbáid
ferr miri ná fad uile· ar in gruagach folt-buide
Ferr a fuil do fhról um thig· 7 do thornaid coimthengoil
ir do chúathoib egoir óir· nó maither mic mic Threnmóir
Eirgir Cairioll ba geal cner· rnir bó hait leir in coimer
ro glac colg go frráoch neime· go nda fraoirig tteinntighe
Eirgir Mac Lugach lán-mer· 7 trí meic in Ferda
Caol Cróda ba calma grinn· 7 Orgar mac Criomthinn
Diúchtrair Cáoilti ba glan gnaoí· fer róglan ba corgrach gaoí
fer róglan ba caom um fleid· ba talcair é ba heinig
Beirir in gruagach go mbúaid· ceim curad go calma crúaid
a gcertaghoib mic mic Finn· da thorg a lathair thomlainn
Ceim na dáil ba crúaid in ceim· beirir mac Dáire ainmthin
ba hadbar cláidhte croidhe· fogar a nord úrlaighe
Ro boí Cáoilte ir Cairioll cain· ag trénleodrad ra mbruidhin
ir mac Criomthainn ba garb nert· ag goin na slog an éinfheacht
Cáol croda ba hard a gnaoí· trí meic in Ferda go n-áoib
feidm ba crúaidhe adhúala ann· da tesrian in trlóig na ccomlann
Cáogha láoch ba trén in tóir· ro marb Cairioll ó Conbrón
torchair lé cloinn in Ferda· trí cháogha fer fíorchalma
Deichneamhor cáogha láoch borb· do cher Caol Croda re a cholg
ag rin in t-áirem nár lagh· battar crechtach ón chomrac
A lann gharda lán do neimh· a láimh leathair in ghrúaghuigh
clannaid i gur dhergh a croir· a gcneroib na láoch rolair
Baoí ar mac Dáire go ngráin· caogha creacht ón iomarbáid
ro choraimret búadha a lann· cner a churad ra comlann
Téid clann in Ferda nár thim· mac Croimthinn 7 Cairioll
Caoilti ir Cáol Cróda in áigh· timcioll Mic Lugach lanbláith
Togaibret Mac Lughach leo· na fir ba dubach ón ghleó
tugadar é a luing tar ler· d'aimdeóin in chuire chaomhfer
Fuaradar ghúaracht ir gháid· ag glúaracht anoir tar rál
ní fertar croidhacht na fher· go roich deóigh na naimher

ba lionmar braineóin gan brón· óna tteghmáil pirin plóg
 ⁊ fairrge corcra ó a fhuil· ó feirg an octair éctaig
Tángadar gér tecair toib· a nÉirinn d'aimdeoin in trlóig
 ba horrdeirc a n-eactra anoir· go cúan ceart Deinne
  hEdair
Taimic Caoilte go hAlmoin· ba maith leinn gan a anmoin
 fuirgid in feirean go rath· a gcoimdecht Mic Lughach
A fhuaradar d'ag go neimh· ar ndol a nÉirinn forbraig
 ad fed Caoilte fin uile· da féin ir dFionn Almuine 90
Gairid fer fin do bí finn· ir Cáoilte ar tteacht cugainn
 go tteacht Mic Lughach na gcler· fa feirean láoch go
  ccoimmer
Teguid bannthracht go mbuile· ir áor ógbaid Almuine
 ag caoíneadh Meic Lughach luinn· iomda láoch dubach aguinn
Bliadain rem cuimne ir rem fiorar· cneda Gáoini ga leigher
 a ccionn na bliadna ba flan· do rad in Fhen fa luthgair
Smúainir Orgar in fer fíal· nach ttug troig ó dorgar fiamh
 d'iarraidh éreiri fa tír roir· in mac fin Oirín éuchtaig
Fúair mo chedra ir ced Finn· fa dol roir gér doilig linn
 ger mór a flúag ní rug leir· acht mad trí nonbair cairpir 95
Ainm ni ttrí nonbar ba glic· atfeadra duit a Patraic
 ge atú fa cuirre da n-éir· iram eolach ina fhairnéir
A háon ar túr mo mac budéin· a dó Mac Lughach go ceill
 Caoínce ⁊ Dáire mac Finn· ceathar míled ba láimghrinn
Ráighne mac Finn ard a gal· trí meic in Cerda ceathor
 Caoílte bá monor a rith· ag fin nonbor a chleirig
Tiagaid tríar theghláoi dom chloinn· Iolach ir Oirín ba grinn
 a ccoimdecht Orgair tar fál· maith a ccorgar fa ccomdál
Teid Conán onn mac in Leith· ba lonn a ttegmháil a ccleith
 fa feirean mac ba thren threr· fa calma fad fé a ccoim- 100
  mer
Ag fin amáin na hoct fir dégg· ba lór a mire fa méd
 ir fiche gan earbaid inn· Eochaid mac Finn ir Cairill
Téid mac Breasail náir threith gloinn· ba thren ferrom re a
  ccómlann
 ir Ó Duibne fa donn folt· Finn mac Dubáin gan áonlocht
Legán lúaimnech gan doilge· láoch fo canad firfuigle
 A Patraic ba thren a nert· in cetramhad láoch fichet

Teid triar oile ba garb gleódh do cloinn Ronáin na roicéol
Domnall mac Cáoilti in flaith ard· Colla ir Labraid laimderg
Táodh fé fort go focair feóil· long Orgair ba haidhreach tréoir
innti tiagaid roir le fén· na trí nondoir ba láintren
Rangadar Alba na flódh· in foirinn mer ba garb glór
d'iarraid éiora 7 éána· ar fon feimhe 7 fidéána
Tegaid fir Alban go frráoch· cacha menmnacha mórláoch
do écm na ecuradh ba mer· ba hiomda diorma deighfer
Tig Orgair fa begán flúaigh· ler cornad mor tteghmáil ecrúaidh
ger iomda tríath na aghaidh· tug cath dona hAlbanchaibh
Ro hriredar Dún Monadh· fo maidhmiúrec Albanaigh
torcair fí Alban na gcrech· lé hOrgar ferrda fuileach
Ag fin cath Dúin Monaid móir· mar tuitfet iolar floígh
meirti a nert fa ttárg far forn· a fuair bár irrin iorghail
Fir Alban ger mór a ndáil· a ecalmacht fa nertgabáil
fo chreidret dOrgar fer fin· le med corgoir a éloidhmh
Noca raibe ar talmain tigh· a nert glíaidh a gcruar cloidhm
taoíreach tri nonbar ar fer· nach ttug ciora éana dOrgar
Roinn an óir fan ionnmair féin· a ttúarustal orra budéin
fó gadh a ngeill le a loinn· 7 lé tréine a éomlainn
Deich longa fichet go mbúaid· tug leir a hAlbain atúaidh
tiagait a Lonnainn na fíogh· ba mór in foirinn eiriodh
Batar lion catha ar a ecionn· a Lunndain na n-oirear ffrionn
a mboí re gleódh fa tír hroir· do boí fa dún fé a nagaidh
Dridhedh Lúndain na múr ndearg· leirrin ffoirinn ba mór fearg
claoidhtech le hOrgar go dían· fir Saxan uile ar én-rian
Gealltar Saxan fé a linn· d'Orgar ar fon a éomlainn
Beith fo éior ó fin amach· gur in laithe ndeighenach
Fuair trioca long go ffoirinn· leir cona lón ó Lunnainn
a líon ar lionnmuir na rreadh· trí fichit long re gairgeadh
Teid a ceend airdir fa búan· a crich Saxan na mórflúagh
a cúan glan Reimhior na fíogh· don Fraingc ba haidhan eiriodh

Tiomairgit Franncaig go mbáid· ba lán toil leó dul na ndáil
ba terc rig no prionnra roir· nacar ċruinnig na n-agaid
Lan reċt long gan réna· dó gaċa bliadna réġda
mor in ciar ón Innía finn· ro boí d'Orgar go hEirinn
Do ċódar ra Sorċa raoír· foirionn tug toirrri in gaċ tír
doirre ronnda rermaċ rleg· meirge angairgid nir b' irreal
Ir é lion ro bádar and· muinntir Orgair na n-ór-lann
ceiċre caċa lion a rlúaig· ba maiṫ reim 7 ró-uaill
Tig rlúaġ ón Sorċa ba garb· fir grainċe dorrda a ndealb
oċt gcaċa déag ba mór nert· doid ag in ccúan ré
draoíċeaċt
Ro ċuirred teinnti ir cairrge· fan loingiur ar in fgairrge
ir céd rneċta lán do neiṁ· do ċraochaid neirt in cóiblaig
Ir hé lion torchair annrin· lé rlóg na Sorċa a ċleirig
luċt ceiċre long ba mór nert· ro báithead ied anaoíneċt
Tigid in coblaċ tar ler· irrin craċt d'aimdeóin na ffer
ba mór a nert in gaċ tír· ro ċuirred caṫ go hainmín
Tucrat fir Sorċa caṫ dían· don foirinn rin ba trén triall
ro dergrat linnti go grod· ó ċinntig ċolg ir ċlogad
Coig laiċe deg borb in fían· gan neċ do dol roir nó ríar
acht ag cuargain ċorr ir ċenn· rloig na Sorċa fan
foirenn
Fregrair in Gruagaċ nár ṁín· comrac Orgair ṁic Oirrín
glúairir Orgar an áġa· go Gruagaċ na tegṁála
Re hOrgar búadaċ na neċ· irred ró ċan in Gruagaċ
benrad do cenn diot anoir· ċugainn gid cenn do ċriallrair
Ro fregair Orgar go grinn· do ċorg in Gruagaig nár ċím
go cenn ir go dírgir dían· go fergaċ frirdir fírdían
Da beim ó Orgar go rad· fo gaċ aoínbéim don Gruagaċ
gé do búailead nír derg air· aċt cádra dergga teineaḋ
Adubairt Cairill nár ċim· in c-aiċere bá ro-ṁaiṫ rinn
ben féin a Orgair go mblaid· a lann ar laim in Gruagaig
Ro gab Orgar mer nár ċim· in c-aiċere ruair ó Cairill
do ben a arm núad neime· don Gruagaċ finn foltbuide
Odċúala Orgar nár ċim· goċa a náṁad na ċimċill
tergair go grod cenn an fir· do béim curata cloidim
Tuitir Gruagaċ in neirt ṁir· do ċompac aoínfir Orgair
ran fer mór ba grúamda dealb· lena ċolg úaṫmar aggarb

Ro boí Oscar fri sin tsoid· a ndiaig cosgair in comraic
gnim dresgain ba crúaid in dál· ag leodaid cenn dá
crúaid-láim
Ro marb Ráigne Decmac Finn· ri na Sorca fa n-órlinn
mac in rig ba calma goil· fo gonaid do laim Oscair
Fa coisid ó laim in laoich luinn· do boí in tSorca fluag-
álainn
ar dib daoine a éleirig cain· ó romarbáid in Gruagaig 140
Fuair fé ar eigin anmin· brágde 7 ecéill dá muintir
fagbaid in Sorca nár lag· fo coisid ar Degán carad
Tugsat ár ar a fflaithaib· fo gabsat a mórchaithis
claidib a fogla go lúath· 7 dichigid a mórfluag
Milleas na Franngaig go mbúaid· le tusur Oscair bathúaid
do chúadar fo fiod an fir· 7 fo chís a cloidimh
Fuair a mbráigdi fa cána· nír b'í an obair ebána
do chur a cosgar uile· Oscar fed na hiosgaile
Rosgabsat dreisi ar gach tír· coblach Oscair ba hainmín
gus in mbráth bíaid go ndoilg· ar marbsat gan dícumne 145
Tíagaid arin Fraingc ferrin· a ndiaig a ndernsat d'iosgail
nír fansat gér crúaid an dál· go rangadar fan Erdáinn
Tigid Sáinnig fuair broid· na tsáintib dsaigin comraic
ba hiomda tríath ba maith lám· ag tennad fa comdál
Ro fuidigfet cró catha· um Oscar mac na flatha
féoltar fé craoisig don fir· fri hilmeirge ráthach risig
Tugsat torann trén go nemh· an foirinn ir na Sáinnig
ba lionmar linnte na ffuil· día paibe millti ón iomgaim
Cáosa láoch foltchar ní fó· do chuit lé hOscar fa gleó
trien a tsosair lena goil· go lá in braca ní cumaim 150
Tugad dó na laim go cert· moirchior Sainnech aneinfecht
geill 7 ciorcáin ferrain· ir gan dogra ina agoid
On Sáinn gusan Almainn mór· do thabad críora día flóg
coblach brioghmar na banba· loingius laidir lánchalma
Tegsad fan Almainne go grod· congáir churad tré formad
día ccoiméad ar beith ar brón· ba haitreach leó a tsinól
Teid Oscar in chuilg búadaig· ger cuir orna día fluaghaib
tug gleód día maithib go mblaid· rob lén catha da triathaib
Glúairiu Almainnig na dáil· go ffeirg 7 go forgráin
cath 7 pice go tenn· boí na agoid fa comlann 155

Ro cláideð a ploȝ uile· le hOrȝar na huplaide
 rí in da Almoin ȝo nȝoil· por marb a ccomlann éineir
Ór in dá Almainn ra reóid· ró dáileð dó ȝan áonṁóid
 ir cior cinnti ó rin amaċ· ⁊ comur a ccaċrać
Ni raibe ón Almainne ȝo méitt· no ȝo ránȝattar in Ġréiȝ
 cís nár ḋoȝrat a ccána· ionnṁur ⁊ eðála
Tíaȝoid ra Ġréiȝ ȝér ċían· ruarattar innti mór rían
 bað mora ḋecra na fer· mór a n-eċtra ré a n-aíreṁ
Can a n-eċtra a Oirín ȝrinn· ȝo ḋech ḋoċ mac ȝo hEirinn
 ir rómaiṫ binner do ḃeóil· ⁊ ir milir a ṡenóir 160
Ȝe riúḃlaċ búan ré a háireṁ· a n-eċtra mer morġáiḃċeaċ
 ní rȝuireaḃ-ra ði ȝiḋ eðh· ȝo cur eniċe ar a ḋeireð
Cruinniȝiḋ diorma Ġreȝaċ· ba líonṁar ſaḋ ba céḋaċ
 ba hiomða meirȝi ndathaċ· rról ḋeircc or a n-arḋ-
  mathaiḃ
Cuirċer meirȝe Orȝair áin· re craoíriȝ ṡeólta ráorḃláiṫ
 teiḋ na ṫrúaill ȝairȝiḋ ȝo nȝoil· ṡear ba ruileċtaċ
  iorġoil
Teiḋ Orȝar ra ṡloiȝ ȝo mbloiḋ· a ccoinne a ċéile ir Ġreȝaiȝ
 níp ċoimreaċ a ċléiriȝ ġrinn· a mbaí coirrreaċ ón ṡoirinn
Diuḃraicid caṫa neiṁe· día ren-armaiḃ teinntiȝe
 bacrar na ḋronȝa nár ṡann· aȝ túarġain cenn ir caṫ-
  barr 165
Ro ċuir le hOrȝar an áiȝ· airḋrí Ġréaȝ irrin tesṁáil
 rlúaȝ in ríoȝ ó rin amaċ· ro ḋíċiȝret in coḃlaċ
Seċt ríoȝa ḋéaȝ na Ġreiȝe· cuȝ ṡo airḋċíor ar eiȝin
 ruȝ búaiḃ ir corȝar ȝo tren· an curoiḃ Orȝar airmġer
Ar ccinneaḃ ḋoiḃ ar ríȝ Ġréȝ· tíaġaid ran Innía ṡor reḋ
 ba hí rin in tír rluaġaċ· ċúirteaċ aloinn ioltúaḋaċ
Tiȝ rí na hInnía na ðáil· trí ṗiċit caṫ ȝo mórḃáiḋ
 roḃaḋ ḋocair cíorr a ṗir· ḋo taḃairt arrin tír rin
Tiȝ Orȝar ran ṡoirionn lonn· na ccoinne ⁊ na ccomlann
 ba roillri naiḋ neóill neiṁe· teinnteaċ a n-orḋ uplaiḋe 170
Ní riaċt fer innirte rȝél· ċer no ċhuaiḋ ḋon teġlaċ trén
 naċ bíaḋ Orȝor na ttrer mborḃ· día leḋraḋ léna ċrúaiḋ-
  ċolȝ
Ro marḃ Orȝor nár ér neċ· rí na hInnía ra n-oirleċ
 ȝaḃair ferȝ ar feḋ na rlúaȝ· Orȝor aiċeraċ armrúaḋ

Ro ḋáil Oṙgar ḃa glan glór· feóiḋ na talmain rin ḋia flóġ
tuġ túaṙuṙtal ḋa gaċ neċ· ḋo ċuiḋ óir na nInnḋeaċ
Tiagaiḋ ran Irḃeirn mór· ḃa línmar láiḋir a flóiġ
fa búan fa briġmar a neṙt· a ceumaċta a ngeinntliġeċt
Tionóilit flaiṫi na ffer· ḋo ċaṫuġaḋ fé a flóiġeaḋ
ḋ'Oṙgar ro ċoiṙgeḋ gaċ goil· ḃa mana coṙgar cloiḋiṁ 175
Tiagoiḋ fo ċéile 'rnir ċim· an ḟoirinn irin Íṙrinn
ro clar fo arḋoiṙ na ffioḋ· fúaim a n-arm ar a n-éiḋeaḋ
Marḃċar le hOṙgar an áiġ· láoċ gaċ coṙgor ḋo ċonġmail
fí na hÍṙbirne fġél mór· ir míle láoċ ḋía morfloġ
Níor gaḃ Oṙgar ḋirġir ḋían· gan cíor Íṙbirne ar aonrían
fúair a gcana ó rin amaċ· 'roo gaḃ freiri a caṫraiċ
Da ċat ḋéag ḃa borḃ na fir· ḃaḋor ra nḊoaill láinmir
ag cornam a ttíre ḟoir· a n-oirḋill Oṙgair armġloin
Mar ḋo ċuir a ttír fo a fmaċt· ⁊ a fí a n-aimneart
fuġ leir tar fál ór ir cuirn· arrin Ḋaḋaill maiṫ mor-
ġuirm 180
Le colġ Oṙgair ro fráoċ fréin· marḃċar fí Ḋoaill ainmréin
ḋa ḋéaḋ mac riġ menmnaċ mór· ro ċuiṫ ḋon ḟéin re a
tromflóġ
Tiagaiḋ go heġnaċ tar muir· in ḟoirionn leiḋmeaċ láiḋir
níor fġuirfeṫ ḋon feim ḃa tenn· go crìḋ láoċ-iomḋa
Loċlann
Loċlannoiġ a ngar ḋon ḋúan· laoċraḋ mear conamarcflúaġ
ar cionn na ḟoirne ba maiṫ· fa hiomḋa cuir ir arḋḟlaiṫ
Ġer aiḃreċ ḋóiḃ ġer líonmar· ḋar leó féin go ccaṫ-iorġail
fó gaḃ faiġin báir gaċ fer· ar egla a mbáir ó Oṙgor
Ġairḃċrer ḋon ḟoirinn ba lonn· cuġrat flóġ líonmar
Loċlann
ba hé rin in cioṫ neimhe· ór iomḋa cáora ceinntiġe 185
Da líonmar baíḃ ag fġreḋaiġ· ḋier faġḃaḋ fa créimḋecair
ir braineóin fuḃaiġ a ḟir· ó lainn aiṫeraiġ Oṙgair
Ro ċuiṫ fí Loċlann ġer béḋ· ḋeiġḟer roċraċ ba maiṫ méaḋ
fa ḋá mac ba freiri ġoil· ḋo lainn aiṫeraiġ Oṙgair
Do marḃaḋ flaiṫe na ttreaḃ· ġer aṙḋ uallaċ a n-aigneḋ
tren Loċlann ó rin amaċ· ḋur raḋ Oṙgar ḋia ḋoḃlaċ
Ḃririḋ caṫoir na Deirḃe· ġér caṫorḋa a coimeirġe
a ġeill a ttreiri a neṙt· a ġcoṁġar triallaiḋ imṫeaċt

Cruinniġit ór na caṫraċ· a reóid cona mor-ceṫra
roba corġar ríġ náir rfann· a tsurur a ceríċ Loċlann
Do ċúadar ina longaiḃ· luċt briṙde gaċ crúaḋċorġair
gluairir in fer ba harḋ gal· go dúnaḋ airḋriġ Breatan
Fir Breatan na ndáil annrin· creóin ra decair a n-iorġoil
ir ba hiomḋa iorġal ann· gerrat lionmar ra comlann
Ro ċuit le nearṫġoil Orġair· rí Breatan an ċrúaḋcorġair
deiċ céḋ re gairġeḋ nar min· do ċuit le a laim rda morloinn
Níor ḟáġoiḃ ré in tír ḟoir· aċt ag cur ċaṫa ir ċorġair
nó gur ċráoċ le neart a lann· fir Breatan uile a ccomlann
Ro ċuir caṫraċoiḃ in tíre· tre larraċoiḃ ainmíne
gan múr nar loirc ir nar creċ· gan ríoġ nar ċoirġ a tseġlaċ
batsar fir Breatan ger ċenn· ó nert Orġair na mbeimeann
ror ráġoiḃ in rí ra rlúaiġ· ro ḃiḋ 7 diombuaiḋ
Triallaid in ḟoirionn ba grinn· a gcriċ oiner-mín Eirinn
ro gaḃrat forsair ir creóir· a nduin barraiġ mic Uimóir
Beirir ceu dia raiḃe annrin· dol go a ndeḋáil día muintir
'r teċt ċuige arír tar muir· ra mbeiṫ aṫair na foċair
Tíaġoid na ḋáil go a loinġ· Fíana mera mic Cumaill
ba tenn ba tairrteaċ a ríoġ· clanna tairrteaċ Trenmóir
Luiḋim fam deġbreṫir ḋuit· ge táirnic laṫar mo ċuirp
go tsuġ Orġar nert gaċ fuinn· leir cona gcorġar ċuġuinn
Noċa raiḃe do ċloinn Finn· am ḟeġmuir féin a Táilġinn
aoín rrob úairle na fir· nar ġaḃ súarurtal Orġair
Lion in trlóiġ ro boí aġ Orġor· ba mor búaiḋ 7 corġor
a ffeġmuir gillaḋ ir ban· naoí mile láoċ ba lán-mer
Teġlaċ caṫarrḋa mo meic· ger lionmar gcaṫa ir compaic
fesrr é féin no ísaḋ uile· a n-úair áġa ir iorġoile
ba reimnrear a tsúr gaċ creín· ran aimrir a tsarrair féin
a gairġeḋ a nert a ġnaoí· ba menmnaċ trer an trenlaoíċ
Aġ rin surur Orġair roir· ir cuiḋ do ċrúar a ċloiḋiṁ
ar ċuit le a laim ir lé a loinn· go ló in braṫa ní laḃroim
Gaċ tír dar tairtil ré roir· do ċriochaiḃ úairle in domain
cíor dia egla gan iarroiḋ· cuige úaiḃ gaċ áon ḃliaḋoin

Toibbir Orgar mo chara· déir chairdil gach mórmhara
cíor ar gach coigeð ré a linn· fur fúair ar tteicht a nEirinn
Ní bíaid choidchi a ndíaig Orgair· láoch go méid gcrúaidchorgair
nó ran aimrir ina roib· fer a comlainn a gcatroib
Creid ferda a Oirrín go ngoil· a fir ba borb a n-iorgoil
tuc haire do Rí na ndúl· déna creidem gan mhrún
Cumha mo mhuinntire 7 Finn· ro dub mo chroidhe a Táilgginn
ó do cóid in dream nár lag· mé ferda ar begán carad
Ní mairionn Orgar go mbloid· ger mór a corgor fíadhaig
nó Fionn rí na fFian ffuileac· nó in Corr Corluach
céadguineac
Ní mair Cáoilte ba gáoth ciall· fear feargach fuileach firfíal
nó Mac Lugach an glan grinn· láoch rana dubaid m'inntinn
Meiri déir áir na Féine· a mbruit triath ir ierméirge
gan bronnad gan denamh creach· gan gáir na n-ollamh
buidech
Gan ol día dénamh um éig· gan ór dia dáil ar élíaraib
am fenóir chráibaig a ceill· gan feidm gan damhaib agoinn
A meic Finn nar éar duine· um ór nó um finndruine
rod fia teg neimhe nach lag· rad chroidhe ir fod dáonacht
Na dénra cumha a fir· a meic Finn go med ttegláig
ragmaoídne go fíor uile· a meic ríog na hAlmuine
Olc liom a Patraic na mionn· do gní crábad go ndícioll
beit béo déir Orgair anoir· ro coraim gach ar canair
Ní fedoim bud derda act brón· ó do códar mic Tréinmóir
tairnic mo búaid ir mo dreach· mo nert mo fluaig mo
tegladh
Mo bennachtra duit a fir· do cionn do ceoil in fad finn
go ffagor ó Rí na ndúl· do leigen liom na ríghdúin
Go ttáir trócaire gach nech· 7 aithrige cumhneach
meabreochar ar canad linn· do comrad Oirín mic Finn
A Táilgginn lér binn mo glór· a fir dia feinntear raoírceól
dia mbeit mo gairgead ar bun· do bedea a ttreir talman
Déna crábad 7 ciall· mór ngáibthe ro fuilngir fiam
gach fleigh díar éilgir uile· a logad ó Mac mór Muire
Ba ferr liom orgán na fFían· ir fogar fealga air gach
flíab
7 rgal Cáoilte ba binn· nó nem ir t'áoilti a Táilgginn

Gaḃ creiḋeṁ a Oirín féil· a fír ba ḋíoċra um ċléir
ir ḋena aiṫriġe nglonn· ar ron hurlaiġe a gcathaiḃ
Día maireḋ Mac Luġaiġ lúaiṫ· ⁊ Caoilti cloiḋeṁrúaiḋ
ní ḃeiḋir agat a gcill· ar ḋo tegurc a Táilġinn 225
O naċ mairionn bFianaiḃ Fáil· aċt tú aiṁáin go mórġráin
a Oirín ro fíar gaċ neaċ· creiḋ go háoḃḋa Día ḋúileaċ
Sirim ar arḋrigiḋ nime· fuil fan ċaṫraiġ ainglioḋe
ó ċairnic mo ḃúaiḋ go neiṁ· gan mo ḋearmaḋ fan mor-
fleiḋ

Fleaḋ.

Ag fin ḋuit a ċairtín Saṁairle· ⁊ ní feḋuim niora ṁó ḋo
rgriobaḋ· anuairri ó ḃuaiḋreaḋ in ċreċa.

XXIV.

La ro ḃámor ar Sliaḃ Truim· Fíana Finn ba lán ḋo ġoil
ḋoḃ iomḋa ḋeglaoċ ir cú· ann ḋoḃaḋ maiṫ lúṫ ar ṁoiġ
Ni paiḃe láoċ ḋiḃ gan rgíeṫ· ar in fliaḃ ⁊ ḋa ċoin
fgan cupla gaḋor ba grind· a ttimcioll Finn ba hard
goil
Ro freċaḋ finn ar gaċ nglenn· ba tenn ar tteiḋm a ceionn
ċnoc
finn gaċa ḋeiri ar gaċ fráṫ· ar ttreiri fa lán gan loċt
Dúirgṫer linn or barraiḃ benn· fíaḋaċ na nglenn ir a ttuirc
ar gaċ táoḃ ḋinn irin leirg· ba hiomḋa éilt ⁊ bruic
ba liónṁar laoíċ ⁊ coin· ag éirge ar in moiġ go lúaṫ
ḋo ḋenoṁ realga ar gaċ nglinn· ro eiriġ Fionn flaiṫ na
ttúaṫ 5
Da ċoin a láiṁ gaċa fir· ḋár eiriġ annrin ḋon Féin
agam féin ata a fíor· gé atú aniuḋ gan ċeill
Aḋér gan ḋermaḋ gan on· cuiḋ ḃ'anmannaiḃ con na fliaġ
níp leiġeḋ cú ann Día heill· nár ḃ'aiṫniḋ ḋam fein a ḃúaḋ
Do leiġ Ó Baoirgne bran dían· ⁊ Sgeólanġ ba cían riṫ
Leigir Oirin ḃúaḋaċ mór· Aḃlaċ óg ḋia nḋeir rin
Oḃ connairc mac ḃreṫrail fair· coin in fíġ ag ḋol fé tenn
fur leiġ a ói ċoin ba garġ· Uċt Arḋ ⁊ in Ferḃ fenġ

Ro leig Oscar mer nár ém· Mac in Truim día flaithaib óir
leigir Caol Cróda go cclú· Leim ar lúd in cú cróin
Do leig Garoid na n-arm nglan· Feradach ir Foghar ir Maoin
do leig Ó Duibne go der· Éachtach na gcleir ⁊ Daoil
Leigir Mac Smóil go ngoil nglinn· Airrdir ⁊ Rinn an áig
ro leig Ó Conbróin go gcrud· Corrdub na ndiaig ⁊ Máig
Do leig Conán na nglniom nglond· Rid Rod ⁊ Rid re hard
leigir Fáolán cara don· Carrthach ⁊ Got derg
Do léig mac Eogine iarrin· Carluad cain ir Fuchlaid géar
do léig mac Mórna ba glinn· Arann ⁊ Ard na régh
Do leig Ferdoman mac Finn· Cíardúill do dinn ar gach coin
do leig Mac Reidhe go rún· Sgiath Úr ⁊ Lúd na Lon
Do léig Caoilti Énfhuad go mbúaid· ⁊ Cuillgeach ba cruaid cread
do leig Daigre fer na nduan· Sineach Súain ⁊ Lúd der
Do leig Cairioll in láoch mór· Guillionn ⁊ Gúaire ir Gal
do leig mac Dubáin fer fial· ina díaig Rían ⁊ Gar
Leigir Dáire dearg mac Finn· Ard na Sealga ⁊ Loinn cruaid
do leig Mac Lughach ba mer· Cuirdech geal ⁊ Lér-búaid
Leigir Aod Deg ba fer frar· Marbad na ceat ⁊ Táom
do leig Conán mac in Leid· Leigean da héill ⁊ Láom
Leigdear Sgainner ⁊ Gair garb· da dom Iolair aird mic Smóil
Oscar mac Croimghinn nár doirb· do leig Soirb ⁊ Nóin
Do leig Fergus File glan· gan dearmad Sgéith ⁊ Paoid
Colla mac Caoilti fer fial· do léig ré Rían ⁊ Laoid
Do leig Dáire mac Ronai[n]· Dibeairg ir Doibrán fa dían
do léigeb uainn gan táire· morconairt áille na bFían
Do léigfet clann in Cearda· a ceonairt fealga gan brón
Cor ⁊ Derg ir Drichleann· Corrbenn ir Rid Ceann ir Threbir
Do leig Cú Deireóil ceólach· Ainbeóin ir Colach fa feim
Uath na fealg nár beg láimhigh· do leig Sgread Gábaid ir Néill
Criomhthann na mbéimeann ir Conn· da mac bói ag Goll an áig
do leigfet Dochar ir Dorrp· do leigfeat Crom ⁊ Gáir

Do leig ceglaċ na flaṫa· go heólaċ gan taċa a ccoin
na ndeghaiḋ do bríġ na fealga· battar na lerga lán d'fuil
Lionmar coin ag riṫ ar fíaḋ· nar ttimċioll fa fliaḃ baḋer
battar na caṫa ar a lorg· día ffeṫiom ba borb a ttrer
Ba hiomda gud fíaḋa ir cuirc· ar in fliaḃ dar ċuic don creilg
ó ċorgar láoċ ⁊ con· ba hiomda fuil ar in leirg
Níor b'áiḋble lem gáir ċaṫa· ger mór gcaṫ a raḃ[ar] riam
ar ndol don ċonairc fo ċáimciḃ· no gáirċi con ⁊ fíaḋ
Ní ḋechaiḋ fíaḋ roir nó fíar· no torc fa fliaḃ día raiḃ beó
diḋ rin uile naċar marḃ· on conairc maiṫ ba garḃ gleó 30
Ro marḃram fiċe céaḋ fíaḋ· fa fliaḃ ⁊ deiċ gcéaḋ torc
ar cconairc ar med a ffeargg· do ṫágḃattar deargg gaċ gorc
Nior háirmeaḋ eillti no bruic· inaiḃ miollta díer ċuic fa léirg
gin gur háirmeaḋ ieḋ ag Fionn· mor dar liom in ċuiḋ dar réilg
Aoin fealg ir mó dar marḃaḋ· a gcrich Ḃanba in gaċ trá
⁊ ir fepp baí fem linn· an trealg do pinne Finn in lá
Roimnear in creilg ré Goll mer· níor ṫagaiḃ fer díoḃ gan díol
nír dearmaḋ duine don ṫéin· aċt é féin ir meiri díoḃ
Do ċanur re Goll náp ċim· ir rob aiṫreaċ linn a ráḋ
an fala fa dearg a Ġuill· mo ḋearmaḋ fan roinn tar ċáċ 35
Níor cuḃaiḋ re neċ ra ffféin· m'imḋergaḋ-ra féin tar ċáċ
ir trúag naċ ffuilim aḋ ġar· no go ffionnainn neart do láṁ
Dia freġra glacuimri colcc· tagra borb ó do boí ag Goll
in láoċ ba mó ciall ir cáil· do ċúaḋur na ḋáil go lonn
Ro ċogaiḃ Fionn Mac in Luin· da fleiġ go neim ir rgiaṫ áiġ
ciġ go clirci trefan flúaġ· gur ġaḃ me go luaṫ ar laim
Coirgċear le Fionn go lúaṫ m'fearg· rdo ġaḃ mo cuid fealg air féin
mior lamur fola no fíoċ· do ċor eittir ḋír a ffféin
Níor ṫágoiḃ Fionn tren in tríaṫ· mac Morna fíal na rgíeṫ ndeargg
gur rioḋaiġ evrom ir Goll· ger mór ar nglonn ir ar fearg 40

Do rónrad teimtiu gan loéd· go cinntiu ar gach cnoc don
tṡliab
a tteimeill Finn ba caom corp· d'fuluchtaib torc ⁊ fíaid
Mar do chaithemar air fealg· na catha ba dearg rúaid
ro chriallrad deghfíena Finn· ótha Slíab Truim go Loch
Cuan
Fúaramar péirt ar in loch· nír rochar duinn a beith ann
acht fegoin dúinn nár ttoícht· ba mo na gach cnoc a cenn
A túarusgbáil ré a molaid· go mbíad na gliomar gach dún
do chuillfed gér mór a ffraoch· ced láech a lag a dá rúl
Ba mo na gach crann a ccoill· a fiacla ar theinntigh go ngráin
fa mó na comla caithreach· clúara na naithreach nar ndáil
Sía na ochtar gan earbaid· a herboll fermach ré a druim
dobaid reime a chuid chaoíle· no doire dilionn a ccoill
Mar do chonnairc uaithe an fluagh· do iarr ir ba mór a fráech
bíad ar mac Muirne gan on· nó comrac con ⁊ láech
Ní do fíardaib Éirionn tú· a trú nach maith clú nó ciall
innir duinn cid fa tteánguin· adubairt Fionn fearda
fíal
Tanagra anoir ón Gréig· am réim go ranag Loch Cúan
d'iarraid comraic ar in fFéin· am reim rdo gabáil nirt
a rúag
Cuirim forlann ar gach túaith· do chuitheadar rúaig rem
gleódh
uaib muna fragar mo díol· agoib ni fuigiob riol bed
Tabraid dam comrac go lúath· gid mór fluag atraí a Finn
go fechtnn oroib go becht· mo neart far ttecht dam tar
tuinn
Ar grád heimig innir duin· gid mór do rúil ir do gráin
deimin hathor ⁊ hainm· rul chaithriom ar n-airm ad dáil
Arrachtt cinntu atá fa Greig· canfad gan breig a ainm gnáth
Crom na Cairrgi ba harb blad· ar fairrge froir atá
Feirb ir maith goil olc a gnaí· ba hí rin a mnaí gan clacht
ir terc cathair roir nár brir· ir rug meiri déd mar mac
Ro fagbur toirrri ar gach fflaith· Arn na Catha go deimin
m'ainm
a Finn ir maith targ ir búaid· ni cár linn do fluagh nó
hairm

Ag ro in fgél do iarfuir oram· a fir ir maid colg ir glac
  cabair dam iorgoil go dían· gé lionmar é'fian ir do neart
Do rád Fionn gér crúaid in ceim· firin fFéin dol ina croid
  da corg do ódor na flúaig· ir fúaradar uaide broid
Tanic in péirt fon ceadoir· mór díar maidib do éuic lé
  ba mór ar ndíd le a corgor· nír cualoing finn cornam lé
Teilgéer fleda go cuimneac· ar in feird go cuillmec borb
  do croid orainn go geinntlide· a ceda teinntige colg
Ro bamoir uaide toirfreac· finne nir éuimreac a ciall
  do floigeð ger lór d'éigen• láoc fa eideað ar aoínfían 60
Do fluig fi Fionn na mbéimionn· gur leigfet Físan Éireann
  gáir
  fo bamair freimfi gan éabair· fa feírt ar ttabairt ar
  n-áir
Dorur ar gaé cáor da éorr· do finne Fionn nár b'ole péim
  gur leig amac gan fuiredh· gaé nech dar fluigeð don Féin
Fionn on compac do finne· do fóir fé uile an fluag
  gur fúarlaic le trén lámha· finn lé rén ágha ir búað
Do comraic ir Fionn le a ééili· mór in tréimi ðol da corg
  día comlann crúaid nír fan· gur fgar a hanam fé a corr
Ar éuic do fíarcaib lé Fionn· ni cuirdear a ruim go brád
  a derna d'ág ir d'échtoib· a n-airem ní fédoid cáð 65
Do marb péirt Loca hEachaé· 7 aideð Glinne Smóil
  ir ilriart Loca Cuilleann· do marb mac Cumaill an óir
Ro marb peirt binne hEdoir· a corg nír fédað a ceað
  fúað ir peirt Glinne Dorca· do torcair fin leir in fflaid
Do cuic peirt Éirne gear gorm· 7 fíart borb Loca Ríaé
  fo marb gear dren in croide· péirt ir cat neime a
  nAd Cliaé
Do marb fé fúaé Loca léin· mor in feidm ðol da claoí
  fo marb fé fúaé a nDruim Clíaf· fúaé 7 péirt ar Loé
  Rígg
Ro marb Fionn ba mor croide· fúaé Glinne Rige na róð
  gan peírt ó neart a beimionn· a nglenntaib Éireann
  nar dóg 70
Fúaé ir peirt Glinne hArma· do marb Fionn ger calma
  fad
  gur dibir Fionn in rada· gaé péirt fo ndechaið a dríall

Do marb feirt Loca Sailionn· tug brat dilionn ar ar
fluag
⁊ da feirt Loca Feadail· do imbir oirnn deadaid crúad
Feirt ar Sionnuinn ba folur· fo coirg fi conur na ffer
fod claoi taidbri in domhain· feirt Loca Romuir na
ttrear
Ro marb ba mór in tulág· fuat Sléibe Collain gér borb
ir da feirt Glinne hInne· do ċuitedar fin lé a ċolg
Do marb feirt Loca Meilge· lór a treimi do lamh Finn
ir ilfiarт Loca Cera· leir ir arrdacт a n-áe Truim 75
Do boi feirt ar Loc Mergа· ba mor trera ar fearoib
Fail
do marb hi le a ċolg mbúadа· ger borb in t-ualaċ dia
lámh
Ar Loc Láogaire go cinnti· feirt do nioḃ teinnti do bí
a n-ic a ffuair da fogloib· do óiċenn lé a armoib hí
Fúaт Dubair gér lór teinne· ⁊ amoid Sleib in Clair
fo marb Fionn le Mac in Loin· ger garb a ngoil ir a
ngrain
Fuaт Loca Lurgan fa dían· le Fionn na fFian do ċuit fí
ní hinnirtear go braт mbúan· gaċ ar ċuir dar fluag do
óiċ
Ro ċuit feirt ar banna mbinn· le laim Finn na ccomlann
gerúaid
ba hiomda ar noíċ ona ttrer· gur marbaд í a nEr Rúaid 80
7c.

XXV.

Do bádura úair· fa folt buide car
ir naċ ffuil trem ċenn· acт fionnfaд gerr glar
Robaд luinne lem· folt ar ḃaт in fíaiċ
do toiġeċt trem ċenn· no finnfaд gerr líaт
Suirge ni dluiġ ḃam· óir ní mealloim mná
mfolt anoċt ir líaт· ní bía mar do bá.

Do bádura.

XXVI.

Mairg ir muinntear do cleirċiḃ· mairg naċ gcluinteap ar
ċrúaiḋ-creich
mairg fuirigċeap fé crine· deireḋ dine go duaiċniḋ
Mairg mac rig ḃior go meta· fnaċ gcuir a egla ar ḋuine
mairg ċreigior a ġa fennaċ· ar crorḋán mbennaċ
mbuiḋe
Me Oirín mac na flaṫa· ní ċuirenn caṫ ar cairḋe
mor láoċ a laṫair deaḃṫa· da tteagur faṫa mairge.
Mairg.

XXVII.

Trúag rin a Ċáoilte a ċara· ónar ṫana luċt loingri
rinn do rgaraḋ fé ċéile· déir na Féine ir cúir toirrri
Tuitim foir a ccaṫ Gaḃra· maiṫ tarla do Mac Lugaċ
rol do ḃiaḋ an t-óg échtaċ· againn go déraċ duḃaċ
Acṫ meiri féin um fenóir· go deireóil deir gaṫa caṫa
do ċúaḋar clanna Baoirccne· trúag rin a Ċaoilti a ċara.
Truag.

XXVIII.

Trían láoċ do ċúaḋmor do feilg· ar in leirg ro Śléiḃi Cua
do ḃúirgeaḋ agoinn daṁ donn· a Doire Donn níaṁḋa núa
A aiṫċin ní faca me· ar in frráoċ ro Śléiḃe Cúa
a méiḋ ir iomaḋ a benn· daṁ reng ag iṫe in feóir núa
Ro léigiomar ar ccoin rirr· tegmaiṫ ag iomġoin a ċneir
7 nír forḋaḋ in fíaḋ· goráinic Sliaḃ mongaċ Meir
Meirri ann ir Oirin arḋ· ir Caoilti ann ba maiṫ rúin
noċa a raiḃe ann don féin· ar ccommaiṫ-ne féin do ċriúr.
Trian.

XXIX.

Oirgiu bar fleagha fealga: lé a ngonmaoir fearba fire
mar do bámar re gairgeadh: ní dénmaoir airtear aoine
Seólaid bar mbolcca corra: go borraid loma Loclann
lé bar gcraoíreacoib go ndaíngne: ro gonram Ráigni
forcmall
Ir mé Oirín gem árraid: do airrcir mé mná miolla
léicí ir goire don duinne: cruime ir goire don oírge.
Oirgiu.

XXX.

Gorta dille Crionloca: úa ní fédoim a fulang
deired cloinne in ríghlacha: fúaramar beca cumhang
Orgar mo mac cumacta: día a ndéntaoí dúana molta
día mairead don dulad ro: ní léigfed mé do gorta
Mo mallacht ar do cléircib: a Patraic 7 logh-ra
dia mbeid Orgar agamra: ni léigfed mé do ghorta
Ir me Oirín grúadcorcra: mac Finn go n-aigned rocla
do bádar um cuarurdol: fice céd nach ffuair gorta.
Gorta.

XXXI.

A muicid feolam fa fliab: acú gan biad cedra crád
gluair romam go Glenn da Gealt: tair a mic ir glac mo
lámh
Atá don cáor cúaid don glenn: día mbertae ann finn ar áon
dár comainm in Cáorrtann Car: in crann fa maid blar
a cáor
Da mbecea nómaide gan biad: adeirim riot ní ciall báod
do fiorfed híota ir do cart: mar do cífe dad na ccáor
Fice ced duinn arin feilg: ar in leirg fé cáob in cnuic
ni rucram d'fiadhach go Finn: acht cáora in croinn ir dá
muic.
A muicid.

XXXII.

Guch gaḋoir a gCnoc na Ríoġ· ionṁoin liom in ríoḋ fo fṙuil
ba meimice leinn fulaċt fían· eiḋir in fliaḃ agus muir
Annfo báttar teġlaċ Finn· garroiḋ ler binn goḋa téḋ
ionṁoin liomfa in Buiḋen ṁer· do ċéiġeḋ ar feċt mor gcéḋ
Dar leinn ba foċraiḋ a fealġ· mor ndaṁ ndeargg do ċuic le a n-áġ
iomḋa cú ḃaċ-ballaċ ḃían· fa fliaḃ ag teċt ina ndáil
Bran ⁊ Sgeólang go fgéiṁ· a ċoin féin a laiṁ in ríoġ
ba hionṁoin le Fionn na coin· fa a maiṫ a ngoil ir a ngníoṁ
Cnú Ḋeirḋil a n-uċt in ríoġ· deġṁac Loġa fa cáoṁ cruṫ
fó ḃái ag feinm cruiti bFionn· in fear fionn ḋobaḋ mor guṫ
Gaṫ caoírreaċ nónṁair don fein· do ċigeaḋ féin ċum in ríġ
do commorad na fealġ mór· do níoḋ in fliġ fa Ḋruim Ċaoin
Cáoġa ḋam go n-iomaḋ mbenn· do ċuirfeṫ lem féin a rí
ar áon ir cáoġa torc· aċt gé ataim anoċt gan ní
Longfort ag cloinn Ronáin rúaiḋ· ar in cáoḃ fo thuaiḋ don ġlenn
ba foċroiḋ ag fulaċt fian· do gníoḋ an Fían a mbonoiḃ beann
Clanna Morna fa buiḋen ṁer· go n-iomaḋ fer don cáoiḃ ċer
minic do ċuirḋir gleó crúaiḋ· ir do ċicḋir fa búaiḋ ar
Do ċúala gunṫ gaḋoir ḋeirg· ar in leirg láiṁ rir in rfruṫ
do ṫógoiḃ tonna mo ċinn· faíḋ in gaḋoir ir binn gunṫ
Ir mé Oirín mac in ríoġ· ir fada ó do ġrían mo cruṫ
Gé ata mo ġroiḋi teinn· noċa linn naċ binn in gunṫ.

Gunṫ.

XXXIII.

Cobail beggán beggán beg· úair ní hegail duit a bég
a gille dia tarbur feirc· a mic Í Duibne a Diarmaid
Cobail-si funn goráith· a Í Duibne a Diarmaid áin
do den-sa t'foraire de· a meic Í dealbda Duibne
Cobail beggán beannocht fort· or uirge tobrán trenghort
a úanáin uachtair loch· do brú tíre trénfrotha
Rob ionann ir coblaid thes· Dedidhuig na n-aird-éigeas
da teug ingen Ilorainn búain· tar cenn Conoill ón
Craobrúaid
Rob ionann ir coblaid thúaid· Finnchaid finnéaoin Carra
Rúaid
da teug Sláine réga finn· tar cenn Failbe cobhar-dinn
Rob ionann ir coblaid thiar· Áine ingine Gáilian
feacht do luid ceim fo trilis· la Dubhach ó Doirimis
Rob ionann ir coblaid thoir· Degaid bána bíumaraig
da Theuc Coincenn ingean Binn· tair cenn Dechill dóin
Duibrinn
A chró goile ierthair Grég· anana go t'forcoimhéad
moigrid mo chroidhi· acht fuaill· monad faicthear ré
henúair
Ar fgarad ar ndír male· ir fgarad leinb áonbaile
ir fgarad cuirp re hanmain· a laoích Loca fionn-Cairmain
Leigridhear Caoinche ar do lorg· rid Caoilti ní ba hanord
nach ad táir bár na brocud· noch ad léig a friorcoilad
Ní chobail in dam fo foir· ní fguirionn do búirfedhaig
cía beith um choiriu na lon· ni fuil na meanmuin cobladh
Ní chobail in eilit mháol· ag buirfedaig fo brecláoch
do gní rid tar barraid tor· ní dén na hadbaid cobal
Ní chobail in caoinche brar· or barraid na cerand ceaomhcar
ir glórach atathor ann· gidbe an fmólach ní choblann
Ní cobail in lach lán· maith a lathor re beg-fnáth
ni dém fúan no ráithe ann· ina hadbaid ní choblann
Anocht ní chobail in gerg· or fraochaid anfaid imairid
binn fogar a gotha gloin· eidir frothaib ní chobail.

Cobail.

XXXIV.

A bean labrus finn an laoi· da ní ir mó do ḟráoch mé féin
tadhar damra tairbri feachd· fuig mo nert 7 mo ċéill
Tiucfa in Tailgionn tar muir menn· ni holc lem ní ba holc dam
beimneochaid Éire fo fedt· 7 tiocfa in trean ceaomġlan
beid a mírbuile go brath· 7 beroid cách for nem
Béid na leabair léigind ann· fria aireamh Gall ir ré aré
feilge ir regleir gan rígh· bud mór a mbrígh immalé
bud maith da gach duine tair· beroid a lán a tteġ Dé
Éirtigh re fáirdin Finn· or an linn 7 na ceil
beid na cloca áolta ann· ni ba fann do gentar fein
Nocan ed fin ir olc lem· act iomad ann na nGall nglar
gan beith damra ir don Féin· 7 mé féin da gcor ar
beidid ann garrgadha Gall· 7 iomad crann da gcur
7 luibe da gcur fíor· ir ag teacht anfor ó a mbun
Tiucfa in d-airdrigh reda atúaid· do béra co crúaid in trean
7 toigébaid a ferg· ir fuigfid go derg in trer
Eireóchaid Gaoidil go crúaid· eidir hroir ir chúaid ir ter
ir ráoch liomra nach mé tair· mair dobertar gair na ffear
Teilgfid in t-airdrigh in cloch· agus bud iomda oc ann
ir ráoch liomra nach mé tair· ma dobertar gáir na nGall
Ní fuireochaid Gall re a ċloinn· ag dul ina loing tar rál
bud beg díod racur ar· lé hiomat na ttrean gan tár
Fa Sligech dobertar trer· día ttiefa ler nGaoidheal ngan
ir dóig nach bud meiri tair· mór ir dimbáig lem a ben.
Ced falmaire Gaoidheal me· beraid Mac Dé me for nem
ge do fuarur dib a lán· ir beg oram cáil na mban
Ir mé Fionn mac Cumaill féil· creidim féin do rí na nem
ir mé ráid ir ferr fon ngréin· gé do finner féir na mban.

A bean.

XXXV.

Uathaḋ damh ra coirṫe-ro· gé atú ar ndol do gorta
rgan anoct um ṗorraḋ-ra· act aoinben go doim doċma
Deiċ lá ṗiċeḋ iomlána· atu gan biaḋ gan coḋlaḋ
gan ceól crot gan timpána· act me a ccumgaċ in coirṫi
Deiċ gceḋ ṗiċeḋ ṗirṗeinnioḃ· torċair liom ṗirin pé rin
mor in mana míċeille· rag ól ráile dia n-éiri
ba me in curaiḋ comramaċ· ata agam com cnamha
ra me lollann or-armaċ· anoct ir um Goll granna
Ṗionn mac Cumhaill flaiṫṗeinnioḃ· ro ḋáil meiri ra carṫa
ir aro rúar mo ċaiṫreimh-ri· in rad ra ruil a ṗala
Torċair Trenmhór tegmalaċ· le neart mo laime luinne
air ní raiḃe eoránaḋ· gur ortur é lem builli
Cumhall calma caṫḃúadaċ· turċair liom a ccaṫ Cnuċa
ar ṫurnur da anuabar· ataim da ioc anora
A ccaṫ cruaiḋmer Cronnmhóna· ger b'iomḋa laoċ amagḟaiḋ
marḃoim deiċ gcéad tulċróḋa· muinntir Ċairill ra
rgainnir
Tre mac Conḃróin cneirgleigil· ro ċuiriur cenn mo pleige
rim ni raiḃe diċeilliḋ· a ttig Almhan uair eile
Dír do ċloinn in riġṗlaṫa· Ṗinn mic Cumhaill gan doġra
damh ba búan a mimana· a marḃaḋ ar lár móna
Threirreċt Eireann agamra· do bí go ttainic Cumhall
nír coigler a colann-ran· ó naċ ṗruarur a comann
Ba cionntaċ d'Ṗionn Almhaine· ar comhall ṫaiḃreaċ ogla
ar aoi dioġla m'amġaire· meiri do ċor do gorta
Trí ċáoga laoċ lán-calma· tainic Cumall go Temhraiġ
noċar mhór leir cláṙ-Ḋanba· do beiṫ aige re a menmain
Conn caṫarḋa cetċathaċ· na rí ar Éirinn ioḃraiġ
do ruilngeṙ mór ttrénttaċar· do breiṫ neirt ara bíḋḃaiḋ
Turċair Caṫaoír curata· airḋrígh Éirionn go dána
ir deich gceḋ go dularaċ· liom a gcaṫ Moige hÁġa
Mac braṫor don Cumhall-ro· mac Úna in ċroċa níamhḋa
noċar b'áil leir m'ṗulang-ra· tar croir Cumaill rna
ṗṗíen-ro
Mona beiṫ gaol braṫorḋa· do bí ḋóiḃ rir in rig-re
ni ṗuigbittír m'áraċ-ra· ger láidir Clanna Daoirgne

Siúr do Cumall caṫarda· rí ba buime don Conn-ra
ir trid taimic m'aṫcúrra· rdol a hÉirinn go dorrda
Riġe cóiġid Ġailíanaċ· tuġ Conn do Cumall cneirġeal
noċar ṁana raimríaġla· do beit aġam no meirneċ
La día raibe moir-ṗíadaċ· aġam um Cuillinn cúanaċ
ad ciú-ra go moirṁíadaċ· Cumall aġ teċt dom rúaġra
Clanna Morna mercalma· ro ġab Cumall díer ceiorrbad
noċar b'áil leir cert-crannċor· do denaṁ leinn aċt iorġail
Go rliaḃ alainn Éiblinne· teiġmide d'aimdeóin Cumaill
niar ṗáġḃamar éndume· rdo cuit trí céad día ṗoirinn
Iar rin do cuaḋarmar-ne· go Cruaċain claidṗeid Connaċt
ra réitreċ ar rluaiġeaḋ-ne· ir Cumall aġ ar ṗrorraċ
Diúltair Conall cáṁ Cruaċna· rinn ar cionċorc a ḋalta
duinn ba mana ráor-ruaċair· ar cuir Cumoll díar n-aċcor
Do cúaḋmar go rriṁurlaṁ· roṁainn go hEṁoin Ilaċa
gur agramar rior-connraḋ· ar triaṫ Ulaḋ an tan-ra
Ri Ulaḋ níor laṁurtair· ar cconġṁáil d'eġla Cumoill
doḃaḋ truaġ in malairt-ro· día tdic in trein ṗer cuġainn
A cceann Cuinn go conġáireaċ· do cúaḋmar go múr Temraċ
rinn ní raiṗe rorrṗailteaċ· nír aḋḃar duinn beiṫ menmnaċ
Rí na Temra táoḃúaine· do diult rinne día éiri
mairġ do dreiġ ar ráoṁcuaine· annrin ro ṗáġram Éire
Inar longaiḃ luċtmara· do cúaḋmar a gcriċ Ḃretan
caṫ annrin mar cucamar· ro cuirriom cáṫ a tdearḃaiḋ
Ríġe an oirir allṁurda· do gaḃad linn go húaral
gin go ṗruil aċt banċara· aġam anoċt go húaṫaḋ
Coic ráiṫe ran ríġe roim· damra nír ṁana comlainn
luċt an oilein óiḃergaiġ· aġ cur ar rgél com Cumoill
Cumall calma céḋrad aḋaċ· 7 maiṫe na Muimnech
rir Laiġen na tdrén-tdaċor· ir rían Éirionn go cuiṁneaċ
Táncadar na tromḋáṁa· dom ċor a ccriochaiḃ Ḃretan
noċar b'áḋḃar congmala· d'aġḃáil damra go cnerta
Tucamar caṫ cruaḋċalma· irin uair-rin diaroile
daṁ nír caraid rlúaġ banba· mar do beittír ar buile
Cumall bóṁann bainṗeinḋiḋ· Criomṫann corgrad bá calma
do ṁeḋaiġ mo ċaiṫréim-ri· a ttorad Ṗían na banba
Breṫnaiġ níor ḃam caroid-ri· do cuirriod orm re chéile
do ṁeḋaiġ rin m'ṗala-ra· luċt na n-oilén go tdréine

Ár na flóṫ go fíorḋalma· do cuit lem irrin tṡeap-rin
ḋóiḃ fa mana fírḟaṫla· gaċ ar ṁarḃur don ċor-rin
Fiċe céḋ láoċ lán-ċalma· do cuit lem irin tṡerrin
do flúaġ Cuṁaill ċláir-Ḋanba· 7 do laoċraiḋ Breatan
Sgíaṫ tar lorg ón torainn-rin· ro ċuirer orm gan ċairḋe
onaċ ffúarur comairge· teigim úatha for fairrṫe
Go hoilénoiḃ ráor-Loċlann· do ċúaḋmar d'eir gaċ corgair
ann ní ḟuarur aon-ċomṫrom· ḋuine níp maiṫ in ċonair
Sloiġ na criċe curata· tigiḋ cugainn diar ffúagra
a ttréinḟir níp b'urura· do ċorg lé beiṫ go húatḃaḋ
Tuccamar caṫ coingleċaċ· d'feraiḃ Loċlann gan time
torċair liom go hoirḃeartaċ· rí Loċlann tré ṁire
Ocht gceḋ don trlúaġ ċurata· doroṙċair liom tría ṙírḃ
noċar ṫréiṫ mo ċurura· nó gur ġaḃur a ríġe
Sealat ḃaṁ na n-oilénoiṙ· aġ toġḃáil ċíora ir ċána
meic Ṁorna go roiḃeraċ· ar na criochaiḃ go ḋána
Ro máirneaḋ níp feċmallaċ· rinne don Ċumall ċéḋna
tic ċugainn flúaġ eċtronnaċ· gur ċuirriom íaḋ ro ṁéla
Tugram caṫ ḃa caṫarḋa· ḋona caṫoiḃ gan time
uaim ḃa hiomḋa aṫcomaċ· 7 fa créċtaċ rinne
Coicc céaḋ ḋéaġ go lán-uflaṁ· ro ṁarḃur féin don trluaġ-ro
faġḃaim íaḋ na ecnam-comaċ· gé aṫú anoċt go húatḃaḋ
Inar longoiḃ lánġarḋa· do ċúaḋmar féin gan ċairḋe
ní ḟúarattar ṁ'araċ-ra· ḋḋo ċúaḋur ar fairrġe
Aġaiḋ ḋuinn ar Albanachaiḃ· ḋuinne níp ċonair ċerta
cánġattar na hallṁarraiġ· diar ecor uatha for eċtra
Ro cuireḋ caṫ fiċ-meirceaċ· eḋroinḋ 7 flúaġ Alban
do ḃáttor go diċoirċeṫ· rirrin ffréin áloinn arṁḋa
Tanac-ra go rirfantaċ· mar a ffaca in rí paṫṁor
úair ro ḃáḋur diġaltaċ· tré eronóir mo ċarad
Ferṫar comlann ainrerġaċ· eḋroinn 7 rí Alban
dar benur go glaimḃeartaċ· a ċeann don ríġ go n-arḋḃlaḋ
Sloġ in ríġ go cnaimġerrṫa· faġḃaim irin caṫ ċéḋna
do ḃáḋur go ráirṁenmnaċ· a ndiaiġ iorġal ir éaċta
Ceiṫri bliaḋna barraṁla· ḋaṁ a ríġe na hAlban
ni ḟuil a cuimne aġam-ra· a ffuarur d'ór ir d'airġeaḋ
Sealcc do ṙónaḋ aġainne· ro glenntaiḃ doinne ḋainġne
ḋuinn ba haḋḃar aṫcuirrri· ar naimḋe eḋroinn ir fairrġe

Tainic Cumall cathairdha· go fluagh norṁar na n-oilén
fir Alban diar n-aitherrach· nir b'adhbar duinn beith roithén
Teigmidhe go darachtach· go cúan letharṁór Lundan
ro badhmar go harrachtach· gé fuaramar mór n-urétha
Cath do Cumall comramach· tucusa féin gan cairde
torchair liom go comlannach· beith ceth do chorg mo fhainti
Ro cuirer mo ṁórirtheglach· d'aimdeoin cáich na longaib
ro badhmar go glórghreadhnach· ar tteicht duinn ar gach doraid
Tigid trénfhlúagh tegbála· dar ndícuir on chuan cheona
doib nír conair eodhána· diar cuirriom fadh fo ṁéla
Ar céidhe na fighcathrach· tucram na catha niata
annrin dobadh digaltach· ar cách ro battar m'fhíen-sa
Ro bhiredh go brunnuraiṁ· beagṁúir landaingne Lunnann
tic in fluagh go firurraiṁ· duinne ba conair cumang
Rí Saxan go rairṁennach· ro atraigh me fa comlann
níor obar a laintheglach· ir nír fechnur a fforlann
Torchair in triath trénneartṁar· fo dheóigh a cerích in chorgair
gin gurab é in fgél égcnerta· damṁa ba mor in obair
Da fichedh céadh Saxanach· do ṁarbhur díobh go dedla
ir do fighner a n-aitheoma· nach mairid acht a fgéla
Nert Saxan go fritháncha· do bí againn re hathaidh
7 cách go digbálach· uaim féin 7 om charaidh
Tainic Cumall cruadh-armach· ir Fían Eirenn gan anadh
ir amlóidh do chúalamar· fluagh na n-oilén na ffarradh
Tuc in feindid fírfhergach· cath duinn taréir a airtir
ba meiri go dibergach· fer claoídhte gacha maicne
Trí fichid céd catharmach· torcair liomsa go hobann
úair ní laṁadh Saxanaigh· beith um díaigh no beith romam
Sgíeth tar lorg do chuirera· oram tar éir an comaigh
dom cheglach nir fcuirera· gur cuirer fadh na longair
Ir annrin do reolamar· romainn go fonn na Fraingce
ba hí in conair ceólaṁail· ó énoir fúara fairrge
Sloigh na Fraingce fairringe· rucrat orainn mun am-sa
fgél ir coir a n-aitheirra· ar began do glógh banba
Cath cuirata compamach· tucram ar áon díaroile
ar n-echtra ba hollblaidhach· on trlúagh tainic nar ceolnne
Rige na Fraingce fialgarta· ro boí agam do fonnradh
go ttainic fer ṁ'iarrata· Cumall nar chengail connradh

Slúaġ áġṁar Éṁara· ro báttar timcioll Ċuṁaill
fir Éirionn go reolġarta· riomra nior ṁaiṫ a ccomann
Tugattar gleo naimdeṁail· duinne taréir ar n-airdir
mo flúaġ feitfeċ faiġdemail· do freagair fatt ga fraiġin
Ba caṫ nórmar nertċalma· do radramor día ċéile
mo floġ féitfeaċ foiġdeṁail· gur cuirfium ár a fFéine
Crioṁall Dóṁann bainfeindiṫ· ir uairle cloinne Trenṁóir
do bíttir mun fflaiṫfeindiṫ· go naċ fraġainnri endóiġ
Coicc céad déaġ go corcraċ· torcair liomra da fluaġaiḃ
riú ro báḋur corantaċ· ir bloiḋ oile dom búaḋaiḃ
Sgíeṫ tar lorg ón torainn-rin· do ċuiper oram fo deired
ciḋ creċtaċ dom colainnri· aniú ra ḟreiġ ní ċeilead
Ina longaiḃ luṫtmara· cuirim mo beġán féine
do ċúaḋur don curuiro· go ranac cúan na Deirḃe
Rí Loċlann go lánċalma· líon a floiġ irrin mbaile
a ccennur do ċarramar· annrin d'uaṁan mo lainne
Ceiṫre bliaḋna búanaṁla· daṁra a ríġe na Deirḃe
a ccomann rur fuarura· ór ir airgeḋ na Deirḃe
Cuiper Cumall cíaḃalaċ· cogaḋ ar airdriġ Danḃa
dar ḟáġoiḃ go fiarráṅaċ· Conn céaḋċaṫaċ ger ċalma
Gluairir Conn curata· tecta ar ar gceann ran Deirḃe
tangamar don curuiro· go clár Cruaċna go ndeinmne
Coṫaiġir Conn Céaḋcaṫaċ· maicne Mórna don dul-ro
do ċúaḋmar go trénċalma· annrin com caṫa Cnuċa
Fir Muṁan go míleata· tigid irin ċaṫ ċéḋna
fir Laiġean go diberġaċ· re coir Cuṁaill go déṫla
Da ceḋ Muiṁneaċ merḋana· da céad Laiġneaċ don dulro
da céad feindiḋ ferḋála· tainic dom corcc a cCnuċa
Ro ṁarḃur go merċalma· na fé céad atú d'airem
do cuimniġer m'ḟaltana· 7 ní ḋernur cairḋer
Mo ċairḋer rob curata· annrin fé Cumall calma
ar n-etran níor ḃ'ururo· d'feraiḃ borḃa na Danba
Alaḋ ranntaċ roġona· tucur i n-uċt in ṁíliḋ
a ḟroiḋe ba corccairṫe· liom íer gcorcraḋ mo ḟraoireaċ
Briṫer uaim ar Muimneaċoiḃ· no go ranac Fioḋ Gaible
fada bíar a ffuiġleċtoiḃ· gaċ ar marḃur gan ċairḋe
Tainic Doḋṁann bainḟeindiḋ· 7 Crimall dom ḋorcra
dam ba mana caiṫreime· aġ faġḃáil caṫa Cnuċa

Clann Trenmoir ger tuṙcarthaċ· nír ḃeó aġ teċt tar Lire
aċt aon oċtar uṙċraḋhaċ· 7 ḃóṁann go mire
Láoċraiḋ Laiġean lánċalma· ro lenuṙ íaḋ gan ḋóġra
ba mé ger a ráṙmarḃṫa· nó go ranac Fioḋ Dorċa
Do ċeġrar a n-eḋála· ir do ċúaḋur go Teaṁraiġ
ar nḋioġail ḋaṁ m'eġára· ro ḃáḋur lán do ṁenmaiṁ
Cennur Fían na ḃanba-ra· tucaḋ ḋaṁ ó Conn cneirgeal
ḋaṁ ba móṙ in tarḃa-ra· in raḋ do comaill reiren
Ro síaṙur go lánurlaṁ· ḋáṁa Éirionn ir Alḃan
tucura ḋoiḃ ṙarconnraḋ· or orm do cuirreṫ crannċor
Tucur comaoín tuarurtail· do maiṫiḃ ríóiġ na ḃanba
níṙ ċoṁaill in cualaċt-roin· ḋaṁra ar ṙraġḃáil mo ċarḃa
Niom ṗáġḃur réirt aḋúaṫṁar· a loċ a linn ra ḃanba
nar ṁarḃur go ro-úaral· ro blaḋ oile ḋom tarḃa
Ni ḃói arraċt éġciallaiḋ· ni ḃoí ṙor ṙúaṫ no eṫaiḋ
a nEirinn lem tréin-iarraiḋ· nar marḃaḋ liom na ḋeġhaiḋ
Ní raiḃ coḃlaċ caṫarṙḋa· rem linn ar muir na Foḋla
naċ ḋenainn a n-aṫcoma· ir cuiḋ eile ḋom ṙogṁaṁ
Deiṫ mḃliaḋna ba ri-ṗeinḋiḋ· meiri ṙor Fíanoiḃ Éirionn
níṙ congmur ṙer míċeilliḋ· 7 ní ḋernur aoinṙeall
ḃentar le Conn Céaḋcathaċ· ḋiomra riġe na Féine
ir cuġ í go trencarthaċ· ḋ'Fionn mac Cuṁaill ḋom éiri
Roinnir Conn go caṫarṙḋa· in Fían eḋroinn cúir ċomainn
ṗaġḃair a ttrían aġamra· ir nḋá ttrían aġ mac Cuṁaill
Tucamar ṙeal riṫċána· ḋ'eir ar ccumainn re ċéile
'r do ġeiḃinnri eirċána· ó ṙlúaġ caṫraċ na ḃeirḃe
O raṁain go beallṫaine· ro congmur in Fían uile
ḋoḃaḋ moiḋe ar menmaine· ól fleiḋe imbirt cluiṫe
Sealg in Ċoṙainn ṅocánaiġ· do ṙónaḋ linne gan réna
a ṙṙuaṙor do ḋroċḋálaiḃ· raḋa béraiḋ a rgéula
Ro ruiḋ Fionn go fíoraiḃéil· ar mullaċ fléiḃe Séġra
ir beire ga ríor-ṗairnéir· in trían taiṁc na cenn-ran
Trí rillici riaḃarrḋa· taiṁc a taoḃ na tulċa
ḃealḃ na mban ba ḋíaḃalta· do ṙíaḃraṫṫar ṁ'áor comṫa
Tri beóil ḋuḃa ḋúaiḃreaċa· ré ruirce ḃána gan ḋúnaḋ
tri ṗuilt púaḋa ruainneaċa· ré cora fíara fúcha
Tri cloiḋme go cuṙaṫa· tri rgéiṫ cona trí fleġoir
níṙ ḃ'í an obair urura· ṗeġain na mban no a ttrealaṁ

Glaiṙiarna garb geinntliḋe· do cuireaḋ leó for crannoiḃ
gaḃair meirrce ir meirḃliġe· Fionn ir an Ḟian da ffraiġin
le draoíṫeaċt go droċḋalaċ· do ṙíaḃraṫṫar ar fflaiṫ-ne
na renóir criṡon croṫanaċ· fagḃaiḋ Fionn ara haiṫle
Seċt ccaṫa na Gnáiṫéirne· ró chuirriod ra riocṫ ċéċna
ra ḋorur na Cnaiṁċeiri· aṁáin aċt meiri am áonar 115
Do cenglaḋ go fioraiḃéil· in Ḟíen uile go háġmor
ní beiṫe ga ṙír-ḟairnéir· gur cuireḋ a triġ ṫalman
Glacaiḋ a trí níaṁlanna· do cnaimġerraḋ na Féine
ní raiḃe aċt cenn iaraċṫa· orra muna beinn baḋ ḋéine
Coṁrac na trí ccailleaċrin· rug oramra um énar
ba gleó mor in ṙgainneirrin· a ndorur ċnuic na Séġra
Mo builli ba boirbneartmar· óir níṙ ṙáġḃura ruiġioll
ḋar gerrur go toirḃeartaċ· Camóg leir 7 Cuillionn
Do ċenglar go curaṫa· lornaċ go cruaiḋ a ġeroiḃneart
a tharcraḋ níṙ b'urura· nó gur ċuirer hí a ndoirḃer 120
Ḟian Eirionn go háiḋmillṫe· tuc ṙí eirte bó ḋéine
le huaṁan a cnaiṁġerrṫa· d'ṙaoḃar mo lainne geíre
ba héigin don arraċtro· a ccor na ccroṫaiḃ céaṫna
lé húaṁan a malarta· mar rin aṫáiḋ a ṙgéla
Eirġir Fionn go roḋalta· 7 in Ḟian na rúaċar
ro terc úaṁan oramra· gé aṫáim anoċt go húaṫaiḋ
Ro loirceḋ go lánurlaiṁ· liomra in ḃruiġen go ndéine
do ṙagḃur na rmalcarġríṙ· in ceġrin ró carr Ċeire
Leanur ḟarnaċ ḟoltġranna· Fionn ir a Ḟian go reargaċ
ir iarrair go corrḋana· comrac ar Fionn go menmnaċ 125
Ní ḟúair Fionn in ḟlaiṫḟeinḋiḋ· ṙear comraic don báiḋḃ
braṫa
go ndeċur am ḋaiṫeiḋeaḋ· o aḋ connarc Fionn a ttenta
A coṁrac ger ṁíceilliḋ· do ḋoirċer í gan doġrainġ
do ḃenur a ffrireigin· a cenn ḋiri lem ġormlainn
Conarán mac Caimiḋil· do Ṫuaiṫ ḃealḃḋa Dé Danann
aṫair na trí n-aimḋeaċ· ro ḟáġḃar ſaḋ gan anam
Cleṁnur 7 caraḋraḋ· do gní Fionn rim ón treappo
do laiġḋiġ rin m'ḟaltanur· no gur marḃaṫṫar Ḟeḋa
Ḟeḋa mac a ingine· torċar le Fionn tré úaḃar
mac rin Cainċe imġile· ḋía éir aṫú go huaṫaiḋ. 130

Uaṫaḋ.

[Leaṫ an Ḋuanaire gonuige reo.]

THE LAYS OF FIONN.

THE LAYS OF FIONN.

I.

The Abduction of Eargna.

I know the story of the Fian of Fionn before the time of the Tailgeann's coming, from the time of mighty Fergus to the time of lawgiving Oisin.

There were two comely men of the band, thou great Patrick son of Calpurn, Conan son of the Grey Man of Luachair, and Aodh Rinn right wrathful.

Conan, what Fenian was better in the land of Scotland or of Ireland? No warlike hero was more successful than Aodh Rinn son of Ronan.

It was Fionn that slew Aodh's father in a fray, and not with honour: Aodh Rinn and Fionn the seer were the children of two brothers.

Fionn gave to Aodh in his house each high requital that he demanded, to the son of fortunate Ronan as *eiric* for his worthy father.

Aodh who practised valour was not pleased with the requital he got for his father; whence the man did a grievous deed, out of which came his fierce tragedy.

Aodh Rinn had a daughter, loveliest in Ireland was she, for whom his insensate love was great: Eargna was the maiden's name.

He swore a vow in the hearing of all, Aodh Rinn son of Ronan, as he was wont, that no man should escape unscathed who might seek to be his son-in-law.

It was Aodh's fortune from his birth never to break his word: heroes in passion did not dare to come to demand his daughter.

Four years from that on, and a week full brief, a half-year and a single month, till the spouse of Conan died.

In Gabhair between two mountains, there the noble damsel dwelt, Liffe daughter of Ronan of Bregia, the river has preserved her name.

Conan was without a good wife, the noble man, the great lord; the daughter of Aodh Rinn was of all Ireland the one wife meet for him.

Fionn said within doors to the Grey Man's son from Luachair, 'What doest thou, Conan, who hast practised valour, that thou askest not for the daughter of Aodh?'

'I will go forth to demand her, and do thou send thy household with me':—twelve times twenty that practised valour, was our strength as we went to demand her.

Twelve times twenty from great Almha, we fared forth, valiant of deed, to the fortress of Aodh from Ard Ruidhe, over the bank of the stream-clear Siuir.

We reach the fortress of warlike Aodh, we are admitted into Ronan's rath: Aodh was not within, he had gone into dangerous Breifne.

Conan sees the gentle woman, and sits down by her shoulder: 'Carry away the woman,' said the youth, 'without leave, by main force.'

Soon thereafter came from the north the son of Ronan of the hard sword: he went forthwith to the fortress where he had left the maiden.

They tell Aodh of the warlike weapons that Eargna has been carried off by Conan from stream-bright Siuir of the bright currents to spacious Almha of Leinster.

'It is no breach of my vow, what Conan who has loved me has done: I wish joy to the bold hero who has got a good wife meet for him.'

Happy was their union for both, Conan and fair comely Eargna, till love for the woman wounded the son of Fionn in his inmost bosom.

None dared to solve the matter: Oisin possessed her in her despite: Conan was—count them one by one—the ninth furious husband of Ireland.

To Rath Cianaidh went the prince, and there remained for a year, without war, without rent, without tribute, in the company of Caoilte son of Ronan.

It was one day when we were at the Boyne, when Osgar swore a great vow, that he would not retreat (from a foe) westward or eastward as long as he might live.

Thereupon said Aodh to Osgar, 'If thou fulfillest the sweet-sounding vow, happy the man that lives thy life, son of weapon-wide Oisin!

'Tell me, valorous Fionn, son of Cumhall from Almha, where wilt thou find west or east, a place where I have broken my word?'

'A worse disgrace has befallen thee,' said blade-bare Fionn, 'that without wedding-gift, without seemly courtship, thy daughter hath been taken against thy will.'

Aodh replied with ready voice, 'My dishonour shall be rued: I will kill Conan for his exploit, and I will have my daughter.'

'Say it not,' said Fionn of the feasts to Aodh, son of active Ronan, 'but demand justice man to man right sturdily from the Grey Man's son.'

When we were at the foot of Erne, all of us mingled together, Aodh demanded of ringleted Conan the lawful price of that wife.

'Unless thou say the girl herself,' said prudent Conan, 'I have vowed my vow of note that thou shalt get nothing while thou livest.'

'This is the time I shall know it,' said Aodh above the waterfall: he went in his warrior's gear to join the high encounter.

Conan in wrath made for his green red-centred shield: the warrior who was never slow takes his sword and his helmet.

We went to the Island of Birds, that is now called Inis Saimhéir: woe worth who allowed to come man to man Ireland's two pillars of battle!

Woe worth who looked upon the men, woe worth the heroes by whom it was allowed, woe worth who allowed to come man to man the two battle-champions of the Fians of Ireland!

Woe worth who gave the sudden blow to Conan in the equal fight: when he cleft the head to the bone through the middle of Conan's helmet.

Conan gave, with accurate judgment, a sword-blow to Aodh in his shoulder, hewing off his head and his right arm with his skilful hero-like blow.

Conan the well-beloved rises up after the duel: Ronan's son of comely complexion was buried in the island.

A week and a month a-bed was battle-waging Conan: the leeches had expected him to come whole of his wounds at once.

A year was Conan in the world until the day when he went mad along the road of Dáil the brown in the plain above Eachdhruim.

A venomed worm had entered his head through the venom of Aodh Rinn's sword: he died on Magh Dála of the fords of an illness of four day-thirds.

That is the tragedy of Aodh Rinn, O Patrick of the resonant croziers, how by the hand of the Grey Man's son who was not feeble he fell in the combat.

I have recourse, O Patrick, to thy cross: many vain thoughts I have entertained: I delight not in pleasure nor in drinking since the Fian has gone into oblivion.

I am the fierce Dubh-déad, whom the Fian's chief has left behind: from this day I am women's foe, well I know the Fian's fate.

I know the story.

II.

Fionn's Foray to Tara.

Thou rememberest, generous Oisin, our visit to strong Tara, twice eight men, givers of cloaks, to feast at Cormac's house.

I pledge my word stoutly, good Caoilte son of Ronan, I am wise in the roots of kindred of the matter whereof thou askest.

When the drinking went to Cormac's head, he challenged Fionn to battle: it was he that rued the fact by reason of which they held conflict.

Cormac said to my father, Cormac son of Art, son of Conn of the Hundred Battles, that vindictively he would make Fionn pass under the fork of the cauldron.

'In all we have hitherto done—bright its fame,' Fionn of the Fian said, 'though thy heart be strained for it, the winning of every game has been mine.

'If again we meet thee in fight, Cormac from whom we levy tribute, thou man shalt not be forgiven, our sides-taking shall be rued.'

'Thy father did not succeed, great Cumhall of battles, when he rose against Conn—the cause why we are now at quarrel.'

'Ye were thirty battalions against Cumhall the fortunate: though your weapons (?) were swift to encounter him, ye did not ward off his one hand.

'With Conn and Goll at his right, by his shield's help he was not skill-less: though all the men of Ireland were wounding tawny skilful Cumhall.

'Had it not been for the men of Munster and the Connachtmen of the warriors, a spear's rivet he would not have yielded to the whole house of Feidhlimidh.'

Then said the son of great Morna, Garadh that was not wont to be overcome, 'Too great is the taunt, Fionn, that thou givest to the race of comely Conn.'

Fionn said, as is well known, 'They have not done well by me: they forced entanglements on me, and they slew my worthy father.'

'He himself was to blame in that, who carried Muireann off by force: we gained the fair battle of Cnucha over great Cumhall, son of Tréanmhór.'

Fionn asked Garadh, having sat down along with him, 'Since you then were present, how was Cumhall killed?'

'We were sixteen men of the House of Morna, to tell the truth: we thrust every man his spear into the side of Cumhall the champion.'

'How answered he that, a stroke of assault against the champion? A blessing on thee, speak but justice, though thou hate the race of Tréanmhór.'

'Two wounds came for one from Cumhall, from the champion: though thy kinsman boasted not, (two wounds) in payment for each single wound.'

It was then that Oscar said—a speech that was rude in its bluntness—'Thou shouldst get single combat in this house, even were Fionn in France.'

Cairbre answered that speech, son of the king of high Ireland, 'Thou shouldst get combat from his sons, though Cormac were not in Ireland.'

When noble Oscar heard the speech of Cairbre taunting him, he comes furiously to assault him, that he might bring the forecast true.

They spake to good Ciothruaidh, son of Fear Caogad, as was his due, "Sing a song of thy craft to us: it is no time for wrath or conflict."

They restrained all the hosts, yellow-haired Cormac restrained them, until Ciothruaidh sang his song by the flank of the side-strong house.

Happy for him that sang the song at which the hosts were quieted, when there was no peacemaking in the affair, but that we had not seized our weapons.

Ciothruaidh, equal to a hundred, was rewarded with gold, with silver, and with raiment: it was a fortune for him while he lived, what he got on the spot among us.

No sleep from that till day for man or boy or woman: not one answering the other for fear of the second outbreak.

On the morrow we and they ratified the terms of battle; we did not break our engagements till we adopted a common counsel.

Sixteen men were we on foray, of the House of victorious-wounding Baoiscne, on the quarrel of furious (?) Fionn and Cormac from sloping Tara.

The House of Morna held aloof from us, and the House of Iollann without sadness, and the House of Ronan of brightness (?) they remained in neutrality.

We went then to Eamhain, charmed banners above our spears; we deemed not a danger against us our equal number of the Gaedhil.

Good Faolán desired to make a cattle-raid at that time : I checked him from the raid till the hosts of Tara should be loosed.

We go to Aonghus the Young, the Daghdha's son of the clean roads : we and Aonghus made peace and forsook our strife.

We set forth—great was our glory—on a foray to wave-white Tara ; sixteen men without one lacking, and Aonghus guiding us.

These were the sixteen men,—it is no falsehood, my Caoilte : I know—they are no idle words—their number, their names.

I myself was number one of them, two was Oscar without folly : three Fear Logha, comely and just, and four O Conbhróin.

Five was Aodh the Little of great grace, and the sixth was MacLughach, the seventh Daolghus, and the eighth Fearghus.

The ninth my father Fionn himself, ten was Fearrdhomhain, right smooth, eleven Colla, comely, ringleted, twelve eye-grey Raighne.

Thirteen Ailbhe the truthful, then Faobhrachán of the hundreds of deeds, fifteen Cainee of the crafts, and sixteen blade-red Iollann.

We set off with ten hundred cows from Tara, though it was a great strain ; ere we left Taillte of the cloaks behind, Cairbre and Cormac overtook us.

They come from east and from west, Cairbre and Cormac on one track : never had I seen a levy that was sturdier in pursuit.

As a service, Aonghus undertook for us that day in front of the army—he who was fortunate without defect—alone to drive the spoil.

I pledge my word for it, if Caoilte but remembered, that he never saw a harder foray, were it not for its briefness.

We threw ourselves like men across the trail, we routed the hosts of Tara, we wounded Cormac of the feasts, and we captured skin-white Cairbre.

He, too, plied a hidden shooting, the son of the fierce-wounding Daghdha : each one that was slain with might, Aonghus was taking all their spoils.

Every cow that was parted from the prey, he carried off on a steed's back ; there was not left the value of a Bregian horse of the prey with the host of white Tara.

Cormac and Cairbre, son of Ireland's high king, offer to bring us herds without delay, on condition of our not taking Cairbre.

'If thou gave all Ireland,' said Faolán of yellow locks, 'we would take no terms from thee in this, but to make thyself go under the fork.'

We made no peace with Cormac, great as was his fury, till he went there under the fork in the sight of the men of Ireland.

When Fionn of valour saw Cormac go under the fork, he went himself under the other end, the high champion of Almhain.

. . . . . .

Till he cleft the massive bar, cleft the five-hand cauldron, till the beautiful sword went seven feet's length into the earth.

That is my account for thee, whosoever may deny it, Caoilte, son of Fionn's sister, son of Cumhall's daughter.

I wish Cionaoth joy of my going, alas that my life has not failed: my bitterness has spoiled a bright mind, my heart's weariness since I remember.

Thou rememberest.

III.

The Rowan-tree of Clonfert.

Thou Rowan-tree of Clonfert, we went from thee on an expedition to Cronnmhoin of the hundreds of hosts, an event through which fell Suca Great-nose.

On that day, fair Rowan-tree, was many a brave man by thy side, under Goll from the pleasant bright cow-fold, under Garaidh from the red-mottled summit.

Under Daighre of the harp of music, a-playing for us sweetly, gently, under Conan and his bright kin, under Aodh, under Art of the maidens.

Under Glas from Glais Leacach of pools, and under Art from the turf-bright plain, under Conn from white Bearramhain, under Cas and under Cannan.

And under the Red Man from Raith na bh-Fian, and from Fionnros too of the Fians, under Aonghus from the round Craoibheach and under the Strong Hand from Liathdruim.

Ten hundred handsome shield-bearers of the house of the grandmother of keen Goll: on that day we were filled on this hillock, O Rowan-tree.

From thee we went southward to Dún Glais of the cold water: merry were we at evening, on the night before Cronnmhóin's battle.

Goll, handsome of body, said 'Let us be watchful here to-night: I recognize,' said the valorous lord, 'Fionn's keen fetch coming against me.'

The Black River came by our side, we passed the ford of Inis Aodha; Leogha was left on guard at the pool, and I on the Rowan-tree hill.

Feorann and Modha, for my love, guarding the two fords: and Goll, to Goll's ford went he, guarding against Fionn of Almha.

No place from the Blue River of the Fians as far as Ráith Fraoich to the west of us without an officer over nine fierce men of the House of Morna till the morning.

As it came on to evening, Fionn comes with six brave battalions; Frenchmen, Englishmen among them, Welshmen, Irishmen, men of Islay.

They sat down, a formidable camp, at the ford where Goll stayed: the son of Morna is sleeping soundly, he has heard neither shout nor turmoil.

Seventeen day-thirds was weapon-clear Iollann without sleep, without slumber, having taken but one draught of clear pleasant water and five berries of the rowan.

'Twas no wonder that pleasant Goll was famished, wearied, exhausted, watching against Fionn of the Fians from Cliodhna's Wave to the Curlew Hills.

At close of night upon his couch, when men and woods were one in hue, Fionn of bright aspect awoke: he rises in the early morn.

When he had reached the ford, Cumhall's son, undetected of the others, it is not long till the hero heard there the hero's hollow snore.

Swiftly he came across the ford, found Goll in a heavy sleep: Fionn unsheathed the hard sword above the son of mane-red Morna.

Goll awoke, and not in fright, at the weapon-clang of the fierce sword: raised his hand to his spear, brandished the quivering shaft.

'Were it my pleasure,' said Fionn, 'thou great Goll that ill obeyest me, long since I had set with my blade thy head on a hard wattle of Rowan-tree.

'I have taken from thee thy shapely shield, and I have taken thy blue keen knife: here, take, ere thou make for home, thy battle gear, my hero.

'Rise up, Goll, take thy lance, summon to thy side the House of Morna: see there the brave battalions come against thee in the narrow of Cronnmhóin.'

'My blessing on thee, noble Fionn: it is folly for me not to submit to thee: ten hundred under young Art of the spears, lo! here against thee of my nation.

'Ten hundred under terror-striking Garaidh, they have come between thee and the ford: raise thy spear above thy arm: seest thou the array of Conan's hosts?'

'Protect me thou against them all, and escort me across the ford: ward off from me thy nation and thy kin, ere my mortal wounding befall.'

'Go forth under my protection into the shallow: quickly, Fionn, seize thy weapons, till I escort thee,' quoth bright Goll, 'whole without wound from my nation.'

Goll escorted Fionn of the Fians unwounded of all as he asked—there was the great hero!—as far as the very midst of the army.

Five battalions attacking Goll till he got back over the ford: they parted not from the brave hero till he reached the centre of Cronnmhóin.

Oisin's spear, hardy Caoilte's spear, and stout Raighne's lance, high in air they quickly fall like rays into the grasp of Goll.

Firmly, fiercely we make our way under Goll of the good House of Morna—happy his grandsire's race—ten hundred red shields in the rear.

Goll before us and Goll behind us on high Cronnmhóin of long weapons: we from him and to him as it were the brood of a sow.

Eastward or westward we shook not off Caoilte and Oisin and noble Fionn, Conbrón's son Caireall who loved me, with his seventeen hundred of Scotland's levy.

The House of Cúán, the House of lasting Baoiscne, and the House of stout Rónán, Dubh Diothrabh's race that were no weak array, upon our heels as far as Duibhféith.

Then goes Goll out of our midst to the wounding of Caireall of comely form: three hundred he bravely slew on the hard flank of Cronnmhóin.

Hardy Caireall came up to us with Scotland's excelling soldiery: he left ten hundred dead on the bog, the son of triumphant Ua Conbróin.

Fionn flanked us on the road, leading a great grim battalion of young fellows: to aid our fair battalion came Iollann against them.

Few as we were ourselves to Fionn's own six battalions, we abandoned neither hound nor man, with Iollann herding us.

Great was our courage and our confidence till at last night fell on us, till we were left worn out on this hillock of the Rowan-tree.

We were staunch, relying on Goll, against every levy ridge on ridge: now that Goll of the feasts lives not, every man is bold against us.

Garaidh of fame am I: it is no small part of my heart's anguish, Magh Maoin a wilderness since Goll is gone, and I living on the berries of a rowan-tree.

It is a cause of misery and woe, Magh Maoin without the good House of Morna, myself a refugee from the Fian of Fionn under the shelter of thy branches, O Rowan-tree.

Dúnadh Daighre is this western dún, where music and honour were ours: beloved is this lake hard by us, Loch Riach of ruddiest rowan-trees.

Blithely as we were wont to go to the famous chase of Beann Boirne, we would see in beauty from the ridge thy scarlet top, O Rowan-tree.

I will go out into Meath as far as Magh Bile to-morrow: I will burn the womanfolk of the Fian of Fionn: I will not stay under the protection of a rowan-tree.

The next day I will come from the east, I will pass through lovely Gleann Conain: I will eat good apples in the glen, and fragrant berries of rowan-tree.

Here foretold Brendan the famed, and the great prophet will make it good, Heaven for the soul of each one that goes into it, into the earth of the hill of the Rowan-tree.

Druid Diorraing foretold to me, in this wood by my side, that my body should rest in the hollow, beside the hillock of the Rowan-tree.

Thou Rowan-tree.

IV.

The Battle of Cronnmhóin.

The story of the battle of Cronnmhóin—O ye who would fain know it—the reckoning of the valorous heroes, I myself know it well.

The House of gift-giving Ronan and the House of warlike Baoiscne: they were in that fray, and the thirty sons of Morna.

The race of Da-Bhoirinn of the trumpets, and the race of Dubh Diothrabh never niggard, into that battle they went together, and the House of Neamhnann.

To engage that hosting, great Goll, son of Morna, remained unslept, uncrossed, as he kept ward.

Watch for a week's space, kept Goll of the famous feats: yet there would be no stouter lord in the battle on the morrow.

Late at night in the shelter of a tree was Goll of the spears of victory: he saw approach him the poet lad whom they called Daighre of the Songs.

One night's loan of that warden, Goll besought of his kinsfolk: his was the speech that would not be checked in a keen-edged debate.

Goll asked for that poet as an envoy to Cumhall's son, to find out if he (Fionn) knew in the Fian a man to withstand him.

Fionn of Almhain asked the Fiana of Ireland altogether, 'Who will go with good heart against Goll of the sharp spears?'

Fionn of keen speech said that his son had the best right: Oisin of many tongues replied that he would not ward off Morna's son.

Oscar of the great exploits said, 'Good is every son that is like his father': no need to say, thought he, that he would not go against Goll.

Answering the king-feinnidh, Fátha Canann said, 'Whoever will be a fool, let him go, so will I not.'

Though it ill pleased our chief-feinnidh, Diarmaid O Duibhne said that he himself would not go in his battle-gear against the band of that Goll.

The son of Fionn's son and daughter, who was named MacLughach, thought it was no deed to be demanded, to go to face the champion.

Fionn, when he was refused, turned his face to Caoilte: after the others quickly, his refusal was just as ready.

Fionn spoke growing angry, having besought them for a while: 'An act like that ye have never done, ye brood of farmers and clowns.'

To meet Goll for the king-feinnidh Caireall O Conbróin promised: 'It is not such a foolish feat as has ever been promised by a buffoon.'

Daighre brought these words with him to his kinsman's presence: that a reluctant company had undertaken to stay Goll on the morrow.

'There will not come to fight me Fátha Canann or Caoilte,' said Goll ready of word, 'nor the nobles of the House of Baoiscne.

'I tell my brother, since it is he that will not repeat it, that I reck no danger of Ua Conbróin with his nobles.'

Goll believed these tidings that Daighre Duanach told: having instructed him, the poet left him.

Goll went afterwards to listen to the House of Baoiscne, to learn who should dare to come against him joyfully.

He heard the great array being arranged by the king of the Fian, the Fians of the Five Fifths together against Goll.

'I send Caoilte the accurate and shaft-strong Sen-Iobhar: to stay Goll will not be out of their power: the king of Lochlainn's sons and their brave host.

'Donn Mor of Monadh Eachtcolla, the two sons of Ruadh of the Scottish border: this band of feats is wont to be in the front of the valiant fight.

'Goll of Golba and Cas of Cuailnge, the two king-feinnidhs of the Ulster Fians: the people of the two clear pillars together staying the champion.'

Though Fearrdhomhain was a king-feinnidh over fierce and formidable Fians, it was folly for himself to oppose Morna's son.

The king-feinnidh of Ui Chinnsealaigh, he deemed himself a successful king: bad was the outcome of his strategy against Goll in this battle.

The Fians of Ormond come in to the battle like all the others: many a youth was stomach-sick for fear of Goll of the fierce exploits.

The Fians of Desmond were called upon by Muirn's son at that time: though it caused them great confusion, they came hither in arms.

The sturdy Fians of Thomond, amid the Fian they come: that was their loud lament before they separated.

By the son of Muirn of the Lovely Neck the Connacht Fian was asked to join the rest in dealing blows against Goll in the fray.

The Rough Household were sent by the son of Cumhall Ua Baoiscne, a fierce band with pearly weapons, against Goll on that side.

The House of mighty Neamhann the son of Cumhall deemed, till they were sent into that fray, that Goll had met none to withstand him.

With not a man missing, on the north side of Cronnmhóin Fionn placed that band along with Caireall Ua Conbróin.

The King of Leinster of heavy fruit, Munster's two kings, though it was [a mark of] subjection, on the south side of Cronnmhóin, Fionn himself and the House of Baoiscne.

Goll famed for deeds came away after this division, till he came up to the king-poet who was called Daighre Duanach.

Since that heavy host was to be called on by Fionn to stay Goll, he asked the poet which of the House of Morna was this Goll.

'Thyself they have named, since the day the battle of Cnucha was fought, "Goll" because thou wast maimed in the eye: there Cumhall struck thee.

'For fear of thy hand that name was hidden from thee by warlike Muirn's son, O hated high-achieving Goll.'

'If against me are gathered all that Cumhall's son has named, needs must preparation be made for them ere that army come up to us.'

After that watch that Goll had kept for seven nights, his keen-edged weapons were set beside Iollann in a bundle.

A spell of sleep was taken thereafter by Morna's son, so that Fionn heard the groaning breath of the hero hard by the oak.

Fionn set off alone to find out who slept thus, till he spied the one youth with none in his company.

The king-feinnidh meditated, since they were alone, the slaying of Goll foolishly, for none would know who should have done it.

Fearghus Wine-mouth arose out of his sleep to follow Fionn: he saw deed-achieving Goll, and Fionn about to smite him.

Then spake that poet to Cumhall's son in edged words: not to attempt treachery, fame lasts longer than life.

Gold-weaponed Iollann awoke when he heard Fionn and the poet: by the son of victory-reckoning Cumhall duel forthwith is demanded.

Goll refused to fight that duel with the Fian's king: he said it was ill-tasting for leaders to fight each other.

Fionn the prince-feinnidh said that that was not his reason: that were Goll in his battle-gear he would desire to slay him.

Fionn put that harness piece by piece on his limbs: Goll rose up in manly guise thereupon against him.

Fionn objected to doing that combat with Morna's son: said that combat were not seemly, unless all men might look on.

The two king-feinnidhs part in that hour from each other: foolishly they fixed a day of meeting on the morrow.

Readily answered, when Glas Greine had been unfurled, the two right active good heroes Cronnmhóin's tryst against each other.

Cumhall's son full crafty stayed not for the son of Morna: with foresight he distributed all his men on the out-gates of the bog.

Ua Conbróin and all we have named above in the first part of this tale, against rear-protecting Goll they all advanced together.

The onset of Goll of many exploits was not a face to a friend: the way of a hawk at small-birds was how he went against them.

The sons of Lochlainn's king of the swift barks were in the fore-front of the fight: Morna's son dealt swift death to them, and their woe was none the less.

Ossory's host under Fearrdhomhain, who of that host was not slain? the Ulstermen there lay keen-wounded, no better fared the King of Scotland's sons.

The noble Fians of Ormond withdrew not unscathed: the Ceinn-sealaigh said that this battle was not what they were used to.

And the Desmond Fians were torn up in that fight by Morna's son: I am not astray about it—every hero of them in two pieces.

The gift-giving Fian of Thomond, in that affray though they obeyed—what know I if ye have heard?—they did not escape for that time.

I will not over-lengthen what was done by Morna's son: one man to boast the news came not away of this host.

By Fionn on the other side the sons of Cormac were routed: great was the cause of haste: Goll covered the retreat from him.

To the stream-green Shannon in that hour he turned—no more difficult movement was ever met—till he sent them past his flank.

Goll made active work, few or many though they were: till they reached Duibhfheith they suffered neither death nor wounding.

The House of Baoiscne was left that day in rueful plight by the single hand of that Iollann: thus the tale is told.

Though lovely be that rising ground on which ye stand, ye church-men: mournful to-day am I as I tell this tale.

I am the king-feinnidh's son who was called Oisin of exploits: long am I wandering in mind: Patrick, that is my story.

The Story.

V.

The Bathing of Oisin's Head.

Woman, bathe this head of mine: long since it parted with the Fian of Finn: this year and five, a long space, it has had no woman to bathe it.

This night sixteen years agone, happy was I with my fine head of hair: hard to know in it that head since it lost its wave-yellow torch-flame.

Ah, me! that is the poor head that hounds used to raise their hound-cry round: if it was the day on Leitir Lon, it would have women to bathe it.

Its outing to Leitir Lon—an outing on which great spoils used to be taken—when we killed brown stags above the brink of Loch Liathdroma.

An argument we had over there, I and light-footed Caoilte, when we divided the pleasant chase through quarrel and contention.

Darling Caoilte said—a man that was no shirker of combat, that excelled in bestowing cow and horse—that he was the greater champion.

I said he spoke untruly, the true prince,—it is no falsehood: though it fell out that I said so, dear Caoilte was indeed my friend.

Caoilte went to Ceann Con, I go to Leitir Lon: Caoilte with his fortunate folk, and I my lief alone.

Caoilte of the battles did not kill that day with his swift shooting—the man that often won fame—but one doe and one stag.

I vow to you, woman—it is no time for me to tell lies—that there came out with me over the plain thrice fifty fierce stags.

By thy hand, young woman, the cooking of Formaoil profited: thrice fifty stately stags in this place, with fifty pigs thrown in.

My shooting on Leitir Laoigh was not the tender shooting of a stripling: thrice fifty deer on the field, with the threescore wild pigs.

The hound I held in my active hand—Gaillfheith, Fionn mac Cumhaill's hound—there never touched the warm earth a hound that could win the day from Gaillfheith.

The small spear I had in my hand—seven rivets holding it—often had my hand been on its shaft, along the slope it was not unsteady.

A good spear was Fionn's spear: there was great venom in its steel-blue point: anyone whose blood it ever let never tasted food in his life again.

If it were that day, woman, to come to me above any man, thou wouldst wash my two hands, thou wouldst not avoid me.

It is a pity thou didst not do this for me, thou quiet, fair-haired girl, to lay my head on the cold pile of stone, and to wash for burial my poor bald pate.

Fine was the beauty of the fair hair that all men saw on my head: it has left me for good and all, till I am a disease-smitten grey-face.

Fine was the lustre of my hair, it was a fine setting for a body: never came through head's bone hair so good but the hair of Fionn.

Aye, and these teeth up here, away up in the old head, they were once on a time that they would crunch yellow-topt nuts.

They could gnaw a stag's haunch, hard and hungry and houndlike: they would not leave joint or jot of it but they would make mince-meat of.

Aye, and these eyes up here, away up in the old head, though they are roots of blood to-night, they were once thin pearly gems.

On a night of dark blind weather, they would not cause a stray step: to-night, though I should look out, I cannot see the fair.

Aye, and these legs below, nothing could have wearied them: to-night they are bowed and bent, pitiful, shrunken-sided.

Though they are without power or vigour—I cannot even turn them—they were swift on a time to follow the phantom of Fionnmhagh.

The phantom of Fionnmhagh on Magh Maoin, we got a turn of his ill-nature: on Sunday he was on the plain of Meath, when Cormac took . . . . (?)

The Fiana ran towards him, sure they were that they would overtake the phantom: they did not overtake him, though fierce their effort, except Oisin in Argadros.

The poor Oisin thou seest here, he encountered great harm and hardship, following the phantom southwards to cold Bearnan of edge-feats.

There he leapt a bold leap, highly, terribly, outlandishly, and he reached its arm with swiftness, up in the air he struck it.

I dealt a brave and hardy blow over its hideous clammy arm: I smote, without scarcity, on the eastward, the gold from its paw into the shield.

The little shield that was on my arm, over which I hewed the monster's paw, even had it desired the gold, it would have had it in its middle.

Ten rings in it of gold for Fionn, and ten for Croibhfinn, ten of them for Goll's daughter, and ten for the daughter of Iorgholl.

The reckoning of its gold from that out, besides gold that was hidden, even a seer does not know, for the greatness of its treasures.

I know ten hiding-places of Fionn's of treasures that I remember: pity they should be under the warm earth, each hiding-place having ten treasures.

His handsome drinking-horns are there, beside the pillar-stone of Carn Aodha: on the hillock hitherward from it he hid ten garments.

Beneath it are hunting spears wherewith red-headed stags were wounded: dear was the hero's hand that grasped them, meetly the stone of Almhain hath covered it.

Goblets that held the ale are there, beside the waterfall of Modhorn: let whoso seek them might and main, they shall not be found till the end of all.

These and the other treasures of Fionn, above all men might I reveal: I know no treasure of them all without its mounting of white bronze.

All we got in the lasting world, they would be numerous to recount: all that we laid in peopled earth will not be found till doom, woman.

I am left behind all these—it is right to thank the Lord for it—without vigour, without power while I live, at the back of Cionaodh's fortress.

Patrick's baptism is better for me than the deceitful bathing of women, protecting churches and peoples and habitations: if God permits it, do it, woman.

Woman.

VI.

The Fray at Loch Luig.

Our night was cold in Loch Luig: we got no rest: when Fionn of the Fian went to the chase of rugged Eichtghe.

Aodh son of Morna son of Gara comes to bring us to a feast—his decision was to bring us all to Loch Riach of the kings.

Fionn himself went not with him but stayed on the green mountain: the huts were in the garth: it was a *geis* for him to leap a camping place.

We went five men courageous and twenty famous warriors; four with each youth went forth, five-and-twenty under arms.

We rested after our hunting, as many as we were of Fians: though our force and our fame were great, we were glad to get a night's sleep.

At Dumha Mhuc, Cormac had a rearguard, Lunna and his big sons; they were a full valiant division.

After this we went to his house: better for us we had not gone at all: a dispute befell, not happily: it was no friendly meeting.

We went to the Lios of the Wells, and we did not get admission: they thought no more of all our music than of the wolves of the wood.

Diarmaid O Duinn said, 'If the gate be not opened to us, I will leap the rampart before me that I may avenge my despite.'

Diarmaid O Duibhne leapt that rampart without taking counsel—the agility of his legs was agile indeed—and he opened the door to us.

On the other side by twilight rise Lunna and his big sons, fifty clean-cut Norsemen—it was a contest well matched in fierceness.

The host kill each other above the border of the green mountain ; neither comrade nor friend escaped of the light-armed youths.

Diarmaid O Duinn fought with Leacach the fierce from Lochlainn ; Mac Lughach the able fought on the slope with Leacán.

Renowned Oisin fought with full valiant Lunna : and Oisin was hard pressed in fight by the outlander.

I fight on the northern side with hardy Ciorcall on the slope : Oscar was engaged by Greallach of the gravel lands.

We were ten in this way, we and the outlanders : our weariness came not till day with its full light.

On the morrow's morn we all abandoned our missile casting : Oscar of weapon-feats beheld Oisin in straits.

Oscar's spirit rose when the hard hand-to-hand fight was knit : and he quickened his hand in the hope of rescuing Oisin.

Oscar beheaded Greallach with his leaping sword of virtue : he slew Lunna the mariner : Oscar was worn out by it.

Towards able Mac Lughach rushed Oscar to slay Leacán : he went to his country across the stream of nighness (?) : the head of swift Leacach was taken off.

Great Oscar came up to me after victory of spoil and combats : we rested on the slope of the hill after victory of spoils and duel.

The cool water of Loch Luig, wo to him that mixes it in his food : for in it were left that time the Norsemen lying.

Cormac, grandson of Conn, is angered about his men against Cumhall's son : he grieved till his dying day for the death of his rear-guard company.

Flaithri and Fíothal are summoned to the presence of wrathful Cormac the sage : to give judgment in no light cause between Fionn and Cormac.

The men were awarded guilty : it is no right to deny the first guest : the judgment of the pure judges was, that they were guilty in their refusal.

I have not seen Oscar's equal in giving battle or single combat, except the hero Lughaidh Lágha, against any heavy odds.

All the champions of the earth, let them be in one man's body, grievous bloodshed they had suffered from the sword of mightily wounding Oscar.

There has not come on earth since battle-armed Conall a hero more spirited against odds than Oscar of the great deeds.

There has not taken lance in hand the equal of Diarmaid of the modest face, anear or yet afar, since Lugh Long-arm.

Oisin would have stood his ground best after the champions of Ireland, were quarrel but allowed him, against twenties or single adversaries.

Fierce MacLughach used to blood his sword first of all in combat: he used to excel them all in taking the spoil of his first slain.

I know not my own fault: as good a man as any in the comparison. I used to take no advantage in combat, and to avoid no odds.

That is the true account of us, my comrades and fellow-guards: the Fiana of Finn would believe the account I am giving.

From the house of Muireadhach, son of Flann, and of Manainn from Maona, I used to seek crags and havens and chilly heights.

Fionn of the Fian foretold for me that, after the Rising, the sun should come across my cheek in Ard Da Fhian refreshingly.

Ard Da Fhian I do not know on the surface of land or earth, but be it near me or far away, I shall get a place of coolness. Cold.

VII.

Caoilte's Mischief-Making.

I boast the morning for the deed: we were blood-stained and giddy: the Fians used to wash off their blood above the banks of Druim Eoghabhail.

I hewed down the hero without ruth, where we held our struggle, when we fought the battle there in which I carried off the head of Cuirreach.

I made lively play that day, I gave warning of wastings, I let their calves go to their cows in all Ireland weapon-strong.

I made lively play that day, I gave warning of wastings, with skilful feat I caused weeping in every house in Ireland.

I made lively play that day, I gave warning of wastings, and by me were burned utterly the mills and kilns of Ireland.

Next were let loose by me the swift horses of Ireland: I escape them by the swiftness of my feet until I reached Argad-ros.

Next I went over (to Tara) and the doorkeeper admitted me (?), and that night without doubt I was candle-bearer to Cormac.

Then said to me over there the noble high overking of Ireland, 'A marvel is the thing I see with full heed, Caoilte's two eyes in my candle-bearer.'

'Bless thee, say not so,' quoth Fionn, quoth the chief of the fair-haired Fiana; 'though I am in fetters in thy house, do not revile my people.

'That is not Caoilte's mind, beyond any man of thy folk of songs: he would not carry a shapely candle for all the gold in thy coffer.'

When the drinking was finished by the full fierce and mighty king, I go with him—it was no crooked step—till he reached the common house.

To this end I brought southward—greatly I desired its harmful power—and I brought with me with full intent the moss of high Seasgann Uairbheoil.

I gave in warm Tara one companion's wife to another: the wife of this companion I give away to that bedfellow.

I brought Cairbre's wife in sooth, and gave her to Cormac: I brought Cormac's wife likewise and gave her to Cairbre.

I put the king's sword in my own sheath, though it was a bold deed: my own sword Bright of Hilt I placed in Cormac's sheath.

Having fooled him, I asked him at rising time on the morrow, 'Will you tell me now what would ransom my master?'

'If thou fetch here the fierce wild man, and the taloned soaring griffin, and the ravens of the wood of Dún Dá Bheann, two ducks from Loch Goibhneann.

'Two martens from leafy woods on the side of Druim Dhá Raon, and two otters next from brown-white Coradh Doghair.

'Two stags from high Eichtghe, two blackbirds from Leitir Lonnghairg, two wrens from Dún Aoife, two "dog-heads" from Corraoife.

'Two "troscs" from Doire Dhá Dos, two turtle doves from Damhros, two bernacle geese from Loch Dá Dhall, the two swans of Iorros Domhnann.

'The lanky fox of Sliabh gCuillinn, two wild dogs (wolves) from Boireann, two swans from the wood of blue Gabhra, two woodcocks from Fordruim.'

Great was the ordeal he laid on me, it was not easy to fulfil: it brought me fiercely into strife, to have to follow the pursuit.

I start in pursuit across the lawn—it was a mighty work for one day: yet it were a pleasant deed, a cunning order, to ransom the son of Cumhall.

The raven went southward from me—greatly I desired its harm—to MacLughach's ford, known to thee, on the south-west of Lurgan.

The duck went from me through the mire, it was not easy to catch her, over the banks of the swift Barrow, over the shallow of Inbhear Dubhghlaise.

Where the wild man left me, when I was at the end of my strength, was in the middle of the rath of the Fian of Fionn, but I captured him in Crumlin.

I caught the crane by the neck: though she did not like it, she came: and I brought her with me under my control to ransom Fionn from Cormac.

All the hardship I met with them will come against me as long as I live: over each wild and each slope I reached the side of Loisionán.

I have parted with my friends: woe has come in my time: few were my foes each second day: at every time I boast it.

I boast.

VIII.

The Crane-Bag.

I have a question for thee, Caoilte, man of the interchanged weapons: to whom did the good Crane-bag belong that Cumhall son of Tréanmhór had?

A crane that belonged to gentle Manannán—it was a treasure of power with many virtues—from its skin, strange thing to prize—from it was made the Crane-bag.

Tell us what was the crane, my Caoilte of many exploits, or, tell us, man, why its skin was put about the treasures.

Aoife, daughter of dear Dealbhaoth, sweetheart of Ilbhreac of many beauties—both she and Iuchra of comely hue fell in love with the man.

Iuchra, enraged, beguiled Aoife to come swimming, it was no happy visit: when she drove her fiercely forth in the form of a crane over the moorlands.

Aoife then demanded of the beautiful daughter of Abhartach: 'How long am I to be in this form, woman, beautiful breast-white Iuchra?'

'The term I will fix will not be short for thee, Aoife of the slow-glancing eyes: thou shalt be two hundred white years in the noble house of Manannán.

'Thou shalt be always in that house with everyone mocking thee, a crane that does not visit every land: thou shalt not reach any land.

'A good vessel of treasures will be made of thy skin—no small event: its name shall be—I do not lie—in distant times the Crane-bag.'

Manannán made this of the skin when she died: afterwards in truth it held every precious thing he had.

The shirt of Manannán and his knife, and Goibhne's girdle, altogether: a smith's hook from the fierce man: were treasures that the Crane-bag held.

The King of Scotland's shears full sure, and the King of Lochlainn's helmet, these were in it to be told of, and the bones of Asal's swine.

A girdle of the great whale's back was in the shapely Crane-bag: I will tell thee without harm, it used to be carried in it.

When the sea was full, its treasures were visible in its middle: when the fierce sea was in ebb, the Crane-bag in turn was empty.

There thou hast it, noble Oisin, how this thing itself was made: and now I shall tell its faring, its happenings.

Long time the Crane-bag belonged to heroic Lugh Long-arm: till at last the king was slain by the sons of Cearmaid Honey-mouth.

To them next the Crane-bag belonged after him, till the three, though active, fell by the great sons of Míle.

Manannán came without weariness, carried off the Crane-bag again: he showed it to no man till the time of Conaire came.

Comely Conaire slept on the side of Tara of the plains: when the cunning well-made man awoke, the Crane-bag was found about his neck. Etc.

IX.

Goll's Malediction.

My curse on the House of Baoiscne, at end of night on the crag: they should learn my wrath if my friends were many.

My blessing on the House of Morna, that has suffered hardship from many unearthly beings: to-night though it be the end of night, on the House of Baoiscne my curse.

All except Fionn alone: by his edge hath phantom fallen: bad for me the end of his craft: on the House of Baoiscne my curse.

Often I met with straits in a hostel, though I am worse beset on the crag: I shall be for ever lamented: on the House of Baoiscne my curse.

Daughter of Conall of Cruachain, whose friends are few, bring a blessing to my friends, bring the Leinstermen my curse.

Sgiath Breac son of Dathchaoin lives not: there is no other reliance since my friend is gone: no more lives Goth Gaoithe: on the House of Baoiscne my curse.

I got the haunch of a wild stag from Caoilte, and it was a friend's gift: my blessing on him seven times, on the House of Baoiscne my curse.

I am not thankful to the House of Ronan, my many friends are no more: that is the end of my lay: on the House of Baoiscne my curse.

When Patrick comes to Banbha, it shall not be an abode of evil beings: I leave my welcome to meet him, to the House of Baoiscne my curse.

My curse.

X.

Goll's Parting with his Wife.

'Woman, take away my tunic: rise up and go from me: prepare to depart, clear one of rosy cheeks, the morn before my slaying.'

'O Goll, what way shall I take? alas for those whose friends are few! rare is the woman that has grace, when she is left without head, without lord.'

'Seek the camp of Fionn of the Fiana in its place on this westward side; wed there, gentle one of red lips, some good man worthy of thee.'

'What man there might I wed, my great Goll that wast kind to me? where might I find west or east thy equal for a bedfellow?'

'Wilt thou have Oisin son of Fionn, or Aonghus son of Aodh Rinn, or muscular bloodstained Caireall, or the hundred-wounding Corr Chos-luath?'

'Conall of Cruachain is my father: I am fellow-fosterling to Conn of the Hundred Battles: brother to me in the northern land is Ceidghein son of shaft-stout Conall.

'It is the harder for me to leave thee, that thou art my gentle sweet first husband: seven years of bravery agone, thou broughtest me, husband, to thy couch.

'From that night until to-night, thou hast not shown me a harsh mind: from this night out I will not be light-minded, I will belong to no man on the surface of earth.

'Thirty days living without food scarcely was ever man before thee: a hundred heroes, Goll, by thy hand have fallen on the narrow crag.'

'Wide is the sea around us, and I on the narrow of the crag: hunger for food is betraying me, and thirst is overmatching me.

'Though hunger for food is betraying me, though fierce is the warfare of the five battalions, still more it takes the beauty from my cheek, to have to drink bitter-strong brine.

'My own twenty-nine brothers if one man of the Fian had killed, it would make my peace with him (were he) to relieve me for one night from thirst.'

'Goll son of Morna from Magh Maoin, eat those bodies at thy side: it will relieve thy thirst after [eating of] the men to drink the milk of my breasts.'

'Daughter of Conall, I will not hide it—ah! it is pitiful how this thing has befallen—woman's bidding north or south I will not do and have never done.'

'Ah! Goll, it is a woeful plight, five battalions or six against thee, and thou on the corner of a hard crag, a bare lofty chilly crag.'

'That, O red mouth that wast musical, was my one fear on wave or land—Fionn and his Fian pressing on me and I without food in a narrow corner.

'I have stained my shafts right well in the bodies of the House of Tréanmhór: I have inflicted on them suffering and hardship, I have killed shaft-strong Cumhall.

'I brought the Munstermen to grief on the Tuesday in Magh Léana: I delivered battle bravely on the morn in Magh Eanaigh.

'Eochaidh Red-spot son of Mál, of Ulster's proud-faced over-king, I plunged into that hero my spear: I brought them to sorrow, woman.'

Woman.

XI.

The Kindred of Fionn.

Fionn the Poet was a man of beauty, he was a noble leader of Fiana: though we called him Fionn the Poet, he was a dexterous mighty king.

Fionn the Poet was a man of speech, it was he that we called Tréanmhór: he excelled rather in the strength of his feats, nevertheless it was a fitting name.

Two sons had Fionn of valour fierce, Fearghus Luaithfhionn and Eoghan: from them sprang, I know it certain, all the best of the Fiana of Ireland.

One son had noble Eoghan, Oilill muscular, right brave: two sons had Oilill, 'tis truth, Dáire brown and Dorchaidhe.

Fearghus Luaithfhionn, herolike his strength, I am learned in his history: him his foster-mother here called in excess of joy 'Baoiscne.'

Three sons had renowned Baoiscne, brave Cumhall, boaster of victories, Criomhall and Aodh Ollach, the greatly fierce and great achieving three.

One son Aodh Ollach had, wrathful right featful Lughaidh: one son of the same Lughaidh, fortunate branch-handed Feardhomhann.

Two sons had comely Criomhall, Morann of triumphs and Aodh—beloved the pair of warrior-like grasp, in one day they died.

Oisin son of Fionn of furious valour, Fearghus, Caoinche scarlet-clear, Uilleann, Faobhar, handsome Raighne, beloved were the comely perfect six (brothers).

Five sons had great Oisin—Oscar and fierce Fear Logha, Eachtach, Uladhach that stayed, and Dolbh Sgeine bright of shield.

One daughter had Fionn of valour fierce, whose name was Lughach, white of hand: man's part she aimed at, curbing her nature, and forsook her womanhood.

One day that they were on the slope, Lughach and Dáire, in the chase, Dáire went, though not easily, unto Lughach in one bed.

Lughach became pregnant by the deed from Dáire, though it was bad friendship: at nine months' end she bears a son that was the envy of the Fiana.

'A wicked lad,' said they all, 'O son of Cumhall of Almhain': Gaoine was his name, for his begetting was a prank (gaoine), Mac Lughach his name after his mother.

XII.

The Household of Almha.

Let us behold Fionn's house in Almha, where kingly warriors used to come: I see that there lives of it no more door-post nor wattle nor pole.

Little I care for the bare site, now that the sunburnt warriors are gone: Ua Baoiscne's seat, though once 'twas gay, to-night is grassy surface-green.

Fair-haired women, with rings of gold, once were here, with drinking-horns: warriors that were staunch in battle, with many-coloured clothing.

Three hundred good cups for strong drink, with thrice fifty golden vessels, thrice fifty goblets of white silver that held the hazel mead of May.

One golden cup, a lovely treasure; a vat of yew for six hundred to drink from: a candelabrum seven feet high, of gold and silver and precious stuff.

A reckoning of a hundred spotless couches, thirty warriors to every bed, around the carven couch of gold of Fionn son of Cumhall, son of Tréanmhór.

Golden ornament throughout, with golden pillars: couches of wattle and plank, a youthful soldiery on the floors.

In comely wise the Fian would come with packs of hounds in handsome leash: thus they were wont to come home, each man bearing his spoils of the chase.

'Twere hard to count the Fian of Fionn, great Patrick of sweet-sounding words, unless there might be there within some one who knew their names.

Oisin, son of Fionn, the host was the better for him, Domhnall of bent glance, foot-swift Ceallach, Mac Míleadh and noble Eachluath, Dubh Dromán, and Dubhán.

Oisin's five sons who were not foolish, Oscar and full-wise Fear Logha, [Eachtach] and Uladhach each time, and shield-bright Dolbh Sgéine.

Diarmaid Ó Duibhne from the Brugh, and the ten Oillills from Eadar, ten Dubhthachs from the ridges of Breagha, the ten Moranns of Taillte's plain.

And ten Cormacs from the *Cathair*, ten Cians, ten Arts, ten Aithghins, the ten Muireadhachs of Magh an Sgáil, ten Conns, ten Flanns, ten Faoláns.

Ten Feardhomhains, ten Ailbhes, ten Collas from the bounds of Cairbre, ten Connlas, ten curly Criomhthanns, ten Fiachras and ten Fearghuses.

The ten Fearghuses of our race, the ten Dáires from Dáirfhine, the ten Muirtheimhnes of the sea, ten Donnghuses, ten Donnchadhs.

Caol Cródha and Conn son of Feabhal, and the Glas son of Dreamhan, Gofraidh of Gleann and Fionn the white, Guaire, Criomhthann and Cüán.

Tell thou, their hunting was notable, Cathal, Dubhán and Druimdhearg, Dubh Róid and Ciothach and Conn, Maine and Art and Iorgholl.

Dubh Róid and Dubh Draighin, Faolchú of hard-tempered sword, Glac son of Dearg, son of handsome Diothrabh, Aodh son of Criomhthan son of Camlaibh [Amhlaibh?].

Sealbhach whose speech was musical, Aodh the Fair, Cüán and Eanna, Banbh Sionna and Rionnolbh keen, Mac Deighe and Mac Deithchill.

Dubhán, Dubh Róid, Dubh Dála, Dubh Droma, son of Seanchadh, Flaithre of sharp edge, man of two exploits, Garbh Doire, Dáire, Donnghal.

Suibhne, spear-bearing, smiter of the host, the three sons of browred Aille, Fear Mumhan, Manradh of honour clear, Dorn Tar Malaigh and Guaire.

The two Cüáns from Cuala, the two Brans, they were enduring, Fál Feadha and Fear Sgéith, and Glas son of rough gray Gadal.

More I mourn the death of skilful Colla and of Conn and Iaconn and Maine and Corc and Ceallach that were handy about slender points.

The death of Oilill and Breasal, not to us it was no loss, the death of Eochaidh and Aodh with their shapely spear-heads.

Three clowns were there within, Cas and Cathmhaol and Cualann, three jugglers, a gentle way, Cleas and Cinnmhear and Cuitbheadh.

The three grooms of Fionn's house, when they used to be in Crumlin, the colour of their six soles was not nice, Corr and Lonn and Luath.

The three fools of Fionn's house, Meall and Maol and Cnap : though they used to follow the Fiana, not much wisdom had the three lads.

His three good butlers, Drúcht, Dásacht and Daithe : his three doorkeepers, a saying without deceit, Druid and Iath and Oslaic.

Fearghus Fion-bhéal, Fionn's poet, he was ecstatic, he was sweet of word : Mac Samhain his just judge, Aodh of the blue nails his candle-bearer.

Beautiful was the bevy of women that were on the banks of Loch Lurgan, with the daughter of comely Cearmaid, with Leannabhair, with Leannchaomh.

With the little woman, sweet-voiced Blánad, with Earc, with stately Sáraid, with Maine, with Eadaoin, with Saor, with Aillbhe, with Cruithgheal the fair-haired.

With Bearrach the freckled, with Bé Bhláith, with tall Téa, daughter of Rónán, Finneabhair finger-slender, of many accomplishments, Eadan the beautiful and Aobhdhonn.

Rónán's son has passed away : all foretold that it should come : by the will of the Son of God, a keen pleasure, by the will of the good King I have beheld.

Let us behold.

XIII.

The Headless Phantoms.

This is a fair in Magh Eala of the king: the fair of Liffey with its brilliancy: happy for each one that goes thither, he is not like Guaire the Blind.

Guaire the Blind was not in truth my name when I used to be in the king's house, in the house of excellent Fearghus on the strand over Bearramhain.

The horses of the Fiana would come to the race, and the horses of the Munstermen of the great races: they once held three famous contests on the green of the sons of Muiridh.

A black horse belonging to Dil, son of Da Chreag, in each race that they held at the rock above Loch Goir, he won the three chief prizes of the fair.

Fiachra then besought the horse from the druid, his grandfather, gave him a hundred cattle of each kind, that he might give it in return.

'There is the fast black horse for thee,' said Fiachra to the Fiana's chief: 'here I give thee my sword of fame, and a horse for thy charioteer.

'Take my helmet equal to a hundred, take my shield from the lands of the Greeks, take my fierce spears and my silvern weapons.

'If it please thee better than to have nothing, chief of the Fiana, handsome king, thou shalt not go off without a gift, chief of the blade-blue Fiana.'

Thereupon Fionn himself arose: he was thankful to Eoghan's son: they salute each other: not without stir was their rising together.

Fionn went before us on the way: we come with him three score hundred; to Cathair to Dún-over-Lake, 'tis there we went from the fair.

Three days and three nights in high honour we spent in Cathair's house, without lack of ale or food for Cumhall's son from the great king.

Fifty rings Fionn gave him, fifty horses and fifty cows: Fionn gave the worth of his ale to Cathaoir son of Oilill.

Fionn went to try the black steed to the strand over Bearramhain; I and Caoilte follow in sportiveness, and we race right cunningly.

Even we were not slow, full swift were our bounds: one of us on his left, one on his right—there is no deer we could not have outrun.

When the king (Fionn) noticed this, he spurred his horse to Tráigh Lí, from Tráigh Li over Tráigh Doimh Ghlais, over Fraochmhagh and over Fionn-ghlais.

Over Magh Fleisge, over Magh Cairn, over the Sean-umair of Druim Garbh, over the brink (?) of the silvery Flesk, over the "Bedside" of the Cochrainn. Over Druim Eadair, over Druim Caoin, over Druim Dha Fhiach, over Formaoil.

When we had come to the hill, we were first by eight times: though it was we that got there first, the king's horse was nowise slow.

'This is night, the day is ended,' said Fionn in good sooth: 'folly it was that brought us here, let us go seek a hunting-booth.'

As the king glanced aside at the crag to his left, he saw a great house with a fire in the valley before him.

Then said Caoilte a stout saying that was no matter for boasting: 'Till this night I have never seen a house in this valley though I know it well.'

'Let us start off,' quoth Caoilte, 'and visit it; there are many things that I am in ignorance of:' a welcome, best of all things, was given to the son of Cumhall of Almhain.

After this we went in on a night's visit that was rued: we were met with screeching, wailing, and shouting, and a clamorous rabbly household.

Within stood a grey-haired churl in the midst: he quickly seizes Finn's horse: he takes down the door on this side from its iron hinges.

We sit down on the hard couch that has to rest us all at once: the log of elder that is on the hearth has all but quenched the fire.

The unmusical churl spoke a speech that did not greatly please us: 'Rise up, ye folk that are within: sing a song for the king-feinnidh.'

Nine bodies rise out of the corner from the side next to us: nine heads from the other side on the iron couch.

They set up nine horrid screeches: though matched in loudness, they were not matched in harmony: the churl answered in turn, and the headless body answered.

Though each rough strain of theirs was bad, the headless body's strain was worse: there was no strain but was tolerable compared to the shriek of the one-eyed man.

The song they sang for us would have wakened dead men out of the clay: it well-nigh split the bones of our heads: it was not a melodious chorus.

After that the churl gets up and takes his firewood hatchet, comes and kills our horses, flays and cuts them up at one task.

Fifty spits that were pointed, the which were spits of rowan—on each in turn he puts two joints and sticks them round the fireplace.

No spit of them had to be taught (?), as he took them up from the fire; and he brought before Fionn his horse's flesh on spits of rowan.

'Thou churl, take off thy food: horse-flesh I have never eaten, and never yet will I eat, for the matter of going foodless for one mealtime.'

'If for this my house has been visited, to refuse food,' quoth the churl, 'it will fall out pleasantly for you, Caoilte, Fionn and Oisin.'

With that we started up to get our swords of temper: each man seized another's sword—it was an omen of fist-play.

The fire that was set is quenched, so that neither flame nor embers were visible: a dark and murky corner is narrowed round us three in one place.

When we were man to man, who should prove our stay but Fionn: slain outright were we, but for Fionn of the Fian.

Man against man we were in the house, the whole long night till morning, until the sun came in at rising time on the morrow.

When the sun rose, down fell each man eastward or westward : into each man's head a black mist came, till they lay lifeless in that hour.

Not long we were in our swoon : we rise up hale and sound : the house had vanished from us, and vanished from us are the inmates.

The party that had fought with us were the Nine Phantoms from Yewvalley, to avenge on us their sister whose name was Cuilleann broad of foot.

In this manner rose Fionn—his horse's reins in his hand : the horse was whole, head and foot : every injury had left him.

I am Caoilte the beloved, left behind the faultless heroes : greatly I miss it out and out that I no longer see the Fair.

This is the Fair.

XIV.

The Enchanted Stag.

We held a hunt after Hallowtide in the Gorge of Balar's Pig, having passed over Magh n-Ithe, two hundred warriors well weary.

A heavy hog of the breed of Balar's swine we killed after the Hallowtide : a boar of grisly shape, of power, wherefrom the gorge is named.

None had dared to kill him but the Fian of Fionn of surpassing might : of the breed of the swift agile swine that Balar the stout smiter kept.

It was I that first engaged the hog and fought with the great pig : three miles of the hill-top I bore that pig upon my shoulder.

We were in the Pass of Sruthair, one hundred right shapely warriors : with a week's eating in the hog for both hound and man.

Our hunting—it was the glorious hunting that gave the Cooking Copse its name : a hundred stags from every oak-grove that held a bush we laid low around Ruadhros.

A hundred deer, a hundred stags, we killed with our light spears : the sand was red with their blood, though it was a salmon-strewn strand that day.

Oh for the day at Nuadha's-Hand—thou graceless woman that art so surly!—on the chase of Inis Bo Finne when Donn of Dubhlinn fell.

A hundred tender (?) maidens Donn brought with him from the Sith of Aodh: it was a high emprise, it was a famous enchantment, it was an unlovely shape that came on him.

A queen had Aodh without blemish: she fell jealous about the maidens, she turned them into cold deer ranging the plains without escort of horsemen.

Though it was she that wrought the evil, she protected them from peril: no one dared to touch the deer: Donn was herding them.

Ten times was word sent from the queen to strong Donn in secret, that she would be sleepless out of doors till he would come to speak with her.

Donn swore by wind and bright sun, by sea and land of the mighty oaths: 'I am the king's son who will not enter thy house: never will I be on sufferance.'

The queen is enraged with him, with Donn from the Sith of Sliabh Mis: so that she changed his gait abroad, and turned him into the form of a wild stag.

He went off with his herds: their goings were not slow: he grew a growth (?) of flattened points and thus appeared to the men of Ireland.

Donn said—it was a foolish speech—to the son of Cumhall son of Treanmhór that the Fians of Fionn would not dare touch him as long as there was a deer in Ireland.

Fionn said to his Fians: 'Let us all go to seek him: the stag shall not remain at pasture hidden from the Fians.'

I said to him then, to the king of the Fians from Almha, that he would find the stag's encounter fierce that has been turned into [strange] forms before you.

'My hounds will kill the stag, Gaillinn and Sgeolang and Bran: follow ye well every track: there is no shape they do not kill outright.

'I will not feed my hounds,' said Fionn, 'until the stag fall by my hand: whether he keep the middle of the mountain or make a slaughter of the Fian.'

Whenas Fionn had said this, we fell violently ashamed: he sets forth with his company: his household was not downcast.

A hundred and twenty men of us: ten hundred hounds following us: a hundred women and a hundred men [attended]: it was a trysting great enow.

Great was our tumult and the terror we inspired: great was our company and formidable: as we went to hunt the stag, it was a wrathful march from Almha.

We arrived at the pasturage: there was a man of battle there: he was a match for us, it was clear: he killed a hundred at the first attack.

We raised three furious shouts, whereof the loud din was heard unto the heavens: no terror seized the brown stag at the uproar of the men or at their assault.

Bellowing seized him, anger filled him, the fierce brown-red active stag, at the sight of the white hounds, at their terrific guise, at the formidable uproar of the men.

He assembled his deer over the great land, over the plains, and [against him was] a hardy baying pack in Gleann Maghair of the rider-host.

The pack came upon the quarry (?) at the big sea-pool of Ceann Mhaghair: the stag turned his breast to our host: hard ill usage we got of him.

Whoever kept away from him, it was not to face him that Fionn undertook, by reason of the stag's last stand, guarding against them on his feet.

Were it not for me and Fionn's two hounds that followed him from glen to glen, he had left the Fian, by my troth: hard ill usage we got of him.

I tackled the stag in fight, amid the slaughter though alone; the deer were laid low by me, Donn of the deer-herding was laid low.

Donn from the Siodha was the stag, Fionnlaoch's only son, as I know: a stern fate befell him from the queen, that she brought him under heavy vengeance.

Since first I came to life in this world, I met no contest like it—my meeting with the stag face to face, Fionn foretold it, it befell us.

XV.

The Boyhood of Fionn.

Write it, Brogan, a writing in speech full keen and wise—somewhat of the career of Cumhall's son who bore many a distressful bout.

It was the daughter of Tadhg Mor son of Nuadha that brought forth a famous sapling of glowing crown: Glais Dige (Stream of the Dyke) was the first name given him when he was born in that hour.

Bodhmann, fostermother of valour, carried that lad to a secret hill: in the hollow of a tall ivy-clad tree is nursed that noble Fian-leader.

He is named the Lad of the Hollow: many a thing of terror for a time befell him: he is kept nourished by Bodhmann on the rich meat of grizzled hogs of the wild swine.

One day he is left alone, who often met danger within great dwellings: a slice from the side of the wild hog was the breast that son of Muirne sucked.

A *toghán* (polecat?) by the wood-side passes near the hollow: it comes to the smell of the slice (?): for the infant it was no slight terror.

He closes his grasp round the *toghmann*—it was a good auspice of brave encounter:—he keeps choking the *toghán* from early morn till eve.

Bodhmann comes to seek the child unwearied as any deer: when she found the *toghmann* strangled, Bodhmann rejoiced in the first exploit.

Speedily the *toghán* is skinned—it was a good augury of the chase: the skin of the tree-hound of the forest is put about him in the hunting-booth.

He is called the Lad of the Hollow, this man of straits in many a fray: until he is nine years old he continues to be fed by Bodhmann.

She goes with him to the fair of Taillte: for him this visit was not a friendly one: against the boys of all Ireland he wins three games in turn.

He plays three games of the loop (three cunning games?)—the beginning of his education in Taillte—against the youths of all Ireland: for him it was no play among friends.

Conn of the champions asks—the man by whom hard marches are made—'Who is the little *fionn* (fair lad) that wins the goal against the handsome youths of Ireland?'

'A light word is that,' said Bodhmann, 'thou Conn of the brave encounters: yon lad is the man of joy, "Fionn" himself, clear-topped Ua Baoisgne.

'He is the prophesied of old, that has come to you from the hunting booth: he it is that will break your *geasa*: henceforth he will not be in hiding.'

He goes from the fair, pursued by many a sword-edge from Taillte, across Ireland without stop to the shelter of Fiodh Gaibhle.

He was fated not to be christened till he should see brave Conn: it is by the words of his enemy that he got the invention of his name.

That is why he was christened (Fionn): good were his knightship and his deeds: how hard he found it whoso shall tell, it is meet to write his tale.

Write it, Brogan.

XVI.

The Shield of Fionn.

Ah me! thou shield of my bright king, 'tis hard that thou shouldst be defaced: woe that thy sturdy lord no longer lives, thou foreguard of the shields of Ireland.

Many a spoiling, many a brave battle thou and thy lord have given: good was the cover of thy chalk round spearheads, thou staunch protection against strokes.

There was not on the firm earth in the time when he possessed thee, there seized not shield a braver man than thy chieftain and thy lord.

He was a poet, a man of science, a battle-hero of assemblies: none was found like him for gifts: he was a brave warrior in stern battles.

He was a craftsman, an excellent metal-wright, a happy ready judge: woe to him that met him in anger: he was a master in every free craft.

Hardly is there on solid earth, unless there be some seer or sage, thou shield of the king of frosty Sígear, one that knows thy career.

Scarce are they too on the same earth, man or woman, that can tell the reason why thy name abroad is called the Dripping Ancient Hazel.

There is not, except myself and Caoilte, man of wisdom, and Fionntan of Dún Fearta, one that knows thy career.

From of old the shield of my king—I tell you it is a true matter—is unknown of men, grieves me no man, until the great battle of Magh Tuireadh.

'Twas Balor that besought Lugh a short time before his beheading: 'Set my head on thy own comely head and earn my blessing.

'The triumph and the terror that the men of Inis Fail found in me, well I wish that henceforth they may be found in my daughter's son.'

That blessing nevertheless Lugh Longarm did not earn: he set the head above an eastern wave in a fork of hazel before his face.

A poisonous milk drips down out of that tree of strong hardness: through the drip of the bane of no slight stress, the tree splits right in two.

For the space of fifty full years the hazel remained unfelled, but ever bore a cause of tears, being an abode of vultures and ravens.

Manannán of the round eye went to the wilderness of the White-hazel Mountain, where he saw a leafless tree among the trees that vied in beauty.

Manannán sets workmen at work on this tree without slackness: to dig it out of the firm earth: this were a mighty deed.

A poisonous vapour rises up incessantly from the root of that tree until it killed—perilous consequence—nine men of the working folk.

It killed nine others of them of the people of smooth Manannán—the story of the tree well I wot—and blinded a third nine.

Now I say to you, let the prophecy be sought out: around that mighty hazel uncontemned was found the source of many an 'ah me!'

Lucra was the wright that wrought the plaited blossom-light shield—lord of the Marannmháls of the plain—for Manannán the warrior.

Two virtues of the virtues of the shield, to be untouched in battle or in fray—few were the shields its equal—before it 'twas a rush of utter rout.

A battle in Pict-land that was not weak was the first battle fought by thee, when Mothla son of Meilge was slain, the mighty high-king of Egypt.

Not inferior was the next battle fought by thee, whereof the grief was great, when Dubhthach son of Daire was slain, the mighty high-king of Spain.

'Twas a quest on which noble Manannán went into Asia with a numerous host, when he slew Fiodhabhlach the active, the many-weaponed high-king of Asia.

These were noble Manannán's share in thy struggles south and north, till he gave thee, that wert a beloved goodly screen, a marriage-gift to the king of Sigear.

Cairbre made a song of praise on the beauty-scarlet shield—a man of sweetness and delight was he—for the king of the noble island of Sigear.

Fifty ounces of the pure gold Gola gave him for his praising: the better was his worth and the greater his fame, both his and the beauty-clear shield's.

Cairbre the generous prince, son of Eadaoin, whose honour was good, bestowed the shield on the brave lord on whom it brought no sorrow, on the Daghdha of majestic face.

The Daghdha gave to tall Eitheor the hue-ruddy brown-red shield—to the rod of many a feat in fight, to the son of Conn son of Cearmaid.

It was from that shield that Eitheor of smooth brown face was called "Son of Hazel"—the man of deeds whereof the fame was not feeble—for this was the hazel that he worshipped.

On the day when MacCuill was slain in the battle of Taillte of the great muster, a man whose heavy slaughters abroad were not slight, Sgorán possessed that shield.

For the space of two hundred full years was the golden ancient shield, after a still longer life, in the possession of the kings of Fir Menia (Armenia?).

Manannán of the heroes went after it into the country of Fir Menia, where he gained nine glorious battles over the people of shield-bright Sgorán.

He killed three brave battalions of the splendid oversea army: it was a great affair beyond despite, whereof arose cause for cries of 'ah me!'

Fifty ounces of the red gold, fifty horses of waving mane, brown-red, a [chess] board that was not shaky (?) in his house, and the chessmen of shield-bright Sgorán [were paid by him].

He gave him a still greater ransom—for Manannán it was no distress—for giving battle with the fifty battalions, thrice fifty shields along with that same shield.

Manannán himself kept it, the much-adorned terrific shield: the cunning man of never feeble deed kept it till Tadhg, son of Nuadha came.

Manannán gave to Tadhg the hue-ruddy, brown-red shield, to Nuadha's son the well-knit craftsman, together with the chessmen.

The day that comely Cumhall carried off Muirn of the lovely neck by force, the lord of every manly honour, he obtained the shield of onsets.

When comely Cumhall fell in Cnucha above Liffey of the Leinstermen, the smooth steady prince of no small frame, Criomhall obtained that shield.

When Fionn the manly succeeded (?) to handsome, splendid Criomhall, that bright great grasp to which each battle yielded took from Tréanmhór the stout shield.

What of battles were fought by thee under Cumhall's son of the bright hands, thou brightest shield that hast not been defamed, 'twere hard to number them.

By thee was given the battle of Ceann Cluig, when Dubhthach, son of Dubh, was slain: the battle of Móin Mafaidh without woe, when Déidgheal hard-mouth was slain.

The battle of Luachair, the battle of Ceann Aise, and the battle of Inbhear Dubhghlaise, the battle of Teathbha, stiff was its entanglement, the battle of Cluain Meann of Muirisg.

The battle of Lusga, the battle of Ceann Cláire, and the battle of Dún Maighe, the battle of Sliabh Fuaid, whose heat was tense, the rout in which fell rough grey-eyed Garbhán.

The battle of Fionntráigh, whereby the warsprite was sated, where blood and booty were left behind, two bloody battles round Ath Móna, and eke the battle of Cronnmhóin.

The battle of Bolgraighe of great deeds, in which fell Cormac the exact, the battle of Achad Abhla that was not slack, the battle of Gabhair, the battle of the Sheaves.

The battle of Ollarbha, where the strife was fierce, wherein generous Fathadh was slain, the battle of Eise, great were its deeds, and the battle of Ceis Corainn.

The battle of Carraig, the battle of Srubh Brain, and the battle of Beann Eadair, the battle of Sliabh Uighe that was not slack, and the battle of Magh Málann.

The battle of the brave Colamhnaigh, and the battle of Inbhear Bádhna, the battle of Ath Modhairn, clear to us, and the battle of Beirge above Boyne.

The battle of Magh Adhair not belittled, and the battle of Dún Fraochán, the battle of Meilge of the mighty struggle, that caused loud cries and wails of woe.

The battle of Beirbhe, great was its deed, the after-battle with the King of Lochlainn of the ships, the battle of Uighe, undoubtful were its tidings, and the battle of the Isle of Gaibiel.

The battle of Móin, the battle of Ceann Tíre, and the fortunate battle of Islay; the battle of the Saxons, great was its glory, and the battle of sturdy Dún Binne.

The battle where tall Aichil was slain, the ready-handed high-king of Denmark, the battle of Inbhear Buille in truth, and the battle of fierce firm Buinne.

Twenty battles and twelve outside of Ireland in full sooth as far as Tír na n-Dionn of fame not small, Fionn fought of battles with thee.

Eight battles in Leinster of the blades thou and thy side-slender lord fought: in thy space of grace, no falsehood is this, sixteen battles in Ulster.

Thirty battles without reproach thou gavest in Munster of MacCon —it is no lie but sooth—and twelve battles in Connacht.

Twenty-five victorious battles were fought by thee, thou hardy door, eighteen battles, a rout that was not slack, thou didst gain over the Tuatha De Danann.

Not reckoning thy fierce indoor fights and thy duels of hard swords, these while thy success lasted strong were thy share of the battles of Ireland.

Broken is my heart in my body: I have mourned for many a good equal: thou undefended on the plain, burned by the swineherd.

Thrice nine were we on Druim Deilg after the blood-red battle: sad to relate was our plight: we raised three cries of "*ochán*."

Since the forbidden tree that was in Paradise on account of which, alas! transgression was done, never was shaped tree on ground that caused more cries of *uchán*.

The King of Heaven save me, the good Son of Mary maiden, from Hell of sharpest peril that has caused laments and *uchánsa*.

XVII.

Caoilte's Urn.

Caoilte's urn who first found, I shall record here in lasting life : for many a day it was sought in the spring above Duibheochair.

Steady the little white urn that ye have given unto my hand: my dear heart makes welcome for the goblet of Caoilte of friendship.

Ivory and gold and blue glass (whosoever has sought to know of me), pale bronze and white silver was the urn of Caoilte, the princely youth.

An apple of red gold in its middle, with pillars of white silver : on its right side when this was set, it let forth water from the urn.

When on its right side was put the ingenious shapely apple, the little white apple would stay in the water till the urn was full.

To put water in the middle of it (I tell you the matter is certain), what drink he chose thereafter it gave to every king-*féinnidh*.

Dear was he to whom it used to be served, the urn of Caoilte of the swift shooting : never served draught its better in shape and invention.

My witness for Ronan's courteous scion above any man that was in the Fian : that never came on land or wave a man like accurate Caoilte.

He was a soldier, a guide at need, a burgher that entertained all men, a brave man that carried the battle, a man constant and right proved.

Were it shapen gold and stones, and that my prince had their bestowal, this is the speech he would speak thereunto—that they should serve all men else.

I will clasp to my sad heart the lovely, clear, cool urn : ah ! that it were my beloved Caoilte that had come here as thou hast come.

Stay with me for the dear God's sake, thou Tailgheann, thou foretold one, till I tell thee while I live the true story of the urn.

One day that we were above Eas Ruaidh, all the Fiana of Fionn at once, Fionn divided (he was the better of it) the forests, woods, and wildernesses.

Fionnchadh and Corr the Footswift without fault got the hunting of the Connacht border, and Suanân, son of Fear Trom, Faolân, and Lughaidh from Leitrim.

The three kings of the Briton Fians successful, Anluan, Forann, Fearadhach: beloved band, lively their action, the three sons of the high-king Iobhar.

The constant Glasannraidh and Giollannraidh follow Forann from us like the rest: the King of Britain's active son took a third of our foreigners and our levies.

When Fionn saw this, before I spoke he speaks to me: 'Oisin, bring along with thee together Cnû Deireoil and Daighre.

'Hold the chase of Leinster of sword-blades, of Ossory and of Sliabh Cualann: bring the sons of Cuân likewise, bring my musicians and my soldiers.

'Thou art first of us in honour, Oisin of noble virtue: thine most fitly, therefore, are the foreigners and levies under thy protection.'

His own musicians without sadness Forann brought with him to the chase, Suanach, Seanach, Breasal the fair, Uallach, Aichear, Ailgeanân.

Cobhthach, Ciothruaidh and Cos, Maine and famous Eanna, Crônân, Crinne of gentle way, Ceolach, Faoidh and Fosgadh.

We fell jealous of him then, of the son of Britain's valiant king: we envied him all that he brought away, foreigners, musicians, levies.

At Bearnas next sat down Fionn to whom we had given lordship: he looses from him the hunting folk with their red-pawed hounds.

Eight men in the king's company, men whose might was not withstood: himself was the ninth man, Fionn, son of Cumhall of the round spears.

Cuân and Aodh Beag, son of Fionn, Failbhe and Rionnolbh of keenness, Glas, son of Eadar, fierce his power, Caoinche, Daire, and Donnghus.

A hound in the leash of every man of these, Fionn with Bran before him: hearken to me in due order till I tell their names.

Fuilteach with Aodh Beag, son of Fionn, Eachtach with Rionnolbh the Keen, Fear Glinne with Failbhe, too, and Gaoth with Cuân of Crumlin.

Eitioll with Glas, fierce his terror, Fiamhach the hound of excellent Caoinche, Fear Glonn with Daire for his day, Fear Baoth in the hand of Donnghus.

Bran though a hound was yet no hound, good was her valour, fair her fame, she was no hound's offspring, from no hound sprang, and no hunting dog's offspring was her mother.

Bran never mated with a hound (good were her wit and her reason —it were not meet to tell it in his time), but with the king's son of Dâl n-Araidhe.

They are following us on the height: the sword-edge-fierce Fian-prince sees approach him a great pig, horrid, hideous, ungentle.

Thus came the hog: comparable was he to every evil: a mountain height was not bigger than he, his colour purplish and brindled black.

Those eight slip their hounds at the fearful wild hog; the hog turns ('twas a deft deed) and kills them all on the spot.

The fierce excelling eight are enraged after the killing of the red-headed hounds, and they cast each man his spear at the fearful wild hog.

Their weapons glanced off him as if he were a pillar of stone: he turns and utterly demolishes the eight yellow-grained spears.

'Now is the time for the great speeches thou holdest with Bran at the drinking: thou hast said that never paced the plain deer or hog she would not overcome.'

'Hard to contend with fierce wizardry: it is confusion to wit and reason: full sure I am, if it were to give battle, that Bran will be the uppermost.'

Up rises Fionn and takes Bran and shakes the chain and recites to her her exploits and her triumphs during her day.

'Bigger than yonder boar,' quoth Fionn, 'was the boar thou slewest in the glen when he fell along with thee between Eabha and Ros Geidhe.

'Though courageous was the boar of Druim an Eoin, swiftly thou broughtest him down in his despite: the boar of Magh Glinne of mighty tramp, the boar of Fionnabhair, the boar of Fionncharn.

'The boar of Riogh-choill a deed laid low, the boar of Boirche, the boar of Ros na Ríogh, the boar of Ceann Feabhrat, the boar of Fuire, the nine boars of the cave of Sgannlaidhe.

'Thou slewest a boar at Ath Nêid that had terrified the Fian, a boar from Sliabh Cuillinn over sea, and the boar of Druim Lighean.

'Thou slewest a boar at Ath Lôich and nine boars at Ath Crôich, the boar of Cnâmh-choill, the boar of Clochar, and the boar of Druim os Bothaibh.

'Recount thy [deeds of] prowess and spirit, greater is their number than their fewness, since first hound-leash was put on thee until the day wherein thou art to-night.'

Up rises Bran, stout was her start, and she shakes all the hillside: over the mountain flies the boar, when he sees Bran approach him.

Long the pursuit, from Bearnas Mór to Sliabh Teichid, where hosts were hewn, till at length fierce Bran brings to bay the boar by which the great damage had been done.

The pig utters a screech at her till it was heard from him throughout the glen: on the hill to meet them came a hideous, ungentle churl.

Thereupon said the churl of the hill: 'Let ye go my pig to me: do not all of you lose your lives for the sake of one pig's life.'

Failbhe son of Flann heard him, and Caoinche, man of sharing: heard him Rionnolbh clean and bright, and Cuân of Crumlin.

Up come the fierce excelling four to the churl conspicuous and towering: but that druidry warded him, rueful for him had been their coming.

Thereafter they come blow to blow for a third of the long night, till he bound the four men with the thongs (?) of his shield in the affray.

Aodh son of Fionn heard that, and Glas of the deft warriorship, Daire of activity heard it and the good hero Donnghus.

Up come these four against the churl that was right swift: no less was their encounter for a whole third of the night.

The haughty churl binds the eight warriors of high achievement: reduces (?) now to straits the men and lays them on the slope.

Fionn and Bran and the boar from ravine to ravine and from hill to hill: they could make nought of him: no weapon pierced him, no fire burned him.

The churl takes him by the back and sets him on his shoulder: nothing was left for Fionn or Bran but to gaze after him.

'Spell and fate and (ill) outcome on thee unless thou follow thy boar: faintness makes poor hunting, Fionn son of weapon-red Cumhall.

'Thou shalt be under spells in the Fian unless thou follow thy own boar: Bran of victory shall be under spells, the handsome hound of many virtues.'

'I would go with thee,' said Fionn, 'if I were to get terms thereby: if thou wouldst release to me at once my eight heroes to accompany me.'

'Thou shalt have that and a blessing too, son of battle-armed Cumhall: one more request thou shalt obtain, and it will be no journey of [ ].'

The haughty churl releases the eight warriors of excellence, and they go with him then to the *sith* above Gleann Deichid.

As they reached the door, he took from behind a wand of might, gave a stroke to the fortunate boar, which became a young stripling of great beauty.

Thereupon they went into the *sith*, they met welcome without enmity, they were arranged seated on the crystalline bench.

Fifty young lads came into them to offer kisses: followed these with thousands of charms fifty noble ringleted damsels.

Thrice fifty green-cloaked women in the house in great pride: each woman of them sat without restraint beside her well-matched mate.

A lovely queen in the further end of the house, most beautiful of the human race, offers welcome to the king, to Cumhall's son from Almha.

They are nobly refreshed from seven urns of white silver, and an urn of golden ornament for Fionn son of Cumhall son of Trêanmhôr.

The new of each meat, the old of each drink was served to the people of the house: they had noble music and pleasantness of discourse likewise.

When their ale had taken them all, it was then that the warrior said, 'What now is in thy thoughts, son of Cumhall from Almhain?'

'This is what is in my mind,' said Fionn, 'since thou hast joined speech with me,—who are ye, high-minded people, that surpass every household?'

'Eanna son of Labhar Tuinne is my name,' said the fiery hero: 'Craoibhfinn is my lovely wife without grief, the beautiful daughter of Manannân.

The number exactly of our children is one daughter and one son; Uathach the name of the bright-complexioned son, and Sgâthach the daughter's name.'

'The one of them that is known to us, his aspect is comparable to a king's: if we saw the noble girl, we could give her description.'

Then was brought in Sgâthach the beautiful of many charms who excelled in form and elegance the women of the surface-yellow earth.

Love of her filled (it was no mild usage) Fionn son of Cumhall, son of Trêanmhôr: he offers two hundred cattle of each kind, to wed her for a year without danger.

He offers to her brother of pride a shield and a sword of hard strength: he offers as her marriage-price a hundred ounces of burnished (?) gold.

'How likest thou that?' said her father to the fair bright one well-endued: 'though a wife is good, it is not best to seek her hand in her despite.'

'Though it be not a husband meet for me, though a hound-steward of hounds should ask for me, I will not be against you, so that heavy disfavour may not come on me.'

They set by the king's shoulder the maiden, full gentle Luchar: she takes bond for her marriage-gift thereupon from Cumhall's son from Almha.

'Since thou art now our son-in-law,' said Eanna of the harps of music: 'that is why we have wiled thee hither to visit our people.

'My son is the heavy boar that played distress on you: I myself the guarding (?) giant that bound you straitly.

'Since I have got the better of you without strength of shields or blades, ye shall have compensation therefor of gold and silver and valuables.

'Yonder eight of the Fians of Fâl, there shall go as honour-price to them two *cumhals* of gold for each man of them and four for the high-king.

'Take with you the eight hilts of swords of red gold that have been fitted (?): your handsome hounds shall be repaid, and your slender-shapen spears.

'Take with thee too my chessmen, Fionn, take my shield, it is gold to the point, take my famed ring of red gold, worth a hundred [cattle?] each stone of its stones.

'Take my urn, it is a host's treasure, Fionn, son of weapon-stalwart Cumhall: of ivory and gold and silver it is, blue crystal and pale bronze.

'Take with thee the ornate urn, son of battle-winning Cumhall: besides seven rings without fault, that the better may be thy departure.

'Give me sureties for it, the surety of man to man, should my son enter the Fian, that they will all be obedient to him.'

They gave sureties thereupon to Eanân that night, and took sureties without defect that he should assist them with aids of power.

They spread the splendid couch : Fionn is the first to approach it : Sgâthach asks as he goes a loan of the musician's harp.

That lovely harp of the three strings, though such it was, enough was their number, a string of silver, a string of bright brass, and a string of iron whole.

The names of the strings that were not heavy, Geantarghléas, great Goltarghléas, Suantarghléas the third fitting, whereat all made mournfulness.

If the deft *goltarghléas* were played for the kings of the melodious world, all that might hear, though sorrowless, would feel a lasting sorrow.

If the clear *geantarghléas* were played for the grave kings of the earth, all that might hear without contempt would be for ever laughing.

If the full *suantarghléas* were played for the kings of the bright world, all that might hear (a wondrous way) would fall into a lasting sleep.

The seerlike maiden played the suantarghléas as was wont, till she cast into slumbrous sleep Fionn son of Cumhall of the comely host.

All are cast into deep sleep, Bran and the eight warriors : until midday (wondrous way) they were in a heavy sleep.

When sun rose over woodland (to them it was a great joy), there they were at Bearnas, though they had less desired to be in heaven.

Each man of them had his own hound and his fair bloom-smooth spear : they had the gold and the silver (meed of valour), the treasures and the urn.

Thereafter assemble the Fian, both from the east and from the west, till Fionn told them without restraint how he was a night away from them.

' Say not thou so, O king, son of Cumhall of comely hue : we are but since morning at the chase away from thee, gore-red spoil-taker.'

Fionn relates the story and the regret that had been brought on him : Fionn gave a telling token, the treasures and the urn.

It made Fionn much confused in mind, how he had been parted from his host: how a night and a day had been formed out of the fleeting fragment of one day.

This time was one of the times when Fionn believed in the King of the stars, until he went over the ancient brine, the king of companies and goodly men.

Fionn divided the seven rings among seven women beauteous enow, Eadaoin, Aoife, fair of body, Aillbhe, resplendent right comely.

He gave to me the ring of gold that was worth a hundred cattle of each lawful kind, the chessmen to Osgar of fame, and to Caoilte the urn.

For seven years upright Caoilte kept it, the lovely urn of smooth gold, until the cause befell whereby it has been found above Duibheochair.

One day we were at Duibheochair, I and Fionn of highest designs, Oscar, son of Cruimcheann, that loved me, Guaire the keeper of the urns.

Guaire asked a drink of water of Caoilte who was good of understanding: Guaire takes the unblemished urn and goes with it in search of a spring.

He finds a spring, good was its sheen, at the hill to our western side: it pleased him (a thing of noble beauty) the full-flowing liquid-cool fountain.

Guaire son of Neachtan put the urn forth towards the stream, down from him into the utter depth fell the lovely, clear, cool urn.

Five searchers and a hundred (it is no lie) were searching for it, yet all of them could not find since that day Caoilte's urn.

Then said Fionn himself to the hosts with good sense, 'It will not be found, I think, from this day till the Tailgheann comes.

'The Tailgheann will come over sea, it will be a boon to the Gaedhil, he will take Ireland out of her bondage, and he will bless the fountain.

'As he is blessing the perfect stream, Patrick, son of Calpurn, with his hand, an untamed glorious salmon will come and will fetch up the urn.

'White croziers will be made resplendent, and bells and *ceolâns* and gospels of writing, with the gold and silver of the urn.'

These are my tidings for thee, Patrick, king of the congregation: my enrichment comes not of it when I behold Caoilte's urn.

XVIII.

The Daughter of Diarmaid.

Eachtach, daughter of Diarmaid, ruddy her cheek, white her neck: under no borrowed indebtedness was the bright daughter of Grâinne.

Blue-eyed noble-active Grâinne, sweetheart of tooth-white Diarmaid, daughter of side-slim Eithne and of Cormac, son of Art the Lonely.

The gentle dark-browed girl is given as wife to great Fionn son of Muirn: the maiden steals away unperceived from him with Diarmaid Ó Duibhne.

Seven years were this Diarmaid and Grâinne in the outer bounds of Banbha, with Fionn seeking for them, though he got no opportunity to slay them.

Since he could not find to wound-rend him Donn's good son of the sword-edge feats, he makes peace all guilefully: 'tis thence his life came to an end.

Fionn very quickly sent Diarmaid to make a hunting: (it is not meet for constant telling) it was a chase of deceit.

He wounded Gulban sharp of tusk, a pig of venom that was in [Beann] Gulban: woe worth who went on the stout chase when Diarmaid Ó Duibhne fell.

From that pig was named high Beann Ghulban of the esker, or it was from Gulban rugged-head, daughter of great Starn, son of Neimheadh.

A messenger goes in urgent haste with those tidings that were tidings of woe: not joyfully was told her father's death-tale to the girl.

Out starts the spirit of womanhood that dwelt in the athletic fair-bright maid: into her comes a quick spirit of manhood when she hears the tidings.

Eachtach, raging, sends for her brothers: they come quickly, haughtily (?) at rising time on the morrow.

The deed-vaunting band come together to make a devastation: it was a devastation of mighty fame, what they had slain by evening.

For three days and full nights the spoiling of the Táin had not been greater: none to surpass them come after them till doomsday.

Around the stronghold of Daolghus, Fionn came upon them by fortune: it was much work for one battalion to match her and her fian-brothers.

Four full great battalions had Fionn to guard the stronghold: the right valiant princess goes to fire the close clear fort.

She lays a siege of glowing fireballs to every quarter of the mighty burg: and she fires the fort of Daolghus in spite of the four strong battalions.

Noble-clear Eachtach and her band of brothers kept burning and swiftly slaying till rising time on the morrow.

Eachtach the high-gloried issues a challenge to duel to Fionn son of Cumhall: there was not found in the victorious battalion a man to face or to withstand her.

Single combat from magnanimous Fionn Eachtach demands, though it was overweening: her fierce household were not satisfied with any other man but the high king.

Fionn the fian-prince answers unto the furious nimble fray: rent was his battle-gear by the music of her round spears.

She gave him three stout strokes over the Dripping Ancient Hazel; she made a gaping sieve of the famous brass-barred shield.

She bared the slashing blade that was more dazzling than a lantern: Daolghus comes with ready speed between Fionn and the golden blade.

When Eachtach's golden blade touched the son of Caol of the sword-edge feats, it hewed him down with its strong stroke till it made of him two Daolghuses.

The blue keen-active blade pierces with ease through the shield of Fionn, and cuts three strong ribs in the chest of the hero.

He gave a groan of overmatching, Fionn Ua Baoiscne though a man of blood ; from him fell in a mighty crash the drizzling Dripping Ancient Hazel.

'Tis then that the warrior was in lamentable case at the hands of the active woman : he seemed no bigger than a half-grown boy in the shelter of his shield in the fray.

To look at Fionn in that strait the sons of Baoiscne could not bear : to his relief for the first men came Oisin and Caoilte.

To the relief of his lord goes Lodhorn bold and handsome : slays the high-couraged maiden with triumph of exultation and achievement.

They take up blade-lustrous Fionn on shafts of spears on high : to Lughaidh son of Aonghus, to the leech that was fierce enow.

Fionn was seven half-years a curing that he got no wholeness, coming never among the goodly fiana from the beautiful house of Lughaidh.

The last of Diarmaid's race, dear were the wound-dealing company, fair nobly tender rods, Donnchadh, Eochaidh, Aodh and Eachtach.

Blue-eyed Grâinne did not bear to Donn's son of the sword-edge feats but one daughter that grew up, and that one was Eachtach.

Son of Dui, good cleric, godly charitable heart, is it not in the middle of thy chapel that tomb stands beneath which is Eachtach ?

XIX.

Lament for the Fiana.

This night 'tis an utter end of the Fiana : the power of their heroes has forsaken them ; few to-night their hounds and their men : 'twere easy to number them.

Not this was the number of our host in Ceann Cluith when lips were whitened: four score hundred without fault we went to Doire Dá Lon.

Our array—a festival of valour—going to the blackberry-brake of Loch Lurgan, thirty hundred that talked brave deeds was our loss at eventide.

Our loss in the battle of Gabhair, thirty hundred of valiant hundreds: our muster when we came out of it was twenty hundred ringleted fian-men.

In the battle of Ollarbha, without deceit, there Ireland's monarch fell: where Fionn fell through Goll's daughter was in the Bregian battle above the Boyne.

Last night we went to Magh Deilge, sixteen hundred in an hour of wrath: to-night there live not of those but six and thrice nine men.

Not alike to-night (alas!) are my following and my king's: innumerable after hard battle were the people of weapon-strong Cumhall's son.

Wheresoever we shall be to-night, our encampment will not be numerous: we might be counted as we sit, both hound and man.

It grieves me that thou art so, Caoilte of great valour, that thou art without fierce warriors after battle and combat.

'Tis this that makes me so, Oisín, my faultless son, that manly Fionn no longer lives, my chieftain and my lord.

The Gray Man's three sons live no more, nor Aodh Rinn in the shelter of his shield: the Red Spears are no more: the One-wright's sons are no more.

Fionn son of Dubhân, my friend of the race of Murchadh, is no more: from Gabhair's perilous battle comes not Dubhan son of Cas, son of Cannân.

That famous pair are no more, Cas of Cuailnge and Goll of Gulba, Mac Ua Neachta from beyond is no more, Fionn son of Seastân is no more.

Céadach, man of delight, is no more: Iodhlann son of Iodhlaoch is no more: Flann the eloquent hero is no more: the three sons of Criomhall are no more.

The faultless Green Fian is no more: the Fiana of Britain are no more: Daighre the bright lad is no more: more missed by me than any man.

The war-like House of Morna are no more: alas that they were not on one side [with us]: Goll, Art, Conân, faultless Garaidh, beloved lively band of foes.

Sgiath-bhreac and Banbh Sionna both no longer raise the shout: Coinnsgleo of fame is no more, the Fuath of Calraighe is no more.

Fionn's offspring are no more, Oisin of admirable warrior-skill: they have gone from the bright world all but thyself alone.

Even thy own children are no more, Oisin of great beauty: Fear Logha and Oisin without fault, Eachtach, Uladhach, Oscar.

The House of ready Ronân is no more, my kinsmen and my own sons: their muster for battle was twenty hundred shields of one colour.

O Caoilte of the many groans, no warrior lives that has not suffered woe: an ebb comes to every princedom, no world-good is lasting.

The great concourse is no more, that we once had in our mustering: nevertheless, let us behave bravely, since they come not to our aid.

A prophecy that Fionn made, on Samhain's eve in the Yew Glen, that the faultless Fian should depart, and that it should be an end of us to-night.

To-night it is an utter end.

XX.

The Sword of Oscar.

Sword of the bell-ringing clerkling, many are they that were thine enemy, and off whom thou smotest their heads and parted them from their bodies.

The first man whose head thou didst take off was sturdy Crithir son of Dubh Greann: Minelus justly passed thee (?) to the hand of Saturn son of Pallor.

Ruin the sword hath wrought: to many it has brought a tragic death: man never had a hard blade that played more havoc on good armies.

Thy first name was the Swoop of Battle in the hand of ruling Saturn: many battles were given with thy edges, thou blue and clean-edged sword.

Thou slewest Sadhorn son of Luan, by the hand of victorious Saturn the Great, and his five sons, a famous smashing: O Sword, great were the spoils.

Thou slewest, O Swoop of Battle, by the hand of ruling Saturn, in the battle of keen Magh Glinne, Grinne and Dearg, and Deighrinn.

Thou slewest another haughty pair—what nation but deemed it grievous?—on the mountain of Tiris, it is no falsehood, Ilis and Iacobo.

Jove stole thee from his father, thou sword that wast strong in encounter, until he earned thee hardily on Sliabh Dosaigh of brown sloe-trees.

When he had got the Swoop of Battle, Jove, son of the high prince, thereafter he could not endure until he and his father gave battle.

Dardan, son of Jove, who was fierce, it was he that brought the sword over rampant, and his mother Electra: it was a glorious adventure.

When he had gotten the Swoop of Battle, Dardan, son of the high prince, Dardan slew on the plain Sardan the brown, his sword's destruction.

Sardan of offspring had one son, he was noble, he was handsome, his march was loud above the tribes, whose name was Gola Gallamhail.

Gola went for his judgment to Dardan, who was on a foray: and came to terms with him, though it was a mighty achievement, so that they made a marriage alliance.

Gola gave his daughter as wife to Dardan of brightest aspect: she was fair in form and in mind, Be Chrotha daughter of Gola.

Gola's daughter bore a son to Dardan of the white hands: the hue of blood was on his face, his name was Mana Faluis.

Mana brought the sword to Tros, it was no token of keeping silent: Tros slew with it nine thousand, and took the kingship of Troy.

Tros gave to victorious Ilus the sword by which hosts were hewn down: many battles in the east were dealt by the hand of Ilus, O sword.

Ilus gave the warlike blade to his worthy lawful son: with it the hosts were beheaded by the warrior Laomedon.

Laomedon, whose aim was good; he was a haughty warrior: that man, like a sea of waves, Hercules slew him with one fist.

Hercules carried off in bonds the wife of Laomedon, though dear-beloved, into Greece, the honoured warrior—he was now king of the Trojans.

The Greeks bore off across the sea Laomedon's head filled with his blood: the spoils, the arms, and the armour of the dead man unto one place.

Hercules gave to the son of the king of Greece the sword of Laomedon, it is not a lie: bestowed it on the prosperous lord whose name was Jason of many beauties.

Twenty years and two months Jason of colour kept the blade: it was a tragic tale, though a disgrace, how he was slain by the two mothers.

When he fell—it was no tender deed—Jason son of Eson the renowned, Hercules, for its love, took back the sword of Laomedon.

Hercules pitied Priam in sorrow for his father, Laomedon: he loosed the locks of his fetters, full surely he set him free.

Hercules of beauty said: 'Be not thou, Priam, as thou art: make not lament of thy fortune: Troy of Laomedon shall be built up.'

Hercules built up Troy, and gave to Priam a wife for the bettering of his promise, the daughter of the king of the great Troad.

'Were my father to remain alive, and the king of Greece, without falsehood, I deem it better than all I have seen, that I have Hecuba to wife.'

They made another resolve, the kings of the choice earth, to give his father's spoils to Priam of the tribes, together with the good sword.

Hercules brought Priam away without sorrow; he built up Troy of Laomedon: its danger was the less, free from harm, that Hercules spent a year in guarding it.

Hercules built up Troy: never was a city like it: he leaves Troy full of a host to Priam, son of Laomedon.

Hercules the warlike was slain by Priam son of Laomedon: not without requital was slain the head of the heroism of the heavy earth.

It was Alexander ruined Troy: Priam's son by his wife was he: it was a foundation of wailing and of strife when he brought Helen over sea.

It was Alexander who brought from the east the wife of Menelaus in his ships; that is how Troy was sacked, though it is a calamitous story, through one woman.

A fleet went out of the land of Greece in search of Helen through jealousy: they inflicted a slaughter of sharp battles, they ruined Troy of the heavy herds.

Fifteen hundred ships, twenty and one, it is the truth of it and not a lie, was the hosting of the Greeks over sea to sack Troy against the Trojans.

Then Priam gave the shapely sword and the standard from Saturn to Hector that his fierceness might be the greater, his spear and his sword.

Sixteen battles thrice told Hector won around Troy by this sword over the Greek army, as is told with great envy.

Never set sole on the lovely world, never told his secret to his wife, never trod the solid earth a hero like Hector son of Priam.

From the first day that Hector went into the battle of the Greeks without danger, ten hundred thousand (ten hundred warriors?) [were laid] under gravestones by the hand of Hector alone.

Hector fell by treachery in combat with weapon-red Achilles, and gave his sword in succession to Eneas son of Anchises.

Eneas left Troy, went into Italy, the king: it was no few that fell beyond the sea in Italy by the sword.

A giant in Italy there was: weapons did not find his body: Great Hero's son, without being similar, whose name was Uarghaoth (Cold Wind), weapon-bold.

To him went noble Eneas: he was the brave, liberal (?) Trojan: he slew Great Hero's son over sea: the name Uarghaoth stuck to the sword.

Two sons had Eneas of offspring: they were noble, they were handsome: a bright, smooth pair who were not surly to poets, Silvius the youthful and Ascanius.

When old age came to him, great Eneas, it is no fiction, he made bequests to his sons, for the good youths were trusty.

Eneas made division for his love, gave away his treasure to Ascanius: without weakness, it was a manly man, to valiant Silvius the sword.

Silvius, the hero, has gotten the sword whose name is Uarghaoth: energy and fury, and valour, grew full in the good lad.

Silvius sailed over sea in two hundred ships to the isle of Tor, and brought from the sad isle Be Mhilis daughter of Tola.

Then Tola's daughter bore a son to Silvius of the strong hands: Niul of Inis Tuir his name, mighty his tramp amid the blows.

And Be Mhilis gave to Niul Cold Wind that had laid hosts in clay: Daire died in his fortress over sea from his blow with the sword.

When Julius Cæsar was with Bé Bhéasair in the house of Niul, he gave a great love that was not hidden to the daughter of the king of the Green Furrows.

And Niul wedded Daire's daughter, Bé Bhéasair of great modesty, and Bé Bhéasair gave birth with fame to Julius Cæsar, high king of the world.

A beautiful daughter had Niul, Caladh, whose desires were good, bright griffin of the bountiful white hands, her lover was Lomnochtach.

Caladh went in elopement, took with her her father's sword: the lawgiving queen bestowed the sword on Lomnochtach.

* Read this last stanza before me where thou seest the cross above.

* This note is inserted by the scribe. The text has been amended accordingly.

Lomnochtach—he was no faint hero—brought a woman into captivity with him from Ireland : a queen of lovely head over the sea, Fionnchaomh, daughter of good Cairbre.

Lomnochtach bore to his fortress that maiden of good disposition, and gave to the noble, gentle maid his precious things and his treasures.

Lomnochtach got secret word that Cu Chulainn was a lover of hers : he longed to slay the Hound, without lie, on account of his great wife.

He came upon a Hallow Eve to slay the host of Eamhain, to take the spoils of the Hound of Cuailnge, and to burn the Red Branch.

Lomnochtach came to the land, the hero—fierce was his power ; it was enough to meet one hero, the Ulstermen, and the men of Ireland.

It befell that three were on guard as he came by Traigh Bhaile, the Hound of the feats, Laoghaire from the pool, and Muinreamhar son of Eirrgheann.

Laoghaire fled—it was not seemly—when he saw the giant : active Muinreamhar's face changed hue as the form of one dead that hour.

'Tell, thou active Muinreamhar,' said Bricne to his brother, 'what has fairly taken away thy wits and changed thy spirit?

'The giant has made a coward of thee, Muinreamhar son of Eirrgheann : clear to me from the bones of thy head, that thou art a spear-thrower no more in Ireland.'

Muinreamhar forsook his weapons : Laoghaire went in rapid rout : no manly man was Muinreamhar nor resplendent Laoghaire.

'Why dost not thou, fierce Laoghaire, aid Cu Chulainn, when he is left alone of thedefence to fight against the giant?

'Muinreamhar, be not as thou art, for thy wife will not love thee : all men recognize how thou art : arise, shake off thy disgrace.'

Muinreamhar sailed the rude sea till he came to Dun Bolg, and brought off the treasures over the water till he reached Cu Chulainn.

Cu Chulainn divided the treasures, without having promised, among the nobles of the Ulstermen, gave them so without delay that Muinreamhar got not a whit.

The sword wherewith hosts were hewn down, Cu Chulainn gave to the son of Roech: great was its service in rude battle: to Fearghus he gave the tempered blade.

The warlike Ulstermen went to Scotland in contention, when they fought a successful battle with the handsome sons of Adhnuall.

Fearghus gave the rude stroke from his hand with the tempered blade: seven hundred falling—it was no failure—and Ibhual by the sword.

The son of Roech gave a champion's blow in the Ulstermen's battle of the many shouts, when Fearghus smote down—it was a bright feat—the three Maols of Meath.

Seventeen hundred heroes twice told, Acoll led over the great sea: the hostages of all valiant Ireland were brought to him at Thurles.

The men of all Ireland went to Tara in one band, along with Cathbhaidh clear and bright, to adopt a plan.

Cathbhaidh went aside from them to consult his knowledge of truth: 'there is not in Ireland, I wot, but one combatant that will stay him.'

'Who is that victorious one of Ireland's men, of hard encounter? by thy druidry of fame tell us truly, Cathbhaidh.'

'Is it I?' said good Conall, said Aimhirghin's renowned son: 'Is it I?' said the Hound of the feats: 'Is it I?' said Fearghus.

'Is it Cu Raoi, that never spake false? Is it Fiamhain son of Foraoi? Is it Naoise of the weapons of battle? Is it Fear Diadh son of Damhan?'

'None of you encounters him, yon Acall of clear aspect: it has been foretold for him through valour, that he should be high king over you.'

'Do thou give us advice, Cathbhaidh of excellent mind: is it better that hostages go forth, or valorous energetic battle?'

'It is no shame for ye that he get hostages, ye men of Ireland, it is no hardship, seeing that the men of the pleasant world have given hostages to this one man.'

'I say,' said good Conall, said the famous son of Aimhirghin, 'the hostages of the Ulstermen shall not go forth, despite the foreigners.'

'By thy hand, good Conall, famous son of Aimhirghin, though thy hand is good in fierce battle, thou shalt not excel him in combat.

'Lightly he will let you off, if only his title of king be given: he will not rudely take any hostages, but only me and the hard sword.'

There, Patrick, thou hast it all, head of the numerous host: long they shall live when thou art in heaven, some of the stories of the hard sword.

Sixteen and a hundred years Fearghus had it, it is no lie: until the pleasant hero fell at the hands of Lughaidh, Oilill's blind man.

When Fearghus fell who was not weak, Meadhbh obtained the kingly blade, and though it was not well thought of, she gave the sword of Fearghus to Irial.

Irial went from Eamhain on a visit to long-spread Lochlainn, to learn the news of Beirbhe through desire, and to see the form of his love.

The love of Conall Cearnach's son, daughter of courageous Lugaine, great her gain, she was haughty, she got for wedding-gift the hard sword.

When fierce Lughaine obtained the tempered hard sword of the combats, he gave his name to the blade as long as it was in Lochlainn.

The good son of Tuire of the deeds slew Lughaine in combat: from the day when the man fell, his name stuck to the sword.

Often thou wast wont to feed the raven on the vigorous bodies of brave men: never was thy blow warded off, dealt by the long arm of Lughaine.

Sixteen and a hundred years it stayed in Lochlainn, it is no lie, until Eimhear Alpa arose, the handsome right spruce stripling.

A daughter Eimhear Alpa had, a handsome right clever damsel: Be Thuinne was her name, yellow-topped Breasal's queen.

The son of Breasal and Be Thuinne, his hero-stroke was never parried, whose name was Aonghus Gaoi Fuileach by whom vultures were incessantly sated.

The woman-groom of Fionn of the Fian, the Dark Groom of the Dark Mountain, though good was her nature upon a time, she was the mother of furious strife.

The Groom brought it with her over sea to Aonghus her grandfather: for the full keen blade it was not meet to go into the combat of a feigned man.

Thy stroke was never warded off in battle, in duel, or in fray: thou wast the king-blade of the universe, until a hag's head broke thee.

When it was broken in two, Aonghus of fame took a dislike to it: it was an omen of overthrow and of sighs: he gave the sword to Oscar.

Though Oscar's hand was good before, until he obtained the sword, after that it was not warded off as long as he was alive.

Six hundred heroes four times told, six score kings in battles, and twenty warriors renowned for valour, Oscar slew with the sword.

From the first battle fought by it till the great battle of Cuil Dreimhne, I have the proof of it for you that it was wont to slay gentle, pleasant men (?).

Of the first swords of the universe is the ancient whose stroke was sturdy: bless it, Patrick of the pens: that sword is Hew-the-bodies.

A curse on the blacksmith's boy, shamefully he sold Hew-the-bodies: a blemish, man, on thy body! thou didst ill to sell the sword.

Take that sword from thy belt, thou little clerkling that hast afflicted me: have thou done with the fierce sword and stick to thy clerkly order.

Since the blind man has been stirred, by the souls of Caoilte and Fionn, unless Maol-Chiar goes out I will quickly kill the cleric.

My heart is broken, and I blind—uch, uch! Patrick of the pens—Maol-Chiar to have my son's sword that laid the wild man low (?).

Though populous be Ireland now, with men, women, and youths, uch! more men have been slain with this sword, thou little clerk.

Though many spoils it has taken since the day it came to Oscar, it has driven me to lament out of doors, how I have told the history of the sword.

I beseech the Lord above us that he visit not on Fionn's son what I shed of tears for you as I regard the sword.

Thou sword.

XXI.

The Battle of the Sheaves.

Dig ye the bed of Oscar: many a band he heartened: though Oscar has gone from sight, many a hard spoil he used to win.

Many battalions he overthrew: many bands were under him: much he vaunted (?) of gentle women who loved the slender man of noble race.

It was thou that slewest Fraochan the quarrelsome one morning over Teamhair Fail, when he had challenged thee in the dale to single combat in Leithgleann.

It was thou that wentest, against our will, to keep tryst with Umhall's daughter: only eight warriors brave in battle (?): courageous Oscar the ninth.

The Battle of the Sheaves that the Fian fought, the which is famous ever since, no better battle was ever fought in the land of Scotland or of Ireland.

One day that Fionn the Fenian prince from Formaoil was hunting merrily, he let loose his good hounds through the lands (?) of Tara.

He chanced to find on the plain a little fawn . . . that outran both men and hounds until it came to Collamair.

Caoilte's wife had on the plain a field of ripe corn : the shelter that the deer found was to make for this from afar.

Just then came from her house the daughter of haughty Barrán in her chariot on her two horses through the hunt and the chase.

She gives welcome to the king, to Cumhall's son of comely hue : she proposes to bring him with her to her house : the Fenian king did not consent.

'By thy hand we will not go with thee, youthful daughter of Barrán, till we know whether the little foot-swift antlered deer comes out.'

'It is in vain for you all to hunt the wild beast of the plain : never trod the level world hound or deer but it would leave behind.'

We were ten hundred in turn hunting and pursuing it—Caoilte's household, the active band—and we made nothing of that deer.

Then Fionn bade Aodh Beag of the ready arms to go at the field without slackness, with the Glais-fhian and the clan of Neamhnann.

'Reap ye quickly the corn for Caoilte's wife with all your might : we shall find our game thus, and it will be a help to the wife of Caoilte.'

There were twenty hundred of the Fian and ten hundred in one array reaping wheat in the plain for the wife of Caoilte of Collamair.

That is the happiest chance for a housewife that I have heard of in my day, Aodh Beag along with the Glais-fhian reaping the corn of Caoilte's wife.

Caoilte's wife in her shapely car, eastwards westwards until evening through the band of reapers, and Daighre chanting a melody plaintively for her in her car.

It was this way with the king, Fionn son of Cumhall of comely hue: he had a fork of four prongs piling up the sheaves.

And great Goll son of Morna, and Art the royal heir, and rugged Conán of horrid guise, and Fionn Mór son of Cúán.

And Modh Smala son of Smól and Dubhthach from Lethmhóin, Oisin there, and Fionn without slackness, Aodh son of Fionn and Oscar.

There were not in the reapers' band but three swords guarding us, my sword and the sword of Fionn, and the sword of Oscar of ready weapons.

Once that the high-king of the host glanced over the vast open plain, he saw approach him seven battalions under Dolor son of Trénfhlaith.

Dolor son of grave Trénfhlaith, who became high-king of Lochlann, coming with seven battalions to Bregia to win the mastery of Tara.

Then said Fionn the seer, 'Goll son of Morna, beloved, what shall we do, the valorous bands(?), shall we retreat or stand fast?'

'A man lives after his life,' said Goll the royal prince, 'and he lives not after his honour, I say full surely.'

'My help will be good for you,' said Caoilte of the comely form; 'I will fetch out all your arms through the gates of Tara.'

Ten hundred swords, ten hundred shields, were Caoilte's load, great was his worth, like the blast of a keen wind, from Tara of the swift fian.

Not a man had fallen in the battle till Caoilte of the spoils arrived bringing his burden of weapons to the steadfast, unyielding fian.

It was thou that gavest the battle, Oscar, my victorious son, thou followedst northward the rout till thou camest to the Craobhruadh.

If I had fallen there, I swear by my shield, by my helmet, that Tara had been waste at present from the fierce fight we should have made.

Alas, that I have not left Ireland of the bright land to my son, to my kinsman, yea, and the whole level world, if I might not find shelter for Oscar.

Ah, man of learning, man of learning, pity thou hast not dug the tomb(?); settle aright the clean stone that is under the heads of the heroes.

Lay Oscar on this southern side—it is a bitterness to my heart and body—Mac Lughach without quarrel or hatred, lay him quickly on the north side.

Rise up, my friends without fault, fix the coffin without stain, straighten its front to the wall, let the bed of our beloved be dug.

Dig ye the bed.

XXII.

The Death of Goll.

Tell us, Oisin son of Fionn, and turn thy heed to us, how many fell on the hard rock round victorious Mac Morna.

There fell on the hard rock by the hand of the son of sword-hard Morna, one man, four men, and thirty hundred, fell by Goll of mighty deed.

His first stark combatant, woe! that they never returned, Dubh son of Lughaidh, it is truth, with twenty hundred mighty heroes.

Aodh and Eochaidh—sad the tale—fell by his sharp point, Dubh, son of Lughaidh of Druim Cliabh, the truly noble man was a great sorrow.

Cairbre, the ringleted, that came over sea with twenty hundred ready spoilers, a match for a hundred in the battle, by Goll's hand the champion fell.

The three Dubhs, sons of Maol Mithigh, they came over the wide sea, fell on the rock—it was not meet—by the handsome son of Morna.

Dubh Druimneach skilled in crafts, the hewing hand-red hero, the high tower of exploits, fell by wounding sword-red Goll.

Fionn son of Fionn Bán Ua Breasail did not withstand in the combat; once he had reached Mac Morna his battle-valour availed him nought.

When Caireall's lot was come, fortunate hand that sought no homage, Fionn the chieftain went around them to beseech (?) Goll for love of Caireall.

It was a conflict of two waves of doom, Caireall and Goll the warlike, Goll and Caireall the brave, there was no respite though they were well armed.

They have out the limber blades, a fight whereof came sorrow, brave and fierce was their fight, standing apart from the sons of Morna.

Caireall stood fast upon his ground: though he stood fast, he was not joyful: neither of those two before had ever reached the same power.

Uch! he has left him (dead) on the rock, Goll son of Morna, though it was pitiful: for the champion it was rueful: never again comes his equal.

Flann Ruadh was let at him, while their armies were silent in shelter: it was he who cut—a fierce feat—the head off Goll—terrible deed.

The brave tower of battles fell, haughty Goll, son of Morna, head of the heroes, king of the lords, the race of Morna of the broad shields.

Though many a fight was fought before by Goll Mac Morna of the companies, it was by hunger the man perished, though he had taken the spoils of hardy men.

Pleasant, O man, is thy tale to me, grandson of Cumhall, comely man: how long had your peace been thus, tell the truth of it and make known?

A year and a half, I speak the truth, three months and twenty years, peace and pleasantness lasted between us and the high-boasting tribe.

I do not fail to remember, O Cinaoth of the land of Tara, all that broke our peace at first, I remember how it happened.

We lived exchanging swords and hounds, without quarrel, without assault, interchanging chess-games in turn, with abundance of blades and breastplates.

Without malice, without high rebuke, without spite, without imputing blame, no one deceiving another, no wrath, no stubbornness.

No quarrel, no wrangle, no envy, no evil mind, no ill design, no war, no plunder, no battle, no brusqueness, no treachery.

No harm, no feud, no anger: they were peaceful at every noble craft, in one encampment, bright and pleasant, Scotland and Ireland together.

Levying tributes and hostages from the islands of the Torrian Sea: none withstood them in many achievements, in battle, in fray, or in single combat.

This was the manner of our peace with the house of Morna of the great feuds—whatsoever Fionn, no weakling, got, he gave to them with a blessing.

Each townland of forest, each wood, one-third of it without grudge, the band most brave in eastern straits, a third of the chase and of the game was theirs.

Free quarters in every third townland from Hallowmas till May in every land where they had power, every third whelp for training(?).

Every third marriageable woman in the five fifths of Ireland, every third tribute that was raised, every third blade, every third breastplate.

And the first place on every strand, what time we filled the barks, and the last place in every land in the time of a foreign war.

Goll was his two spears length behind the fians of Ireland and Scotland: at the beginning of each good battle, Morna's son was of the foremost men.

Pleasant, O man, is thy tale to me, grandson of Cumhall, comely man; who broke your peace after this, tell the truth of it and speak?

Well indeed do I remember, O Cinaoth of the land of Tara, all that first broke our peace: ill befell the event.

Every peace that we all arranged, both king's son and overking, Caireall of hundreds and Conán used to break, though it was a deep reproach.

It was Caireall that had reason, Conán that was wont to be in the wrong: their pride and their unruliness were the undoing of the Fian.

Fionn had a great feast in Almha, O gentle battle-armed Cinaoth: many a king's son was there, good was their peace and their satisfaction.

It was I who rose in the great house that day to order the multitude; at that time I was fair of face, comely in gear and in garb.

The head of the handsome host sat down, Fionn son of Cumhall from Formaoil: I placed on his right hand Goll son of Morna the terrible.

Next after that in Fionn's company, Oscar at the shoulder of Goll (Iollann), and Garadh, his grip as a griffin's, beside Oscar son of Oisin.

Beside MacLughach the hero, we placed headstrong Conán: unlike in wit and sense were those two that sat together.

After that, the Fian sat down, the beautiful band with waving hair: well was the company served, without forget, without neglect of aught.

Plentiful was our silver and our gold at that banquet as we drank together: there were ten score sons of kings at that feast that was not contemptible.

As we were drinking in that mansion of the mighty hosts, the doorkeeper came in and shook the dangling chain.

Then the head of the assemblage, Fionn son of Cumhall, son of Trénmhór, inquired: 'Tell rightly thy tale, why hast thou entered, doorkeeper?'

'A single man, hero-like, courteous, gentle,—if his strength is according to his size, he would seem likely, beyond doubt, to overcome a hundred in valour.

'Here are the three colours of the man: the colour of a calf's blood in his cheeks, the colour of the raven on his brown hair, his body's colour as a lamb from the river.'

'What name, what country, has the man? or in what land was he reared? is he of the men of Alba round about or of the states of Tara?'

'A foster-son of the king of Alba of the territories, with the mark of battle on his comely shield: he has a silken cloak around him thus: a great glory is that man.'

'Let in,' said Fionn himself, 'the good son of wise Conbhrón; if it is Caireall of the dexterous arms, he is our rightful kinsman.'

After this hardy Caireall sat down in the splendid mansion: his ten hundred are placed near him at the side of the house of Almha.

As we were drinking without care in the vast mansion of the king, the sons of Morna stand up to claim their great privilege.

Here is the privilege they had, that boastful race of Morna: every bone of a deer in which there is marrow was always given to Goll.

Caireall asked without guile of MacLughach in full anger, why the round joints are given in pride to mighty Goll.

MacLughach, who was not timid, answered the question that Caireall put: the bones are the champion's portion of Goll in Fionn's house of the great assembly.

Dexterous Caireall said that never would he eat the flesh if he might not have from Goll the marrow that would be in the all-bare bone.

Caireall stayed (came to stay) in the Fian, obeying his own good foster-father, on condition that Alba should be subject to him while he himself was in fianship.

The peace of the House of Morna was kept without sorrow and without constant bitterness through Fionn becoming surety for the fulfilment of its terms without grudge.

'Certainly we will fulfil the peace in all things about which we have been at feud, yet so that Goll shall not have the bones: we will never part with them.'

Iollann (Goll) said without contempt: 'Long have I obtained the privilege of the bones: it is no good work for a foolish hasty lad to come to seize my right.'

'I tell thee, by thy hand, Iollann, though great is the dread of thee, that we will never let the bones go to thee for fear of combat.

'Since thou gavest the battle of hardy Cnucha, victorious son of Morna, thou hast the bone since then, for want of Cumhall of the hundreds.'

'Cumhall of the feats fell there by the might of my hands in the combat, and I slaughtered his host in turn: to thee I will not humble myself.'

Caireall said with no weak voice: 'It were better methinks if only Goll and Garadh and Conn had come against him in the fight.' Etc.

XXIII.

The Adventure of the Men from Sorcha.

It was a feast that Fionn made for Cormac in the great mansion of Sidh Truim: the nobles of the men of Fál came with the prince of Tara to the meeting.

The king of Alba comes, and the king of the Greeks, and the son of the king of wealthy Lochlainn on a visit to Cormac of the battles in pride and in splendour.

Iollann, verily, was the name of the king of the Greeks, Corc the name of the king of Alba of many roads, Conall and Cuilleann of the ships, the two names of the sons of the king of Lochlainn.

Fionn, a prince without envy, sent an invitation to Cormac to come to the banquet given without guile to the men of Ireland.

When each had gone without deceit into the yew-brown red mansion, the king of the Greeks was placed with the king of Alba by his shoulder.

And the sons of the king of Lochlainn reproachless, fittingly at the right of that king, the man supreme in majesty and power, Cormac, son of Art, the high-king.

The king of Ulster and his following, and the king of Munster of good aspect, the king of Cruachain of active mind, sat around Cormac on that occasion.

The king of warlike Leinster sat, a generous man of perfect mirth: great was their mirth at a feast, all that were in the side-blue mansion.

Eight men and eighteen score of leaders of hosts, it is not untrue, were around the king of Ireland of the spoils, not reckoning their foreigners.

On the further side sat the worthy high-king of the fians of Ireland: great as was their display at the banquet, Fionn was a better man than all in the mansion.

At Fionn's right shoulder were set Goll son of Morna, the sons of Nemhnann, and myself, good cleric, on the left side of my father.

Oscar and Diarmaid, son of Donn, at that time by my shoulder: after these were arrayed the high nobles of our fians in the mansion.

Along with the son of active Morna were Garadh and valiant Conán: Goll and all his kin at the right hand of Fionn of Almhain.

There were thirty poets between Fionn and the fire: not a man of them but had a silken cloak from the son of Cumhall, son of Trénmhór.

The stewards who were in the house attending the rest at this time were Caireall, Fionn of the high steps, Caoinche and brown ruddy Daire.

Raighne, a man of wisdom, another good son of Fionn himself, and Caoilte, victorious man, serving the high princes for us.

The joyful hosts assume a great and clamorous mirth through drinking: we behold coming into our presence a cheerful, merry *Gruagach*.

His sweet-strung harp in his hand: it was more musical than organs: deftly, excellently he played it, so that our company were not displeased.

The hosts fell silent of their own accord at the tender sound of the music: the Gruagach of the harmony was then placed in a chair of gold.

A slave followed him without fear: never saw I so big a man: with a caldron on his powerful arm that would cook enough for seven hundred.

Said Fionn of brightest visage, the king who never failed at need: 'Ask thy guerdon forthwith, man: name us thy errand to the hostel.'

'To ask my caldron-full of gold from the good son of Cumhall of the hosts, and to find out who is best at bestowing of the men of Ireland.'

Muireann's good son answers that, and not by reason of having feasted, and gave his caldron-full of gold to the huge and kingly giant.

It was Fionn's luck and fortune, when the strong man came over the wave, that Trénmhór's son had in his camp by chance a shipload of gold.

Fionn said to Caoilte: 'Go forth to pay it': Caoilte brought in of the gold of Araby its fill in the Gruagach's caldron.

The Gruagach said to Fionn: 'I find no prince thy better; there cannot be in the east or here a king, however great, to compare with thee.'

Fionn, whose utterance was not rough, asked in a loud, clear voice of the huge man: 'Since thou hast now got thy will, thy name, thy surname, tell for us.'

'Thou shalt have the truth of my tidings, man of the mighty combats: I am Fer Dochair son of Dubh, from the bright lands, from the Sorchas.

'Fionn, the Gruagach is a son of mine, that played the music of many virtues, the man who excels in spirit and strength, is best in valour and wizardry.'

Then out spoke good Conan, who shunned no man's encounter: 'Though now though art not reckoning Fionn, he would carry the prize in all thou saidst.

'Never yet came one to compete from near or from ever so far but he would find in the household of Fionn a man to match him in Ireland.'

'My match was never yet found near or far away: nor shall there come here now one how good soever to contend with me.'

Anger seized Oscar of battle when he heard the challenge, and he wagered beyond the men of Ireland to master the fair-haired Gruagach.

Up rose the man that shook the chain, on hearing the brawl, and shook thereupon the chain of silver, that was not of bronze nor of iron.

Then valorous Fionn fell silent at the general sound of the chain, till his visage reddened like scarlet at Oscar's insult to the Gruagach.

The whole host was hushed at the blushing of Fionn of Almhain: there was not a hero of hard combat whom it did not check at once.

Cumhall's son of valour spake to the good son of wise Oisin:
'Oscar, though good be thy grace, do not insult the Gruagach.'

'By reason of the wrath that just now has come on the son of Cumhall,' said Oscar, 'unless thou master the prince of Fál, thou shalt fall in consequence of thy challenge.'

Spake the Gruagach who was not slack: 'Son of Cumhall son of Trénmhór, since to thee, Fionn, I have come, escort me safe out of Ireland.'

'Be not in dread to return, Gruagach of the waving crown of hair: thou shalt have a clear escorting from me out of the bounds of the Gaelic shore.

'Though the men of Ireland all to one man were to come against thee, I will send you safe from them till thou leave the shore of Ireland.'

'True is everything that has been told of thee, Fionn of the edge-naked arms; aught good that was said of thee was no flattery, son of Muireann of the great feasts.'

Eight good men were sent by the high prince with the Gruagach, MacLughach and honest Caoilte and Caireall, grandson of Conbhrón.

Caol Cródha, high was his might, the three sons of the Craftsman, from the high-king were sent; the other man, fierce and ready-witted, the tall Oscar son of Cromcheann.

There are the eight that Fionn sent—I have heard of no company to excel them—with great courtesy from his house to accompany the Gruagach.

Spake the Gruagach of ready speech: 'Since I am going, Oscar, if thou shouldst follow me to Sorcha, thou shalt have combat and fierce encounter.'

'I swear by my wounding weapons, by my sword and by my spear, when I hear that ye are in the east, that I will go to seek thee.'

The Gruagach departs, and the huge man, and those eight of our host, from us in a ship over the salt sea eastward from the great haven of Benn Edair.

The unwearied crew found a wind that was always with them: for those three months' space they were encountering perils and wanderings from the course.

They took harbour in Sorcha having parted with trials: heavy was their weariness from the sea, the handsome beloved eight.

The son of great Lugh,—Caol Cródha, fierce was his awfulness, asked—'What is the land of shining hue that I see?' said the high prince's son.

Then spake the Gruagach to Caol Cródha battle-victorious: 'This is Sorcha strong and staunch, son of Lugh of the strokes.'

'If hither was thy journey from us, from the excelling land of Ireland, go into thy country—we deem it time—and we shall go to Ireland.'

'Come ye with me for love of Fionn, ye nobles of the pleasant heroes: the delights of Sorcha shall be yours until your heavy strain be relieved.'

They go promptly forth from the ship, the eight heroes much beloved: the Gruagach and the huge man were at their service diligently.

They see a city in the land, various and beautiful was the colour of its side, many a free craft was followed on its outskirts.

In the dauntless fortress were a kindred many-hued, delightful, with blades of furious flames, with satin silken cloaks.

With seric cloaks of satin, with tall regal womanfolk, with seric embroidery moreover upon her cloak around each queen.

Though in many a castle I have been ere now, south and north, east and west, I have not heard of another such home nor of a people their equal.

The multitude fair of colour came forth, they made obeisance to the Gruagach, and they kissed him affectionately, youth and maiden alike.

When they reached the huge man, both womanfolk and multitude, each man promptly gave each man's kiss to the Gruagach.

'Tell, thou Gruagach of war, by whom every challenge has been sustained, who are the scanty band thou hast brought to the mansion.'

'With Cumhall's son of ruddy face, who gives no refusal nor denial, abide the eight of good service, and seven battalions in his standing fian.'

MacLughach the fortunate spake promptly to the Gruagach: 'Make known to us, O man, what are the fortress and its people.'

'Here is the hostel's name for you, for love of Fionn of Dún Modhairne, this is the City of Gold, ye folk of the son of Trénmhór's son.'

Down sat the valiant Gruagach and all his host in the hostel, and placed hospitably near him the folk of Fionn of Almhain.

Two hundred faultless men-at-arms were serving the encampments, and each brave man at the banquet had a cup embellished with gold.

When the great joyful festive host was full of mirth, a man arose in the brilliant hostel, boasting his bravery before all.

He spoke then with a haughty word standing up in the mansion: 'O pleasant company, have ye seen the equal of this castle in Ireland?'

'I vow, O Gruagach,' said the son of proud Criomhthann, 'that Fionn for one hour of the day is better than ye all till doom.'

'All that I see in Inis Fáil, though ye think them greatly to be vaunted, better am I than all of them,' said the yellow-haired Gruagach.

'What silken stuff there is in my house, and what goblets heaped around, and what cups of golden ornament, are better than the wealth of Trénmhór's grandson.'

Up rose Caireall white of skin, and the comparison had not pleased him, seized a sword of fierce fury and two fiery spears.

Up rose MacLughach the active, and the Craftsman's three sons, Caol Cródha, brave and merry, and Oscar son of Cromcheann.

Up started Caoilte, clear of countenance, a bright man of conquering lances, a bright man comely at a feast, stalwart he was and honourable.

The victorious Gruagach took a hero's step bravely and hardily right opposite the son of Fionn's son, to stay him in the stead of combat.

A step to meet him, a stout step, took the son of Daire then: it was enough to quell the heart, the sound of their sledge-smiting.

Caoilte and Caireall were bravely hewing in the hostel, and Criomhthann's son fierce in might together wounding the hosts.

Caol Cródha high in mien, the Craftsman's three handsome sons: direst exploit I have heard, two-thirds of the host engaging them.

Fifty heroes—brave was the onset—Caireall O Conbhróin slew: there fell by the Craftsman's sons thrice fifty courageous men.

Ten and fifty fierce heroes Caol Cródha cut down with his sword: this is the reckoning not slight that were wounded in the fight.

His ready sword, full of fury, in the Gruagach's lissom hand, he planted it till its hilt was bloody in the flesh of the shining heroes.

Daire's son the horrific bore fifty wounds from the quarrel: the virtues of their blades defended the heroes' bodies in the combat.

The Craftsman's dauntless sons, Cromcheann's son, and Caireall, Caoilte, and warlike Caol Cródha came around glorious MacLughach.

They carried MacLughach off, men pitiful after the fray, brought him in their ship over sea in spite of the company of comely men.

They encountered danger and peril wending westward over the brine: the courage of the men will not be known until the end of all times.

Ravens without ruth were sated from their encounter with the host, and seas incarnadined with their blood, through the wrath of the achieving eight.

They came, though it was hard for them, to Ireland despite the host: famous was their faring from the east fair into the haven of Benn Édair.

Caoilte came on to Almha, we rejoiced that he did not tarry, the six successful remained in company of MacLughach.

All they went through of furious battle since leaving yew-clad Ireland, Caoilte relates it all to his fian and to Fionn of Almhain.

We were not long thereafter, when Caoilte had come to us, till the arrival of MacLughach of the feats, and his six heroes equal in fame.

Women came in frenzy, and Almhain's young folk, wailing for fierce MacLughach—many a hero of us was mournful.

A year, as I remember and attest, were Gaoine's wounds a-curing; at the year's end he was whole, it brought joy to the Fian.

Oscar, generous man, who never withdrew a foot from death, thought of seeking battle in the eastern land, that son of redoubtable Oisin.

He obtained my leave and Fionn's to go east, though it grieved us: though great was his following, he brought with him only thrice nine men across.

The names of the three nines that were skilful I shall tell you, Patrick: though I have outlived them sorrowing, I have knowledge of their story.

One in the first place was my own son: two was wise MacLughach: Caoince and Daire son of Fionn, four warriors full pleasant.

Raighne son of Fionn, high his valour, and the Craftsman's three sons were four, Caoilte whose speed was a murmuring sound, there are nine of them, O churchman.

Three good heroes of my children went, Iolach and pleasant Oisin, along with Oscar, over the brine; good was their triumph and their encounter.

Conan went thither, the Grey Man's son, fierce was his joining in engagement, and his six sons stout at arms, they were courageous to compare.

These are but eighteen men, great was their activity and their bulk: and twenty without defect therein were Eochaidh son of Fionn and Caireall.

Breasal's son went, not weak in act: he was stout in their quarrel; and O Duibhne brown-haired, and Fionn son of Dubhán faultless.

Legán the airy without sadness, a hero who spoke true judgments: O Patrick, brave was his might, the twenty-fourth hero.

Three others went, fierce in fray, of the race of Ronán of famous songs: Domhnall son of Caoilte the tall prince, Colla and redhanded Labhraidh.

Gently floated up to the wharf Oscar's ship of sprightly trim: in it go prosperously to the east the three nines full sturdy.

They reached Alba of the hosts, the active crew of fierce speech, demanding rent and revenue in return for gentleness and peace.

The men of Alba come in wrath, spirited battalions of large heroes: to meet the swift warriors there was many a brigade of good men.

Oscar comes on with his little host by whom many a hard encounter was sustained: though many a lord opposed him, he gave battle to the Scotsmen.

They stormed Dún Monadh, they routed the Scotsmen: Alba's king of forays fell by manly bloodstained Oscar.

This was the battle of great Dún Monadh where many of an army fell: the worse for the power and fame thenceforth of those that died in the fray.

The men of Scotland, though great their muster, their courage and their power, submitted thereupon to Oscar, for the greatness of the spoils of his sword.

There was not on the solid land in power of battle and sturdiness of sword a leader of three nines of their men that did not pay tribute to Oscar.

He divided their own gold and wealth as an overlord's bounty among themselves: by his sword he took their hostages and by the strength of his warfare.

Thirty-five ships he brought with him southwards from Alba: they go to London of the kings, it was a great company of strife.

A ready army met them in London of the white coasts: all that were for battle in this eastern land were in the fortress to meet them.

London of the red ramparts is stormed by the company of great fury: Oscar fiercely overthrows the men of the Saxons all on one field.

Saxonland is pledged for his time to Oscar for his victory to be tributary thenceforward until the latest day.

He got thirty ships and their men with him and their provisions from London : his force on the deep sea of currents was three score ships of war.

He goes on a distant voyage from Saxonland of the great hosts to the bright haven of Rheims of the kings, it was a cause of broken peace to France.

The French assemble vauntingly : they were right ready to come against them : there was scarce a king or prince in the east that did not gather to oppose them.

[The translation here passes on to couplet 142, the intervening part, 121–141, being transposed in the text.]

They inflicted slaughter on their princes, they took their great cities, they swiftly subdued their kings and destroyed their mighty armies.

The victorious Franks are overthrown by the northern expedition of Oscar : they submitted to his peace and to the tribute of his sword.

He got their captives and their tributes—it was not a work without skill—Oscar carried off all their spoils during the battle.

They gained power over every land, Oscar's ungentle fleet ; dolorous until doom shall be all they slew unerringly.

Then they go forth from France, after all the war they had waged : they tarried not, though stern was the encounter, until they arrived in Spain.

The spoiling Spaniards came in multitudes to look on battle : many a lord good of hand was pressing on to the encounter.

They set a ring of battle around Oscar, son of the prince : a silken standard, well-wrought, of seric fabric, is hoisted for him on a lance.

They gave a stout and furious onset, the [invading] band and the Spaniards : many were the pools of blood from those that were worsted in the strife.

Fifty ringleted heroes, no over-statement, fell by Oscar's hand in the fray : one-third of all that perished by his valour till doomsday will not be remembered.

The high tribute of the Spaniards was paid at once right into his hand; hostages and revenue thereafter, and no spite against him.

From Spain to great Almain to levy tribute for his host; the mighty fleet of Banba, a strong full-valiant navy.

In Almain was assembled rapidly a concourse of warriors in hostility to guard them from being in sorrow: they rued their muster.

Oscar of the triumphant sword advanced, though it was a cause of sighs to his hosts, gave fight to their nobles of fame—it was a woe of battles to their lords.

The Allemans advance against him in anger and in awesomeness: one and twenty staunch battalions faced him in the engagement.

All their host was overthrown by Oscar of the heavy blows: the valiant king of the two Almains he slew in single combat.

The gold and treasures of the two Almains were ceded to him without protest, and a fixed tribute thenceforth, and the command of their cities.

There was not from great Almain till they came to Greece a land whose tribute wealth and booty they did not capture.

They came to Greece though far away: they suffered many pains therein: great were the hardships of the men: great their enterprises to relate.

Sing their enterprises, pleasant Oisin, until thy son returned to Ireland: excellent is the melody of thy mouth, and sweet, O ancient man.

Though wandersome and long to tell their active perilous expedition, I will not cease from it nevertheless till I put a finish on its end.

A Grecian muster gathers: they were numerous, hundred-fighters: there was many a coloured standard of red silk over their high nobles.

The standard of noble Oscar is set on a spear uplifted, nobly decked: he advances, sheathed in armour, a man of blood-stained strife.

Oscar with his glorious host and the Greeks come against each other: it passes count, O pleasant churchman, all that the band left woeful.

They shoot forth showers of venom from their fiery ancient weapons : the unwearied bands kept smiting heads and helmets.

By the hand of warlike Oscar fell the high king of the Greeks in the encounter : the king's host thereupon the men of the fleet destroyed.

Seventeen kings of Greece he compelled to submit to tribute : bravely he won victory and spoils, the hero, weapon-keen Oscar.

When they had overcome the king of the Greeks, they go forward into India : that was the land of armies and of courts, beautiful of many excellences.

The king of India comes against him, with three score high-vaunting battalions : it were difficult, O man, to bring tribute out of that land.

Oscar, with the furious band, comes to meet them and engage them : brighter than clouds of heaven were the lightnings of their sledge-smiting.

No man escaped to tell the tidings south or north of the stout household, but Oscar of the fierce onsets kept hewing with his hard sword.

Oscar, that refused no man aught, slew the king of India in the conflict : anger seized him through the hosts, triumphant weapon-strong Oscar.

Oscar, clear of voice, bestowed the wealth of that land on his army : he gave wages to every man of the gold of the Indians.

[Translation here returns to stanza 121.]

Seven shipfuls, without refusal, to be paid him each complete year : a great tribute from bright India was due to Oscar in Ireland.

They went to free Sorcha, the company that brought sorrow into every land : a stout upstanding wood of spears : the flag o their prowess was not low.

The number then of the people of Oscar of the gilded swords was four battalions, a numerous host of good carriage and bravery.

A fierce army from Sorcha comes, terrific men, awful their guise, eighteen battalions of great power they had at the haven aided by wizardry.

They cast fires and rocks at the fleet on the sea, and a hundred snow-storms full of fury to overthrow the navy's might.

This is the number that perished there by the army of Sorcha, O churchman, four shipfuls of great strength: they were drowned all at once.

The oversea fleet comes to the shore in spite of the men: great was their power in every land, they gave battle not gently.

The men of Sorcha gave fierce battle to that company of brave endeavour: waters grew red suddenly with the lightning of swords and helmets.

Fifteen days, a fierce endurance, with none giving forward or backward, but smiting bodies and heads, the armies of Sorcha and the band.

The Gruagach, never a weakling, answers the (challenge to) duel of Oscar son of Oisín: warlike Oscar advances against the encountering Gruagach.

To victorious Oscar of the steeds it was thus the Gruagach spake: I will never cut off thy head, thou hast bravely voyaged against us.

Oscar answered merrily to overmaster the dauntless Gruagach, stoutly, furiously, fiercely, angrily, eagerly, right vigorously.

Two strokes successful Oscar gave the Gruagach for every stroke: strike as he might, he drew from him no blood, but red meteors of fire.

Fearless Caireall said—well we liked the speech—smite, famous Oscar, his blade out of the Gruagach's hand.

Active Oscar, who was not timid, accepted the advice he got from Caireall, smote his new weapon of fury from the fair yellow-haired Gruagach.

When Oscar who was not timid heard the voices of his foes around him, he swiftly hewed off the man's head with a heroic sword-stroke.

The Gruagach of active strength fell in the duel with Oscar, and the huge man too of grim form by his fierce formidable sword.

Oscar kept at the fight after his triumph in the duel—a dragon's feat, stern was the meeting—rending skulls with his sturdy arm.

Raighne, good son of Fionn, slew the king of Sorcha in the fray: the king's son of valiant prowess was slain by the hand of Oscar.

Sorrowful from the hand of the fierce hero was Sorcha of beautiful hosts, having lost her people, good churchman, through the Gruagach's challenge.

He exacted then captives and hostages for his people: they leave courageous Sorcha in sorrow for lack of friends.

(Translation resumes at stanza 174.)

They go to great Hesperia, numerous and strong were its hosts, long lasting and potent their strength, their power and their magic.

The princes of the men assemble to do battle with his expedition: through the tops of the forests was heard the clang of their weapons and armour.

By warlike Oscar, hero that possessed every spoil, is slain the king of Hesperia, sad tidings, and a thousand heroes of his great host.

Oscar, furious and fierce, was not content without the entire tribute of Hesperia: he got their revenues thenceforward and the command of their cities.

Twelve battalions, formidable men, there were in active Italy; guarding their eastern land in wait for weapon-famed Oscar.

Having subdued their country, their king and his despotic power, he carried off over the brine gold and cups out of goodly deep-blue Italy.

By Oscar's sword that overthrew the mighty, the king of Italy is slain at this time: two hundred sons of kings, courageous and tall, fell of the troops at the hands of his powerful host.

They cross the sea with hardship, the strong and sturdy company: they paused not from the steady course till (they reached) the hero-abounding band of Lochlainn.

Of Lochlanners hard by the haven, an active hero-muster with the cavalry, to meet the goodly band was many a champion and high prince.

Though they were brave to see and numerous, deadly in battle as they weened, a deathly visage came upon each man, fearing their death from Oscar.

A fierce onset on the furious band the numerous host of Lochlainn gave : that was indeed the venomous shower whose fiery bolts were many.

Many a vulture was screaming for those that were laid low in the stout stress, and many a raven was delighted by Oscar's victorious hand.

The King of Lochlainn fell—though it was a calamity—a noble prosperous man of goodly fame, and his two sons of bravest prowess, by Oscar's victorious hand.

The nobles of the tribes were slain, though haughty was their spirit : the strength of Lochlainn from that out Oscar brought to his fleet.

They breach the city of Beirbhe, though splendid was its muster : its hostages, its might, its power, in a short space have to depart.

They gather the gold of the city, its treasures and its great beasts : it was a spoiling of no weak kings, their journey to the land of Lochlainn.

They went into their ships, the winners of every hard triumph : the man of high prowess advances to the fortress of the high king of Britain (Wales).

The men of Britain were there to meet them ; brave men, not slack in combat : and many a combat there was, though they had the best of numbers in the conflict.

By Oscar's strong valour fell the king of Britain of stern triumphs : ten hundred armed men not gentle fell by his hand in the great affray.

He abandoned not the eastern land, but kept waging battle and triumph till he had subdued by the strength of his blades the men of Britain all in combat.

He gave the cities of the land to furious flames : no rampart but he burned and plundered, no host whose company he did not quell.

The men of Britain though bold, by the strength of Oscar of the strokes, were left, the prince and his hosts left them, ruined and overthrown.

The pleasant company voyage to the shore-smooth land of Ireland : they come to rest and draw up at the fort of Barrach son of Úmhór.

He gives leave to all that were there to go with their booty to their people and to return to him over the sea, and to remain a while with him.

There came to meet him, to his ship, the active fians of Cumhall's son : stout and sturdy were their hosts, the sturdy race of Trénmhór.

I swear to thee by my good word, though my body's vigour has departed, that Oscar brought to us the power of every land and their spoils.

There was not of the sons of Fionn, except myself, O Adze-head, one—and the men were noble—that did not accept Oscar's hire.

The number of the host that Oscar had, whose victory and spoils were great, not counting attendants and women, was nine thousand full-active heroes.

My son's magnificent company, though numerous were their battles and combats—he himself excelled them all in the hour of strife and conflict.

He was a senior before each brave man, in the time in which he reached his carrying of arms, his power, and his comeliness : courageous was the brave hero's onset.

That is Oscar's voyage to the east, and somewhat of the prowess of his sword : all that perished by his hand and blade till the day of doom I may not tell.

Every land he traversed eastwards of the noble territories of the world, tribute for his fear undemanded they sent him every year.

Oscar my beloved levied, after traversing each wide sea, tribute from every province for his lifetime, he obtained it after his return to Ireland.

There shall never be since Oscar, hero of many a stern triumph, there was not in the time when he was, a man his match in combats.

Believe henceforth, valiant Oisin, man that wast fierce in fray; give thy attention to the King of the elements: practise religion without malice.

Grief for my people and for Fionn has darkened my heart, O Adze-head: since the not weakly band is gone, henceforth my friends are few.

Oscar of fame lives not, though great were his spoils in the chase; nor Fionn, king of the blood-stained fians, nor the hundred-wounding Corr Swiftfoot.

Caoilte of prudent sense lives not, a wrathful, bloody, right noble man: nor MacLughach famed and keen, a hero for whom my spirit is gloomy.

I alone, after the destruction of the Fian, attending to hours and matins, without largesse, without foraying, without the acclaim of the grateful poets.

No feast a-holding in my house, no gold bestowed on companies, an ancient of devotion in a church, where we have neither attendance nor society.

Son of Fionn who refused no man gold or bronze, thou shalt have the house of Heaven, that is not mean, for thy heart and for thy humanity.

Make not lament, O man, son of Fionn of the numerous household; truly we shall all go, O son of the king of Almhain.

It grieves me, Patrick of the relics, who makest devotion with diligence, to be alive now after Oscar who defended all that thou hast named.

Henceforth I can but sorrow, since the sons of Trénmhór are gone: my glory and my beauty have departed, my strength, my hosts, my household.

My blessing on thee, O man, for thy chant all this time: may I obtain from the King of the elements thy admission with me into his royal fortress.

May mercy reach each one, and mindful repentance, who will give to memory all that has been chanted to us of the words of Oisín son of Fionn.

O Adze-head, to whom my voice is sweet, O man for whom a noble chant is sung, if my valour were restored, thou shouldst be in command of the earth.

Practise devotion and prudence: many perils thou hast sustained ere now: every spear that thou hast ever cast, that great Mary's Son may forgive it.

Dearer to me were the deep chant of the fians, and the sound of the chase on every highland, and Caoilte's musical cry, than heaven and thy joys, O Adze-head.

Accept faith, noble Oisin, man that wast attentive to a company, and do a pure repentance for thy smiting in battles.

If swift MacLughach lived, and sword-strong Caoilte, thou shouldst not have them in a church taking thy instruction, O Adze-head.

Since there lives of the fians of Fál but thou alone of mighty awe, O Oisín, who didst serve each one, believe cheerfully in the elemental God.

I beseech Heaven's High-king, who is in the angelic city, since my fierce glory has departed, not to forget me for the great feast.

It was a feast.

There is for you, Captain Somhairle, and I can write no more at present from the trouble of the ague.

XXIV.

The Chase of Sliabh Truim.

A day that we were on Sliabh Truim, the fians of Fionn full of courage, many a good hero and hound were there, that were right nimble on the plain.

There was not a hero of them without a shield on the mountain and two hounds and two keen beagles around Fionn of high courage.

We were spread over every glen : stout was our strain against the hills : two by two on each slope, our might was full without fault.

We rouse above the heads of peaks the game of the glens and their boars : on all sides of us along the slope was many a doe and badger.

Numerous were heroes and hounds coming forth swiftly on the level : to hold the chase in every glen came forth Fionn, prince of the peoples.

Two hounds in each man's hand of all that came out there of the Fian : it is I myself that know well the story, though I am now bereft of sense.

I shall tell without mistake or omission some of the names of the hounds of the hosts : not a hound was loosed from its leash, but that I myself know its excellence.

Ó Baoisgne (Fionn) loosed swift Bran and Sgeolang that sped afar : Oisin loosed great Buadhach and young Abhlach after these.

When Bresal's son saw in front the king's hounds going bravely, he let go his two fierce hounds, Ucht Ard and slender Ferb.

Active Oscar who was not slack loosed Mac a Truim from his golden chain : famous Caol Cródha let go Léim ar Lúth the nut-brown hound.

Garaidh of the bright weapons loosed Ferán and Foghar and Maoin : Ó Duibhne dexterously slipped Éachtach of the tricks and Daoil.

MacSmóil of courage keen let go Airrchis and Rinn the fierce, shapely Ó Conbhróin let go Cor Dhubh after them and Máigh.

Conan of the ready deeds loosed Rith Ród and Rith re h-Ard : Faolán, friend of hounds, let go Carragán and red Got.

Edain's son thereupon loosed good Casluath and keen Futhlamh ; pleasant MacMorna let loose Arann and Ard na Ségh.

Ferdhomhon son of Fionn let go Ciarchuill that outstript every hound : MacReiche of sage counsel loosed fresh Sgath and Lúth na Lon.

Caoilte loosed brave Enfhuath, and Cuillsgeach of hardy onset : Dubhán's son, generous man, after him slipped Rian and Gar.

Ruddy Dáire son of Fionn loosed Ard na Sealga and hardy Loinn: active MacLughach loosed white Cuirthech and Lér-bhuaidh.

Aodh Beg, a ready man, loosed Marbhadh na gCat and Taom: Conan son of the Gray Man slipped Leigean from her leash and Laom.

Sgainner and fierce Gáir are let go, the two hounds of tall Iolar son of Smól: Oscar son of Cromchenn who was not gloomy let go Soirbh and Nóin.

Famous Fergus File loosed without neglect Sgiamh and Faoidh: Colla son of Caoilte, generous man, he let go Rian and Laoidh.

Dáire son of Ronán loosed Dibhearg and swift Dobhrán: by us were loosed without shame the beautiful great pack of the fians.

The Craftsman's sons let go their hunting pack without sadness—Cor and Derg and Drithleann, Corrbhenn and Rith Teann and Treoir.

Musical Cnú Dheireoil let loose Aindeoin and Eolach on their course: Uath of the hunts, not mean of aim, loosed Sgread Ghábhaidh and Néimh.

Criomhthann of the strokes and Conn, two sons of warlike Goll, let go Dochar and Dorr, let go Crom and Gáir.

The household of the prince let loose their hounds dexterously without scarcity: behind them by reason of the chase the hillsides were full of blood.

Many were the hounds on the track of deer around us on the mountain southward: the throngs were in their wake watching them, fierce was their onset.

There was many a cry of deer and boar on the mountain, of those that fell by the chase: from the spoils of herds and hounds blood abounded on the slope.

I never thought the cries of battle more dreadful, though in many battles I had been ere then, than the cries of hounds and deer when the pack came at the herds.

No deer went east or west, nor boar of all that were alive on the mountain, not one of them all but was killed by the good pack fierce in attack.

We killed twenty hundred deer on the mountain and ten hundred boars: our pack in the greatness of their fury left every field red with blood.

Does and badgers were not counted, nor hares, of all that fell on the slope: though they were not reckoned by Fionn, they were methinks a great part of our game.

The greatest prey ever killed in Banbha's land at any time, the best that was during my life, was the prey that Fionn took that day.

The prey is divided by active Goll: he left no man of them without a portion: he forgot no man of the Fian except himself and me.

I spoke to Goll the fearless, and I rued the saying of it: 'Is it spite that has caused, O Goll, me to be forgotten of all others in the division?'

'It would not beseem anyone in the Fian to revile me above all: it is a pity I am not near thee that I might test the strength of thy hands.'

To answer him I seize my sword, since Goll made a fierce reply, the hero first in wisdom and in fame, I went up to him angrily.

Fionn caught up Mac in Luin (his sword), two sharp spears and a shield of battle, came deftly through the host and quickly seized my arm.

Quickly my anger is quelled by Fionn, and he took upon himself my share of the prey, (saying) 'I have never allowed spite or feud to arise between two of the Fian.'

Fionn, the brave lord, did not leave generous MacMorna of the red shields till he made peace between me and Goll, though great was our enmity and our wrath.

They made fires without fault, truly, on every hill of the mountain, around Fionn of comely body, to roast the boars and stags.

When we had eaten our prey, the battalions of ruddy complexion, the good fians of Fionn set out from Sliabh Truim to Loch Cuan.

We found a monster on the loch, its presence there did not profit us: as we beheld it in silence, its head was bigger than a hill.

Its description to relate—a fortress might stand in its maw: a hundred heroes, though great their fury, might fit in the hollows of its two eyes.

Greater than trees in a wood its teeth, shedding horrid lightning: bigger than a city's gate were the ears of the serpent awaiting us.

Longer than eight men, without belittling, was its tail, standing up to its back: its slender part was thicker than a flood-felled oak in a wood.

When it saw the host at a distance, it demanded in great rage food from the son of Muireann without delay, or combat with hounds and heroes.

'Thou art not of Ireland's monsters, wretch of evil fame and mind; tell us wherefore thou hast come,' said manly, generous Fionn.

'I have come now from Greece on my course till I reached Loch Cuan, to seek combat of the Fian, and to take the power of their hosts.

'I overpower every people, hosts have fallen by my attacks: unless I get satisfaction from you, I will not leave seed of you alive.

'Give me combat speedily, though thou art strong in hosts, O Fionn, that I may test on you exactly my strength, having come across the wave.'

'For thy honour's sake tell us, though great is thy confidence and thy awesomeness, thy father's identity and thy name, before we cast our weapons at thee.'

'A certain monster that is in Greece, I shall speak without lie his accustomed name, Crouch of the Rock, high of fame, that stands on the eastern sea.

'A reptile, good of courage, evil of countenance, such was his gruesome wife: few eastern cities but she breached; and she bore me to him as a son.

'I have left sorrow on every prince: Height of Battle truly is my name: Fionn of good report and worth, we reck not thy hosts nor thy weapons.

'This is the tale thou hast asked of me, man good at sword and at grasp; grant me speedily the fray, though numerous thy Fian and thy strength.'

Though it was a stern enterprise, Fionn bade the Fian go to fight him: to quell him the hosts advanced, and suffered hardship from him.

The reptile came for the encampment, many of our nobles perished by him; we were greatly wasted by his slaughter, and powerless to withstand him.

Spears were cast cunningly, accurately, fiercely, at the reptile: he scattered on us by magic art his fiery showers of spines.

We were brought to grief by the beast; his craft we could not match: he would swallow, though it was no slight strain, a hero and his gear together.

He swallowed Fionn of the strokes, and the Fian of Ireland raised a cry: we were for a space without help, and the reptile slaughtering us.

A door on each side of its body Fionn made of no ill space, till he let forth without delay every one that had been swallowed of the Fian.

Fionn by the fight he made gave succour to the entire host, and freed us by the might of arms, by fortune of battle, and of victory.

The beast and Fionn engaged each other—it was great daring to go to master it: he stayed not from its sturdy encounter till he parted its soul from its body.

What fell of monsters by Fionn, till doom may not be reckoned: what he achieved of battle and of exploits all men cannot number.

He slew the monster of Loch Neagh, and the giant of Glen Smóil, and the great reptile of Loch Cuilleann, MacCumhaill of the gold slew it.

He slew the serpent of Benn Edair: in battle it could not be mastered: the phantom and reptile of Glen Dorcha fell by the hand of the prince.

The blue serpent of the Erne fell, and the fierce serpent of Loch Riach: he slew, though it was a stout heart, a serpent and a fierce cat in Áth Cliath.

He slew the phantom of Loch Léin, it was a great endeavour to go to subdue it: he slew a phantom in Druim Cliath, a phantom and a serpent on Loch Righ.

Fionn of great heart slew the phantom of Glen Righe of the roads: there was not a reptile in Ireland's glens but he took by the force of his blows.

The phantom and serpent of Glenarm Fionn slew, though they were valiant; so that victorious Fionn exterminated every monster against which he advanced.

He slew the serpent of Loch Síleann that brought a treacherous deluge on our host, and the two serpents of Loch Foyle that made a fierce attack on us.

A shining serpent on the Shannon, it broke down the defence of the men: and the serpent of fights of Loch Ramhuir, that surpassed the monsters of the world.

He slew, it was a great good fortune, the fierce phantom of Sliabh Collán, and the two serpents of Glen Inne fell by his sword.

He slew the serpent of Loch Meilge, whose prowess was not unworthy of Fionn's hand, and the great monster of Loch Cera too, and a spectre at Áth Truim.

There was a serpent on Lough Mask that gave many defeats to the men of Fál (Ireland), he slew it with his victorious sword, though it was a fierce burden for his arm.

On Loch Laeghaire, in truth, there was a serpent that made flames: in payment of what he suffered of its ravages he beheaded it with his weapons.

The phantom of Dubhas though right sturdy and the wild man of Sliabh in Chláir, Fionn slew with Mac in Loin, though fierce their prowess and their horror.

The furious serpent of Loch Lurgan fell by Fionn of the fians; all that it destroyed of our host may not be told till distant doom.

A serpent of the singing Bann fell by the hand of Fionn of the hard encounter; we had often been wasted by its attack until it was slain at Assaroe. [Incomplete.]

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XXV.

Once I was Yellow-haired.

Once I was yellow-haired, ringleted,
Now my head puts forth only a short grey crop.
I would rather have locks of the raven's colour
Grow on my head, than a short hoary crop.
Courting belongs not to me, for I wile no women;
To-night my hair is hoar, it will not be as once it was.
Once I was.

XXVI.

Woe for them that wait on Churchmen.

Woe for them that wait on churchmen, that are not heard on the hardy fray: woe for them that are checked by decay, unsightly end of shelter.

Woe for a king's son that is faint-hearted, that imposes not his fear on man: woe for him who forsakes his pointed lance for a horned yellow staff.

Oisin am I, the prince's son: I was wont not to put off battle: to many a hero on the stead of strife I have given cause of woe.

Woe for them.

XXVII.

Oisin's Sorrow.

Sad is that, O dear Caoilte, by whom sea-roving crews were thinned, our parting from each other after the Fian is a cause of sorrow.

To fall in the east in the battle of Gabhair happily befell Mac Lughach, rather than that the youth of great deeds should be tearful and gloomy in our company.

All but myself, an ancient, despicable after all the battles, the race of Baoiscne is gone—sad is that, dear Caoilte.

Sad is that.

XXVIII.

Three Heroes went we to the Chase.

Three heroes went we to the chase on this slope of Sliabh gCua: we started a brown stag from the pearly fresh brown oak-wood.

His like I never saw on this heath of Sliabh gCua, his size and the number of his antlers: a lank stag eating the young grass.

We loosed our hounds at him, we came to pierce his hide, and the stag was not stayed till he reached grassy Sliabh Mis.

I was there, and tall Oisin and Caoilte of good counsel: there were not of the Fian, as good as we, three heroes.

Three heroes.

XXIX.

Erect your Hunting Spears.

Erect your hunting spears, wherewith we once wounded the white does: when we were in arms, we made no fasting journey.

Steer ye your rounded hulls to the bare knolls of Lochlainn; with your stout lances we slew slow-glancing Raighne.

I am Oisin, though ancient: I have trysted with gentle women: grayness is nearest to brownness, bentness is nearest to erectness.

Erect.

XXX.

The Hunger of Crionloch's Church.

The hunger of Crionloch's church, ūch, I cannot bear it; last of the royal prince's sons, we have suffered a scanty fare.

Oscar, my heroic son, for whom songs of praise were made, were he alive at present, he would not leave me to hunger.

My curse upon thy churchmen, Patrick, and mayest thou rot! if I had Oscar, he would not leave me to hunger.

I am Oisin ruddy-cheeked, son of Fionn, of honourable spirit: I have had in my pay twenty hundred that knew no hunger.

The hunger.

XXXI.

The Wry Rowan.

Swineherd, let us make for the moorland: I am without food for three days: lead before me toGleann Da Ghealt: come, my son, and take my hand.

There is on the north side of the glen, if we were both brought thither, a tree whose berries are good to taste, which is named the Wry Rowan.

If thou wert nine days without food—I tell thee, it is no foolish thought it would relieve thy dryness and thy thirst, when thou shouldst see the colour of the berries.

We were two thousand in the hunting on the slope beside the hill: we brought in no prey to Fionn but the berries of the tree and two swine.

Swineherd.

XXXII.

The Beagle's Cry.

A beagle's cry on the hill of kings! the mound it circles is dear to me: we often had a fians' hunting feast between the moorland and the sea.

Here were the followers of Fionn, a company to whom the sounds of strings were sweet: dear to me the active band that went on hostings of many hundreds.

Fair to see was their chase, methinks: many red stags fell by their prowess: many a speckled speedy hound coming to meet them on the moor.

Bran and beautiful Sceolang, his own hounds, in the king's hand: dearly Fionn loved the hounds, good was their courage and their achievement.

Crú Dheireoil in the king's bosom, good son of Lugh of comely form: he kept playing a harp for Fionn, the fair-haired man of strong voice.

Each leader of nine of the Fian used to come to the king to hold the great huntings that the host made around Druim Caoin.

Fifty many-antlered stags fell by my own hand, O king, and fifty boars likewise, though to-night there is nothing mine.

The sons of stout Rónán had a camp on this north side of the glen: a goodly sight was the Fenian cooking that the Fians made at the foot of the peaks.

The race of Morna, an active band, with many a man on the southern side: often they fought a hardy fray and came victorious out of it.

I have heard a red beagle's cry on the slope beside the stream: it has raised the waves of my head, the sweet-voiced beagle's bay.

I am Oisin the king's son: it is long since my form has withered: although my heart is sore, nevertheless the cry is musical to me.

A beagle's cry.

XXXIII.

The Sleep-Song for Diarmaid.

Sleep a little, a little little, for thou needst not fear the least, lad to whom I have given love, son of Ó Duibhne, Diarmaid.

Sleep thou soundly here, offspring of Duibhne, noble Diarmaid: I will watch over thee the while, son of shapely Ó Duibhne.

Sleep a little, a blessing on thee! above the water of the spring of Trénghart, little lamb of the land above the lake, from the womb of the country of strong torrents.

Be it even as the sleep in the south of Dedidach of the high poets, when he took the daughter of ancient Morann in spite of Conall from the Red Branch.

Be it even as the sleep in the north of fair comely Finnchadh of Assaroe, when he took stately Sláine in spite of Failbhe Hardhead.

Be it even as the sleep in the west of Aine daughter of Gailian, what time she fared by torchlight with Dubhthach from Doirinis.

Be it even as the sleep in the east of Degha gallant and proud, when he took Coinchenn daughter of Binn in spite of fierce Dechell of Duibhreann.

O fold of valour of the world west from Greece, over whom I stay (?) watching, my heart will well-nigh burst if I see thee not at any time.

The parting of us twain is the parting of children of one home, is the parting of body with soul, hero of bright Loch Carmain.

Caoinche will be loosed on thy track: Caoilte's running will not be amiss: never may death or dishonour (?) reach thee, never leave thee in lasting sleep.

This stag eastward sleepeth not, ceaseth not from bellowing: though he be in the groves of the blackbirds, it is not in his mind to sleep.

The hornless doe sleepeth not, bellowing for her spotted calf: she runs over the tops of bushes, she does not sleep in her lair.

The lively linnet (?) sleepeth not in the tops of the fair-curved trees: it is a noisy time there, even the thrush does not sleep.

The duck of numerous brood sleepeth not, she is well prepared for good swimming: she maketh neither rest nor slumber there, in her lair she does not sleep.

To-night the grouse (?) sleepeth not up in the stormy heaths of the height: sweet is the sound of her clear cry: between the streamlets she does not sleep.

Sleep a little.

XXXIV.

Fionn's Prophecy.

Woman that speakest to us the lay, two things most have overcome me: a vision of shapes has appeared to me, has reft me of my strength and my reason.

The Adze-head will come over the babbling sea: I deem it no harm, he will not be harmful to me; he will bless Ireland round about and the glorious warfare will begin; his miracles will be forever, and he will bring all to Heaven.

The books of learning will be here during the sway of the foreigners and before their time: cemeteries and churches the King will have, great will be their power together; it will be good for every man that it reaches, will bear many to the house of God.

Listen ye to the prophecy of Fionn above the pool, and hide it not: the lime-washed stones (castles) will be, not weakly they will be made.

It is not this that grieves me, but the number of the grey-faced foreigners here, and that I and the Fian shall not exist and I myself driving them out.

The foreigners' gardens will be here, and many a tree a-planting, and herbs a-putting down and coming up from their roots.

The high-king will advance from the north, will sternly wage the battle, and will raise up his wrath, and will leave the (field of) battle red.

The Irish will rise hardily, alike in east and north and south, it grieves me that it may not be I who come, when the shout of the men will be raised.

The high-king will cast the stone, and many an "och" will be there: it grieves me that I cannot come, when the shout of the foreigners will be raised.

A foreigner will not wait for his children as he goes in his ship over the brine: few of them will escape through the number of the famous battles.

Round Sligo a battle will be fought from which will come he advantage of the bright Irish: it is unlikely that I shall be present, much it grieves me, O woman.

First psalmist of the Irish am I; the Son of God will bear me to Heaven: though I have had many of them, I dislike the nature of women.

I am Fionn son of noble Cumhall; I believe in the King of the Heavens; I am the best prophet under the sun, though I have done the will of women.

Woman.

XXXV.

The War-Vaunt of Goll.

Lone am I on this crag, though I am overcome with hunger, since to-night there is with me but one poor woe-begone woman.

Thirty full days I have been without food or sleep, without music of harps, without timpáns hemmed in on the crag.

Thirty hundred true warriors have fallen by my hand in that time—it is a great sign of madness—and yet to be drinking brine after them!

I was the deed-vaunting champion: I have a waist of bone: I was golden-weaponed Iollann, to-night I am Goll the unsightly.

Fionn son of Cumhall, Fenian prince, has driven me to the crag: my career of victory is glorious, this is the cause of his enmity.

Trénmhór of encounters perished by the might of my fierce hand, for there was none to go between us until I slew him by my stroke.

Cumhall valorous, victorious, perished by me in the battle of Cnucha: as much of his haughtiness as I lowered. I am paying for it now.

In the strenuous battle of Cronnmhóin, though many a hero opposed me I slew ten hundred right valiant, the followers of Caireall, in onset.

Through Conbhrón's white-skinned son I drove the head of my spear: towards me never again was he insensate in the house of Almha.

Two of the sons of the chief prince, Fionn son of Cumhall the joyful—to me it was long of evil omen that I slew them in the middle of the bog.

The command of Ireland was mine till Cumhall came: I did not spare his flesh, since I did not enjoy his favour.

It was wrongful for Fionn of Almhain, for the proud fulfilment of a word, on account of avenging my ill-treatment, to drive me to famine.

With thrice fifty gallant heroes came Cumhall to Tara: so high was his spirit, he would have broad Banbha for his own.

Magnificent Conn of the Hundred Battles was then king of yew-clad Ireland: many a strong strait I suffered to subdue his foes.

Heroic Cathaoir, bold high-king of Ireland, and ten hundred men perished woefully at my hands in the battle of Magh Agha.

A brother's son to this Cumhall, the son of Úna of brilliant beauty, Conn was not willing to uphold me in spite of Cumhall and these Fians.

Were it not for the tie of kindred between them and this king, though strong was the House of Baoisgne, they would not have made terms with me.

A sister of lordly Cumhall was foster-mother to this Conn, from this came my displacement, and my sad departure from Ireland.

The kingship of the Galian fifth (Leinster) Conn gave to skin-white Cumhall, it was no omen of peaceful rule or courage to be mine.

On a day that I held a great hunting around Cuilleann O gCuanach, I beheld Cumhall approach haughtily to forbid me.

The house of valorous Morna, Cumhall fell to rending us: it was not a just casting of lots that satisfied him, but combat.

To beautiful Sliabh Éibhlinne we retired in spite of Cumhall: we left not a man behind, and three hundred fell of his company.

Thereafter we went to rampart-smooth Cruacha of Connacht: a panting march was ours, with Cumhall pressing on us.

At his foster-son's demand, Conall of fair Cruachain refused us shelter: for us it was omen of utter rout, that Cumhall forced so many to oust us.

We went right rapidly forward to Emhain Mhacha, and pleaded a lasting compact with the lord of Ulster at this time.

Ulster's king did not venture to keep us for fear of Cumhall; this were a sad change, should the strong man come against us.

To Conn with acclaim we went to Tara's rampart: he was not gracious towards us, it was no cause for us to be courageous.

The king of side-green Tara then refused us; woe for him that abandoned our noble band: therewith we left Ireland.

In our heavy-laden ships we went to the land of the Welsh: when we had fought a battle there, we left our enemy diminished.

The sovereignty of the over-sea border I nobly assumed: though to-night I have but one woman-friend in loneliness.

A year and a quarter in that sovereignty I was—it was no presage of combat when the folk of the island of outlaws sent tidings of us to Cumhall.

Cumhall the brave and prudent, and the chiefs of the Munstermen, the men of Leinster of bold engagements and the unforgetting fian of Ireland.

The mighty companies came to drive me out of the land of Wales: it was not a likely cause of my being fittingly upheld.

We gave stern battle to each other at that time: to me Banbha's host were not friends, they were as though frantic.

Cumhall, Bodhmann the woman-warrior, valiant Criomhthann the spoiler, in the lead of the fians of Banbha, added to my career of battles.

The Welshmen were not friends to me, they set upon me together—that increased my bitterness—the stout folk of the island.

The slaughter of the host right valiantly I achieved in that fight: to them it was an omen of long plunderings, the number that I slew at the time.

Twenty hundred brave heroes fell by me in that fight of the host of Cumhall of broad Banbha and of the warriors of Wales.

From that overthrow (?) I covered my retreat without delay: since I found no protection I go from them over sea.

To the islands of free Lochlainn we went after all the spoiling, there I found no peace, it was an evil path for us.

The hosts of the warlike land approach us to banish us: to quell their strong men was not easy for our being few.

We gave a close-fought battle to the fearless men of Lochlainn: bravely I slew in fury the king of Lochlainn.

Eight hundred of the warlike host perished by me in truth: my expedition was not feeble until I took his sovereignty.

A while I spent in their islands levying rent and tribute, the courteous sons of Morna boldly ruling the lands.

We were betrayed—it was not done amiss—to the same Cumhall : a foreign army came against us, and we left them grieving.

We gave battle gloriously to the fearless battalions ; many were in evil plight through me, and we ourselves were full of wounds.

Fifteen hundred dexterously I slew of this host : I left them in a heap of bones, though to-night I am lonely.

Into our swift ships we went without delay : they took no hostages of me once I had put to sea.

We turned our face to the Scotsmen, it was not a favourable path for us : the oversea men came to drive us away in banishment.

A furious (?) battle was fought between us and the host of Alba : they were hard to check for the comely weapon-bearing Fian.

I advanced right eagerly to where I saw the victorious king, for I was vengeful for the dishonour of my friends.

A pitiless combat was waged between me and the king of Alba, wherein I smote with a clean stroke his head from the renowned king.

I left the king's host hewn to the bone in the same battle : I was high in spirit after engagements and exploits.

Four glorious years I was in the kingship of Alba : I cannot remember all I got of gold and silver.

Once that we held a chase through valleys deep and dense, it was a cause of rue to us, our foes coming between us and the sea.

Cumhall the majestic came, with the well-graced host of the islands : the men of Alba abandoning us did not cause us to be over-valiant.

[Stanza 57 to be read in the text after 59.]

Battle to Cumhall, vaunter of triumphs, I gave without delay : there fell by me in combats ten hundred to sate my eagerness.

I embarked my great household in their ships in spite of the foe : we made loud rejoicing having escaped from all peril.

We go adventurously to the wide haven of London : we were still formidable, though we had suffered many hardships.

There came a stout encountering host to drive us from that same haven : it was no path of peacemaking for them, when we caused them to regret.

On the fair-green of the royal city we brought the heroic battalions : then full of vengeance against the foe were my Fians.

Right rapidly were breached the firm ramparts of London : suddenly the host advanced, it was a straitened path for us.

The king of the Saxons courageously challenged me in the fray : I refused not his whole household, and I shunned not their hostility.

At last in the end of the engagement the powerful ruler fell, though it is no dishonourable tale, it was a heavy task for me.

Two score hundred Saxons I slew of them undauntedly : and I left them in such evil shape, that but the tidings of them remain.

The power of England we held a while in peace, and the foe in deep distress from myself and my friends.

Hard-weaponed Cumhall came, and the Fian of Ireland without delay, and according as we heard, the host of the islands along with them.

The right wrathful warrior gave us battle after his journey : I was the vengeful overthrower of every sept.

Three score hundred, armed for battle, swiftly perished by my hand, for the Saxons did not dare to follow me or go before me.

I covered my retreat after the overthrow : I did not abandon my followers till I got them into their ships.

Then we sailed onward to the land of France ; the passage was made musical by the cold birds of the sea.

The hosts of spacious France came upon us at this time—a tale that is meet in brevity—on a few of the host of Banbha.

An heroic battle to be vaunted we gave to each other, our expedition gained high renown from the host that came against us.

The sovereignty of generous sprightly France was mine indeed until my pursuer came, Cumhall who made no treaty.

The victorious host of Europe was around Cumhall, the men of Ireland advancing actively, for me they had no good friendship.

They joined in hostile fray with us after our journey : my noisy arrowy host answered them as they saw them.

It was a fine and valorous battle that we gave to each other, my noisy, arrowy host, till we inflicted slaughter on their Fian.

Criomhall, Bodhmann, the woman-warrior, and the nobles of the House of Trénmhór, kept around the Fenian chief that I might get no opportunity.

Fifteen hundred triumphantly I laid low of their hosts: against them I made good defence, it is another glory of my successes.

From that overthrow at length I covered my retreat: though to-day upon the crag my body is covered with wounds, I will not keep it silent.

In their heavy-laden ships I embark my little Fian: I advanced on this journey till I reached the haven of Bergen.

The valiant king of Lochlainn with all his host was in the place: we obtained their sovereignty then for the dread of my blade.

Four lengthy years I spent in the kingship of Bergen; their friendship I obtained, and Bergen's gold and silver.

Cumhall the quarrelsome went to war with the high-king of Banbha, whereby he left in distress (?) Conn of the Hundred Battles, brave though he was.

Heroic Conn despatched envoys for us to Bergen: we came this time to the plain of Cruachain in haste.

Conn of the Hundred Battles supported the race of Morna on this occasion: we advanced boldly then to the battle of Cnucha.

The men of Munster in warlike guise came to the same battle, and the men of Leinster vengefully, bravely by Cumhall's side.

Two hundred bold Munstermen, two hundred Leinstermen this time, two hundred Fenians of manly encounter came to master me at Cnucha.

I slew with active valour the six hundred I relate: I bethought me of my ill-treatment, and I gave no quarter.

My friendship was warlike then towards valiant Cumhall; to part us would not have been easy for the fierce men of Banbha.

An eager wounding thrust I drove into the warrior's breast; his heart was riven by me, having empurpled my spears.

The Munstermen fled before me until I reached Fiodh Gaibhle: long in . . . graves shall lie all that I slew without quarter.

Bodhmann the woman-warrior and Crimall came to stay me: it was an omen of war for me leaving the battle of Cnucha.

Though fortunate the House of Trénmhór, there lived not to cross the Liffey but only one woeful eight and Bodhmann in fury.

The warriors of valiant Leinster, I followed them without faintness, I was their utter destroyer till I reached Fiodh Dorcha.

I gathered their booty and went to Tara: having avenged my wrongs, I was full of courage.

The headship of the Fians of this Banbha was given to me by skin-white Conn: this was a great profit to me as long as he fulfilled it.

I ordered in readiness the bands of Ireland and Scotland, I gave them noble terms, since on me they had cast their lot.

I gave favourable hire to the chiefs of the host of Banbha; that company kept not faith with me, having enjoyed my profit.

I left no hideous monster in lake or linn in Banbha that I did not nobly slay—it was another glory of my profit.

There was no insensate spectre, there was no phantom yet nor evil shape in Ireland through my strong search but was slain by me thereafter.

There was no mighty fleet in my time on the sea of Fódla that I did not dismember—it is another part of my service.

Ten years I was Fenian king over the Fians of Ireland: I kept no ill-minded man and I did no treachery.

The rule of the Fians was taken from me by Conn of the Hundred Battles, who gave it with strong affection to Fionn son of Cumhall after me.

Conn in lordly fashion divided the Fian between us, a cause of confederacy; he left a third to me and two-thirds to the son of Cumhall.

We passed a time of peace after our confederacy with each other, and I used to receive tributes from the host of the city of Bergen.

From Hallowtide till May I supported the entire Fian: our spirit was heightened by banqueting and playing games.

The chase of Corann of the hillocks was held by us without refraining: long will the story hold of the evil encounters I sustained.

Fionn fetched a sudden halt on the summit of Sliabh Seghsa: it is a tale to be told for long, the three that came to meet him.

Three phantom sprites came out of the side of the hill: devilish was the guise of the women: they spell-bound my companions.

Three black unsightly mouths, six white eyes never closing, three red bristling heads of hair, six twisting legs under them.

Three warlike swords, three shields with their three spears—it was no easy task to gaze on the women or their gear.

Rough grey iron of wizardry they had mounted on poles: giddiness and faint sickness came over Fionn and the Fian at the sight of them.

With magic of evil dealing they spell-bound our chief; they left Fionn thereafter a withered quaking ancient.

The seven battalions of the Standing Fian they brought into the same plight around the door of the bone-strewn Céis, but only me alone.

The whole Fian was swiftly bound with success—it is not a tale to be ever told—and they were cast into a house underground.

They seize their three bright blades to hew the Fian to the bone: they would have had but other men's heads on them, had I not been quicker.

The combat of those three hags I took on myself alone; a mighty fray was that struggling in the entrance of the hill of Seghais.

My stroke was fierce and powerful, for I left no leavings, when I smote with it bravely Camóg and Cuilleann.

Courageously I bound Iornach fast in fetter: to overcome her was not easy until I brought her to grief.

The Fian of Ireland in ruinous plight she brought out herself in fear of being hewn to the bone by the edge of my sharp blade.

This evil sprite was forced to put them into their own shapes for dread of her undoing: thus the tidings are told.

Fionn comes forth released, and the Fian in a rout: scant was my terror, though to-night I am lonely.

Right speedily the abode was burned by me with fierceness: I left in black ashes that house at the foot of the Céis.

Iarnach of horrid locks angrily followed Fionn and his Fian and, bold of body, demanded single combat courageously of Fionn.

Fionn the Fenian chief found no man to fight the treacherous warsprite till I went in my battle-gear, when I saw Fionn in a strait.

Though her combat was mad, I overcame her without hardship: by clean force I cut her head off with my blue blade.

Conarán son of Caimidel of the shapely Tuath Dé Danann was the father of the three wild women whom I left lifeless.

Friendship and alliance by marriage Fionn made with me after this conflict: it abated my vengefulness until they slew Fedha.

Fedha, his daughter's son, perished at Fionn's hands through pride: he was the son of all-bright Cainche: without him I am lonely.

Lone am I.

IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY.

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The Irish Texts Society was established in 1898 for the purpose of publishing texts in the Irish language, accompanied by such introductions, English translations, glossaries, and notes as might be deemed desirable.

The Annual Subscription has been fixed at 7*s.* 6*d.* (American subscribers, two dollars), payable on January 1st of each year, on payment of which Members will be entitled to receive the Annual Volume of the Society, and any additional volumes which they may issue from time to time.

Vols. I., II., and III. are now out of print, but Vols. IV. and V., "Keating's History" (Part I.), and "The Martial Career of Congal Clairingneach," can still be obtained by new Members joining the Society at the original Subscription of 7*s.* 6*d.* for each year (1901–2).

The Committee make a strong appeal to all interested in the preservation and publication of Irish Manuscripts to join the Society and to contribute to its funds, and especially to the Editorial Fund, which has been established for the remuneration of Editors for their arduous work.

All communications should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Eleanor Hull, 20, Hanover-square, London, W.

IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY.

The Ninth Annual General Meeting of the Society was held on April 30th, 1907, at 20, Hanover Square.

Mr. James Buckley (Chairman of Council) in the Chair.

The Minutes of the last Annual Meeting having been taken as read, the Hon. Secretary presented the

NINTH ANNUAL REPORT.

The Council are glad to be able to lay on the table their new volume, the Rev. George Calder's edition of the Irish Version of Virgil's *Æneid*, which members will receive as the publication for 1903. They hope to follow this up by issuing at an early date the second and third volumes of the text and translation of Keating's *History of Ireland*, which will form the annual volumes for the years 1904 and 1905.

At the date of our last Annual Meeting negotiations had been entered into with Mr. Thomas O'Malley for the continuation of the work, but, owing to his subsequent engagements in England, the project had to be abandoned. The Council believe their subscribers will share the satisfaction that they themselves feel on hearing that the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A., has consented to lay aside his other work, and to devote the entire year to the endeavour to complete the remaining portion of the text and translation of Keating.

It is most desirable that this edition of the Forus Feasa should be followed up by a fourth volume containing the genealogies appearing in Keating's MSS., with notes upon the whole work; but the Council are not at present in a position to undertake the outlay that this extra volume would entail.

The loss of their old friend, Mr. David Comyn, the editor of the first volume of Keating's History, is much regretted by the Council. He passed away within a week of the date on which he handed over to Father Dinneen the notes and materials that he had collected for the continuation of the work.

Mr. MacNeill's edition of the *Duanaire Fhinn* is practically ready, and will shortly be issued.

Among fresh works accepted this year by the Society are the Life St. Declan, edited by the Rev. P. Power, F.R.S.A. (Ireland), from a manuscript in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, and a collection of the poems of David O'Bruadar, edited by the Rev. J. MacErlean, S.J.

Other offers of work are under consideration.

The new edition of O'Rahilly's Poems, revised by Mr. T. O'Donoghue, is in the press; but this volume will not be issued gratis to members who have already received the 1901 edition. It will be obtainable by members at the cost of one annual subscription, 7*s.* 6*d.*, and by non-members at 10*s.* 6*d.* This edition will contain several additional poems of O'Rahilly.

There is a very steady demand for the Society's Dictionary; and, in view of ultimately issuing a completely revised edition, prizes amounting to £25 and a limited number of interleaved copies of the Dictionary have been offered by the Council for lists of words not contained in the present volume. The date for sending in the lists has been extended, and there is a prospect that useful lists will be submitted for competition.

The number of Members is 726.

The Financial Statement was then read by Mr. Samuel Boyle, *Hon. Treasurer.*

THE SOCIETY'S ORDINARY PUBLICATIONS.

Income and Expenditure Account for the Year ending March 31st, 1907.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.	Expenditure.	£	s.	d.
To Balance from previous year, ...	184	0	7	By Postage and Stationery, ...	10	4	5
,, Subscriptions, ...	213	15	3	,, Printing, Binding, and Advertising, ...	10	3	0
,, Donations, ...	13	5	0	,, Publishers, ...	5	15	6
,, Loans repaid from Dictionary Fund, ...	101	0	0	,, Salaries, ...	30	0	0
				,, Bank charges, ...	0	2	0
				,, Balance, ...	455	15	2
Total, ...	£512	0	10	Total, ...	£512	0	10

Balance Account.

Assets.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	Liabilities.	£	s.	d.
To Balance—							By Publishers, ...	340	9	0
Cash in Bank, ...	453	15	2				,, Balance, ...	165	6	2
,, in hands, ...	2	0	0							
				455	15	2				
,, Advance to Publishers (1903 Vol.), ...				50	0	0				
,, Society's interest in stock in hand, ...				.	.	.				
Total, ...				£505	15	2	Total, ...	£505	15	2

SAMUEL BOYLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

Examined and found correct.

P. M'MAHON,
THOMAS P. KENNEDY, } *Auditors.*

April 29th, 1907.

THE SOCIETY'S IRISH-ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

Receipts and Expenditure Account for the Year ending March 31st, 1907.

Receipts.	£	s.	d.	Expenditure.	£	s.	d.
To Receipts already published,	1772	5	7	By payments already published,	1709	9	0
Sales, ...	239	17	1	Binding, ...	19	15	10
				Repayment of Loans, ...	101	0	0
				,, Balance, ...	181	17	10
Total, ...	£2012	2	8	Total, ...	£2012	2	8

Balance Account.

Assets.	£	s.	d.	Liabilities.	£	s.	d.
To Balance down (cash in Bank),	181	17	10	By Balance, ...	181	17	10
,, Stock on hand, about 300 Copies, . . .							
Total, ...	£181	17	10	Total, ...	£181	17	10

SAMUEL BOYLE,
Hon. Treasurer.

Examined and found correct.

P. M'MAHON,
THOMAS P. KENNEDY, } *Auditors.*

April 20th, 1907.

The adoption of the Report and Financial Statement was moved by Mr. Edward Collins, LL.B., and seconded by Mr. Edward O'Brien, and carried.

The following members of Council retiring by rotation were: Mr. Miller, Mr. Buckley, and Mr. Rhys.

The following names were submitted for election: Mrs. Banks, Dr. Mark Ryan, Mr. E. Collins, LL.B., Mr. Edward O'Brien, and Mr. Frank MacDonagh. A ballot was taken, and the following were declared duly elected to serve on the Council: Dr. Mark Ryan, Mr. Edward Collins, LL.B., and Mr. Edward O'Brien. The three members retiring by rotation were re-elected.

The Officers of the Society, viz.: Dr. Douglas Hyde, *President*; Miss Eleanor Hull, *Hon. Secretary*; Mr. Samuel Boyle, *Hon. Treasurer*, were re-elected on the motion of Mr. Buckley, seconded by Mr. O'Brien, and carried.

On the motion of Mr. Boyle, seconded by Mr. Hooper, and carried, Mr. T. P. Kennedy and Mr. Peter M'Mahon were re-elected auditors for the ensuing year.

A vote of thanks for their services was proposed by Mr. Buckley, seconded by Miss Hull, and carried.

GENERAL RULES.

Objects.

1. The Society is instituted for the purpose of promoting the publication of Texts in the Irish Language, accompanied by such Introductions, English Translations, Glossaries, and Notes, as may be deemed desirable.

Constitution.

2. The Society shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, an Executive Council, a Consultative Committee, and Ordinary Members.

Officers.

3. The Officers of the Society shall be the President, the Honorary Secretary, and the Honorary Treasurer.

Executive Council.

4. The entire management of the Society shall be entrusted to the Executive Council, consisting of the Officers of the Society and not more than ten other Members.

5. All property of the Society shall be vested in the Executive Council, and shall be disposed of as they shall direct by a two-thirds' majority.

6. Three Members of the Executive Council shall retire each year by rotation at the Annual General Meeting, but shall be eligible for re-election, the Members to retire being selected according to seniority of election, or, in case of equality, by lot. The Council shall have power to co-opt Members to fill up casual vacancies occurring throughout the year. Any Member of Council who is absent from five consecutive Ordinary Meetings of the Council to which he (or she) has been duly summoned, shall be considered as having vacated his (or her) place on the Council.

Consultative Committee.

7. The Consultative Committee, or individual Members thereof, shall give advice, when consulted by the Executive Council, on questions relating to the Publications of the Society, but shall not be responsible for the management of the business of the Society.

Members.

8. Members may be elected either at the Annual General Meeting, or, from time to time, by the Executive Council.

Subscription.

9. The Subscription for each Member of the Society shall be 7/6 per annum (American subscribers, two dollars), entitling the Members to one copy (post free) of the volume or volumes published by the Society for the year, and giving him the right to vote on all questions submitted to the General Meetings of the Society.

10. Subscriptions shall be payable in advance on the 1st January in each year.

11. Members whose Subscriptions for the year have not been paid are not entitled to any volume published by the Society for that year, and any Member whose Subscription for the current year remains unpaid, and who receives and *retains* any publication for the year, shall be held liable for the payment of the full published price of such publication.

12. The Publications of the Society shall not be sold to persons other than Members, except at an advanced price.

13. Members whose Subscriptions for the current year have been paid shall alone have the right of voting at the General Meetings of the Society.

14. Members wishing to resign must give notice in writing to the Honorary Secretary, before the end of the year, of their intention to do so: otherwise they will be liable for their Subscriptions for the ensuing year.

Editorial Fund.

15. A fund shall be opened for the remuneration of Editors for their work in preparing Texts for publication. All subscriptions and donations to this fund shall be purely voluntary, and shall not be applicable to other purposes of the Society.

Annual General Meeting.

16. A General Meeting shall be held each year in the month of April, or as soon afterwards as the Executive Council shall determine, when the Council shall submit their Report and the Accounts of the Society for the preceding year, and when the seats to be vacated on the Council shall be filled up, and the ordinary business of a General Meeting transacted.

Audit.

17. The Accounts of the Society shall be audited each year by auditors appointed at the preceding General Meeting.

Changes in these Rules.

18. With the notice summoning the General Meeting, the Executive Council shall give notice of any change proposed by them in these Rules. Ordinary Members proposing any change in the Rules must give notice thereof in writing to the Honorary Secretary seven clear days before the date of the Annual General Meeting.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

Agnew, A. L., F.S.A. (Scot.).
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